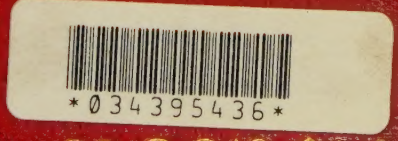
DON QUIXOTE OF: LA MANCHA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THE INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN

DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA

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THE INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN

DON QUIXOTE

OF LA MANCHA

BY

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA

DONE INTO ENGLISH BY

HENRY EDWARD WATTS

A NEW EDITION

WITH NOTES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED

IN FOUR VOLUMES. VOL. III.

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CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION . . . . . *Page* xiii

APPROBATION xvii

THE AUTHOR'S DEDICATION 1

PROLOGUE 5

SECOND PART

CHAPTER I

Of what passed between the Priest, the Barber, and Don Quixote respecting the Knight's infirmity . 11

CHAPTER II

Which treats of the notable quarrel between Sancho Panza and Don Quixote's Niece and Housekeeper, with other diverting incidents 27

CHAPTER III

Of the laughable conversation which passed between Don Quixote, Sancho Panza, and the Bachelor Samson Carrasco 34

CHAPTER IV

Wherein Sancho Panza satisfies the Bachelor Samson Carrasco as to his doubts and questions, with other matters worthy of being known and related . Page 47

CHAPTER V

Of the shrewd and humorous colloquy which passed between Sancho Panza and Theresa Panza, his wife; and other things worthy of happy record . 55

CHAPTER VI

Of what passed between Don Quixote and his Niece and his Housekeeper; which is one of the most important chapters in all this history 64

CHAPTER VII

Of the discussion which Don Quixote held with his Squire; with other very notable incidents . . 72

CHAPTER VIII

Wherein is recounted what happened to Don Quixote on his going to visit his lady Dulcinea del Toboso . 83

CHAPTER IX

Wherein is recounted what shall therein be seen . . 94

CHAPTER X

Wherein is related the device which Sancho adopted to enchant the lady Dulcinea; with other passages as laughable as they are true . . . . Page 101

CHAPTER XI

Of the strange adventure which happened to the valorous Don Quixote with the car or cart of the Assembly of Death 114

CHAPTER XII

Of the strange adventure which happened to the valorous Don Quixote with the brave Knight of the Mirrors 123

CHAPTER XIII

Wherein is continued the adventure of the Knight of the Wood, with the shrewd, novel, and delicate colloquy which passed between the two Squires . . . 132

CHAPTER XIV

Wherein is continued the adventure of the Knight of the Wood 141

CHAPTER XV

Wherein is told and account given of who were the Knight of the Mirrors and his Squire . . . 156

CHAPTER XVI

Of what befell Don Quixote with a sensible gentleman of La Mancha . . . . . *Page* 159

CHAPTER XVII

Wherein is set forth the highest point and extreme to which the never-before-heard-of courage of Don Quixote reached or could reach; with the happily achieved adventure of the Lions 173

CHAPTER XVIII

Of what befell Don Quixote in the castle or house of the Knight of the Green Coat, with other extravagant things 187

CHAPTER XIX

Wherein is related the adventure of the enamoured Shepherd, with other truly pleasant incidents . 199

CHAPTER XX

Wherein is described the wedding of Camacho the rich; together with the adventure of Basilio the poor . 210

CHAPTER XXI

Wherein is continued the story of Camacho's wedding; with other delectable adventures 223

CHAPTER XXII

Wherein is recounted the grand adventure of the Cave of Montesinos, in the heart of La Mancha, which the valorous Don Quixote of La Mancha brought to a happy conclusion . . . . . Page 231

CHAPTER XXIII

Of the wonderful things which the consummate Don Quixote told of having seen in the deep Cave of Montesinos, whose immensity and improbability make this adventure to be held as apocryphal. . . . 243

CHAPTER XXIV

Wherein are recounted a thousand trifles, both impertinent and necessary to the true understanding of this great history 259

CHAPTER XXV

Wherein is set down the adventure of the Braying and the diverting one of the Puppet-showman, with the memorable divinations of the divining Ape . . . 269

CHAPTER XXVI

Wherein is continued the diverting adventure of the Puppet-showman, with other things of a verity sufficiently good 282

CHAPTER XXVII

Wherein it is told who Master Peter and his Ape were, together with the ill success of Don Quixote in the braying adventure, which he did not achieve as he wished or as he had expected . . . Page 295

CHAPTER XXVIII

Concerning things of which Benengeli says he who reads them shall know them, if he reads with attention . 305

CHAPTER XXIX

Of the famous adventure of the Enchanted Bark . . 313

CHAPTER XXX

Of what befell Don Quixote with a fair Huntress . 323

CHAPTER XXXI

Which treats of many and great matters . . . 331

CHAPTER XXXII

Of the reply which Don Quixote made to his reprover; with other incidents, grave and mirthful . . 344

CHAPTER XXXIII

Of the delectable conversation which passed between the Duchess, her damsels, and Sancho Panza; worthy of being read and of being noted 362

CHAPTER XXXIV

Which tells of the information they received of how to disenchant the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, which is one of the most famous adventures in this book Page 373

CHAPTER XXXV

Wherein is continued the information which Don Quixote received respecting the enchantment of Dulcinea; with other wonderful things 383

CHAPTER XXXVI

Wherein is related the strange and inconceivable adventure of the afflicted Duenna, otherwise the Countess Trifaldi; with a letter which Sancho Panza wrote to his wife Theresa Panza 393

APPENDICES

A.—The Enchanter Merlin 405

B.—Spanish Proverbs 408

C.—Spanish Ballads 415

INTRODUCTION

A FEW words may be needed by way of preface to this Second Part of DON QUIXOTE. The reader is reminded that the Second Part was published in 1615, ten years after the publication of the First Part. The author was in his sixty-eighth year, and approaching the close of his eventful and troubled life. The ten years which had elapsed since the publication of his First Part had brought him but little increase of good fortune, though much fame, in his own country and abroad. The interval, for Spain, was a period marked by palpable signs of her coming decline. Between 1605 and 1615 was a time of comparative tranquillity. Much had happened, in the ten years, to change the character of the country. To the men who had fought at Lepanto the new order must have seemed strange. The old chivalry had wholly passed away, leaving scarcely even that vapour of romance behind which Cervantes had laughed at. Peace had been made with England in 1604; and the independence of the Netherlands had been recognised in 1609. Philip III. was on the throne,—a King with none of the good qualities of his father, and with most of his vices. The Duke of Lerma governed in his name, with absolute power; a man of mean capacity and ignoble character, whose only rule of policy was to keep well with the Church. The Church was the one institution which grew rich and fat, overspreading the land like some huge

octopus, and sucking out all its life and wealth. Under the comparatively mild sway of the Archbishop Sandoval, who was Inquisitor-General from 1608 to 1618, the Holy Office had been less active than in the previous reign.[1] Philip III., indeed, though a pious King, was tolerably clement. In 1609, indeed, he turned out of their homes some million of his most industrious subjects, the Moriscoes; but though this consummated the ruin of Spanish agriculture, it consolidated the religious unity of Spain, which was regarded as a return which more than balanced the outlay, and a policy both righteous and profitable. How far the author of Don Quixote shared in this and other opinions of the age is sufficiently told in the course of his book, though often his meaning is so artfully concealed under the cloak of humour as to puzzle his critics and confound his commentators. No more need be said by me here on this point except this, that there are very palpable signs of an increase of freedom in his mode of handling certain delicate questions, and a greater boldness in the expression of his own views, in this Second Part; giving evidence, as I believe, of a more tolerant rule and a laxer administration. The air we breathe in the Second Part is a freer and an ampler air than in the First; while there is even a greater flow in the gay spirit and the frolic humour. We have passed wholly out of the Spain of Philip II. into the Spain of Philip III.

One signal illustration of this more liberal feeling, exhibiting itself in a kindlier appreciation of Don Quixote, is afforded by the formal *Approbation* which was prefixed to the original edition of the Second Part, under the name of Marquez Torres, who was chaplain and secretary to the

[1] The tale of burnings had decreased from an annual average of 133 during the reign of Philip II. to one of 77 in the reign of Philip III., showing either that the Inquisition had relaxed in its holy care, or that the number of those who deserved roasting for their opinions had lessened.

Archbishop of Toledo. This interesting document, which has been omitted by nearly all the English translators, deserves to be quoted at full length, not only as evidence of the popularity of Cervantes, but as bearing upon the circumstances of his life, then drawing to its close.

APPROBATION

UNDER a commission from the doctor Gutiere de Cetina, Vicar-General of this city of Madrid, His Majesty's Court, I have examined this book of the SECOND PART OF THE INGENIOUS KNIGHT DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA, by MIGUEL DE CERVANTES, and I do not find therein anything unworthy of a Christian spirit, nor opposed to the decency which is due to good worth and the moral virtues; on the contrary, much erudition and usefulness, both in the unity of its well-constructed design, for the extirpation of the idle and mendacious books of chivalries, whose influence has outgrown the bounds of reasonableness, and in the smoothness of its Castilian, unadulterated by wearisome and laboured affectation (a vice justly abhorred of men of sense); and in the correction of abuses, with which for the most part it deals, the subject of its acute reasonings, it observes with so much judgment the rules of Christian reprehension, that he who is touched by the malady it seeks to cure, shall imbibe with pleasure, in the sweetness and savouriness of its medicines, without thinking of it, without surfeit or loathing, the wholesome detestation of his vice, to his delight as well as correction (which is a most difficult thing to attain). There have been many who, through not knowing how to temper and mingle for their purpose the useful with the pleasant, have come to earth with all their grievous toil; since not being able to imitate Diogenes in philosophy and

in wisdom, they daringly, not to say licentiously and blindly, pretend to imitate him in cynicism, giving themselves up to evil-speaking, inventing cases which never happened, in order to make room for the vice which they treat with their harsh censure; and perchance they will discover ways of following it till then unknown, by which they may come to be, if not the censors, at least the masters thereof. They make themselves hateful to the intelligent; they lose their credit with the people (if they had any) for the acceptance of their writings; and the vices which they audaciously and foolishly seek to correct remain in a worse state than before; for not all abscesses are prepared to receive, at the same time, salves and cauteries; on the contrary some much better admit bland and soothing medicaments, by the administering of which the discreet and learned physician succeeds in removing them; an end which often is better for not being attained by hard steel.

Very differently have they judged of the writings of Miguel de Cervantes, both in our own and many foreign nations, for with as much eagerness as though it were a miracle they are longing for a sight of the author of the books which, as well for their correctness and purity as their urbanity and delightfulness, have been received with general applause by Spain, France, Italy, Germany, and Flanders. I testify, of a verity, that on the 25th of February of this year 1615, the very illustrious Don Bernardo de Sandoval y Rojas, Cardinal-Archbishop of Toledo, my master, having gone to return a visit which the Ambassador of France had made to his Excellency, who had come to treat of the marriage of his Princes with those of Spain, several French gentlemen of those who came in the suite of the Ambassador, as courteous as they were intelligent and fond of polite letters, came up to me and other chaplains of the Cardinal, my lord, desiring to know what books of most worth were current; and touching by chance on this which

I was then examining, scarce did they hear the name of Miguel de Cervantes, when they began to wag their tongues (*hacer lenguas*), expatiating on the estimation in which his works were held, not only in France but in the neighbouring countries,—the *Galatea*, which one of them had almost by heart, the First Part of this, and the *Novels*. Their commendations ran so high that I offered to take them where they might see the author, which offer they received with a thousand demonstrations of lively eagerness. They enquired very particularly as to his age, his pursuits, his condition and fortune. I was obliged to say that he was an old man, a soldier, a gentleman, and poor ; to which one replied in these precise words : *But does not Spain keep such a man rich, supported out of the public exchequer?* Another of these gentlemen broke in with this sentiment, saying with much acuteness : *If it is necessity obliges him to write, may God send he may never have abundance, so that, poor himself, he may enrich the whole world with his works.*

I think that, for a censure, this is a little too long. Some will say it touches the borders of fulsome eulogy ; but the truth of what I briefly tell annuls all mistrust in the criticism, and in me all solicitude. Moreover, at this day the adulation is not paid to one who is able to cram the mouth of the flatterer, so that though he speaks kindly and falsely in joke, he may lay any claim to be rewarded in earnest.

The Licentiate,
Marquez Torres.

In Madrid.
The 27th of February, 1615.

The style of the good Torres, which I have thought it my duty to render literally, is a little cumbrous, and it is plain that the study of Don Quixote had not brought any access of lucidity in literary expression to the Archbishop's

household. The concluding sentence of the "Approbation" is curiously awkward, if not equivocal, but we can hardly mistake the meaning to be other than this—that Cervantes was so poor as to place his flatterer above any suspicion of a mercenary motive. Of the genuineness of this testimony there cannot be a doubt, and being given in a formal document by one of the Cardinal-Archbishop's household, it may fairly be taken to express, not only the sense of the age on DON QUIXOTE, but what was even more valuable to the author, the opinion of the Archbishop of Toledo, the head of the Spanish Church and of the Holy Office.

THE AUTHOR'S DEDICATION

OF

THE SECOND PART

TO THE CONDE DE LEMOS[1]

On sending to your Excellency a few days ago my Comedies, *printed before they were played, I said, if I remember right, that Don Quixote was waiting, with his boots ready spurred, to go and kiss your Excellency's hands;*[2] *and now I announce that he is booted and on his road; and should he arrive, methinks there will be done to your Excellency some service, for great pressure has been put upon me from many sides to send him off, in order to get rid of the disgust and nausea caused by*

[1] Don Pedro Fernandez de Castro, Conde de Lemos and Marquess of Sárria, was nephew and son-in-law to the Duke of Lerma,—at this date (1615) the all-powerful favourite of King Philip III. He was born in 1576, and died in 1622. He was regarded as the Mæcenas of the age, and showed his fondness for letters by carrying with him in his train to Naples, when appointed Viceroy of that kingdom in 1610, several poets and writers, including the two brothers Argensola. When this Dedication was written, the Conde de Lemos must have been still in Italy; from which country he did not return till the end of 1615.

[2] These plays were published under the title of *Ocho Comedias y Ocho Entremeses*, a little before the publication of the Second Part of *Don Quixote*. In the Dedication to the Conde de Lemos, this Second Part is announced as ready to appear, in the words here quoted.

another Don Quixote, who has run about the world masquerading under the name of the SECOND PART.[1]

And he who has shown the greatest longing for him is the great Emperor of China, for it will be a month since he wrote to me a letter in the Chinese language by an express, asking me, or rather beseeching, that he might be sent to him, for he wished to found a college where the Castilian tongue might be taught, and he wanted that the book to be read should be the HISTORY OF DON QUIXOTE ; *in addition to which he told me that I was to be the rector of such college. I questioned the bearer as to whether His Majesty had given him anything for me by way of contribution to the expense. He answered,* No, *not even in thought.—Then, brother, said I to him, you can return to your China at ten or at twenty o'clock, or at whatever hour you are despatched, for I am not well enough to undertake so long a voyage ; moreover, in addition to being infirm, I am much moneyless, and Emperor for Emperor, and Monarch for Monarch, I hold to the great Conde de Lemos at Naples, who, without so many college diplomas or benefices, sustains me, shelters me, and does me greater favour than I could desire.*[2]

With this I dismissed him, and with this I take my leave, offering to your Excellency The Travels of Persiles and Sigismunda, *a book which I shall finish within four months, which has to be either the worst or the best composed in our language, of books of entertainment ; and let me say that I repent of having said the worst, for, according to the opinion of my friends, it will reach to the extreme of possible goodness.*[3] *Let*

[1] This is Avellaneda's spurious Second Part, which was published in 1614. It came into Cervantes' hands, as will appear by-and-by, when he was writing the fifty-ninth chapter of his own book.

[2] This passage, with its delicate hint to his patron of favours expected (which came, alas ! like the proverbial succours of Spain, *nunca ó tarde*), is supposed to be founded on a real proposal made to Cervantes about this time to establish himself in Paris as a teacher of the Spanish language.

[3] *Persiles y Sigismunda* was published by Cervantes' widow in 1617. This opinion of its merits,—a curious instance of a parent's partiality for his youngest

your Excellency come with all the health we wish you, and Persiles shall be ready to kiss your hands and I your feet, like a servant as I am of your Excellency.[1]

Your Excellency's Servant,

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA.

From Madrid:
The last day of October, 1615.

child,—was certainly not confined to Cervantes himself. By many of the cultured persons of that age *Persiles* was preferred to *Don Quixote*. It certainly is more carefully written and in a more polished style.

[1] *A los piés de Usted—beso los piés de Usted*, are common forms of Castilian writing, not to be interpreted as implying any undue servility in the writer.

PROLOGUE

To the Reader,—God bless me, and with what eagerness shouldst thou be now awaiting, reader illustrious, or it may be plebeian, this Prologue, expecting to find in it retaliations, wranglings, and railings against the author of the second Don Quixote! I mean him who they say was begotten at Tordesillas, and born at Tarragona.[1] In truth, then, I am not about to give thee this satisfaction, for though injuries awake anger in the meekest bosoms, in mine the rule should suffer exception. Thou wouldst have me hurl at him *ass*, *fool*, and *bully*; but I have no thought of doing so. Let his sin be his punishment,—with his bread let him eat it, and there let it be. That which I cannot help feeling is that he charges me with being old and maimed,[2] as though it had been in my power to stop time from passing over me, or as though my deformity had been produced in some tavern, and not on the grandest occasion which ages past or present have seen, or those to come can hope to see.[3] If my wounds do not shine in the eyes of him who

[1] In the false Second Part, published at Tarragona, the author calls himself a native of Tordesillas; which is, of course, as much a fiction as the name he assumes, of Avellaneda.

[2] Avellaneda, in his malignant Prologue, mocks at Cervantes' maimed hand and his infirmities, saying of him that he has "more tongue than hand" (*mas lengua que mano*), and is "now as old as the tower of St. Cervantes," which is a conspicuous ruin near Toledo. Cervantes' retort must be allowed to be as manly and dignified as it is moderate in tone.

[3] That is, in the battle of Lepanto (1571), where Cervantes distinguished himself greatly, and was severely wounded in the hand and in the breast.

looks on them, they are at least honoured in the estimation of those who know where they were acquired; for the soldier looks better dead in battle than safe in flight. And so much am I of this opinion, that if now I could devise and bring about the impossible, I would rather be again present in that wonderful action than now be whole of my wounds, without having taken part therein. Those the soldier shows in his face and in his breast are stars which guide others to the heaven of honour and to the coveting of deserved praise; and it should be considered that it is not with grey hairs one writes but with the understanding, which is wont to grow better with years. I have felt, also, his calling me envious, and explaining to me, as to one who is ignorant, what kind of thing envy is; and in very truth, of two kinds of it there are, I know only the righteous, the noble, and the well-meaning. And this being as it is, I am not likely to persecute any ecclesiastic, above all, if he is a familiar of the Holy Office to boot;[1] and if he said what he did on account of him for whom he seemed to say it,[2] he is wholly mistaken, for I adore the man's genius, admire his works and his application, continuous and virtuous. But indeed I am grateful to this writer for saying that my *Novels*

[1] There is something very comical in Cervantes' disclaimer of any intention to persecute one of the familiars of the Inquisition,—they being, as Hartzenbusch remarks, rather more given to persecuting than being persecuted. The allusion is to Lope de Vega, whose assumption of priesthood was recent, and doubtless a matter of jesting among his friends. After two wives and a gay life, Lope entered religion, about 1611-12,—not ceasing to be gay, though fervent in piety and active at *autos de fé*.

[2] An allusion to the passage in Avellaneda's Prologue, where Cervantes is accused of having, through envy, spoken lightly of "one whom nations the most remote so justly honour, and to whom our own country owes so much for having maintained the theatres of Spain for so many years, *honestissima y fecundamente*, with his innumerable stupendous comedies, written with all the vigour of art which the world demands, and with the correctness and purity to be expected from a minister of the Holy Office." On referring to what is said of Lope's plays in Part I. ch. xlviii., it will appear incredible that to any one but Lope himself Cervantes' good-natured criticisms should give such deep offence.

are more satirical than exemplary,[1] though they are good,—which they could not be if they were not so in everything.

Methinks thou art telling me that I am exercising much self-restraint, and am keeping myself much within the bounds of modesty, from knowing that one should not heap affliction on the afflicted; and that from which this gentleman suffers should doubtless be great since he dares not appear in the open field and under the clear sky—hiding his name and disguising his country as though he had committed some crime of high treason. If perchance thou shouldst come to know him, tell him from me that I am not aggrieved, for I know well what the temptations of the Devil are, and that one of the greatest is the putting it into a man's head that he is able to write a book by which he will get as much fame as money, and as much money as fame; and in confirmation of this, I would have thee, in thy pleasant and graceful way, tell him this story.

There was in Seville a madman who was taken with the drollest conceit and craze ever madman had in the world. And it was this, that making a tube of a cane sharpened at the end, and catching up a dog in the street, or elsewhere, with one foot he would hold down one of the dog's hind legs, and with his hand lift up the other, and fitting the tube to the part as well as he could, blow in it till he made the animal as round as a ball; then, holding it up in this position, he would give it a couple of slaps in the belly and let it go, saying to the bystanders (of whom there were always many):—Your worships will be thinking perhaps it

[1] Avellaneda, in his Prologue, said of Cervantes' *Novelas Exemplares*, that they were "more satirical than exemplary,"—deliberately ignoring the meaning of *exemplares* as given by Cervantes to his novels, as well as misrepresenting their purport. They were entitled *Exemplary Novels*, says the author, because *no hai ninguna de quien no se pueda sacar algun exemplo provechoso*,—"because there is none from which there cannot be gathered some profitable example (moral)." The three out of the twelve that can be called satirical are *Rinconete y Cortadillo*, *El Colqóuio de Los Perros*, and *El Licenciado Vidriera*.

is an easy thing to blow up a dog. Does your worship think it is an easy thing to write a book?

And if this tale should not fit him, thou shalt tell him, friendly reader, this one, which is also about a fool and a dog.—There was in Cordova another madman, who had a habit of carrying, on top of his head, a piece of marble slab or stone, of no light weight; and when he met with any unwary dog, would go up close to him and let the weight fall plump on top of him. The dog, in a rage, would yelp and howl up three streets without stopping. It so happened that among the dogs on whom he discharged his load was one, the dog of a hatter, whom his master much loved. The stone descended; caught him on the head; the battered beast set up a howl; the master saw it and was enraged. He caught up a yard measure and rushed out after the madman, and left him with not a bone whole, crying out at every blow he gave him:—Rascally hound! My pointer! Didst not see, cruel wretch, that my dog was a pointer?—and repeating the word *pointer* many times, he sent the madman away beaten to a jelly.[1] The madman took his correction to heart, and went off, and for more than a month did not venture out in public; at the end of which period he returned with his invention and a heavier load. He would go up to where the dog lay, and regarding it very intently, not caring or daring to let the stone fall, he would say:—This is a pointer! Beware!—In short, all the dogs he met, whether mastiffs or turnspits, he averred were pointers, and so let fall his stone no more. So it may be, perhaps, with this story-teller, who will not venture to discharge any more the load of his wit in books, which, as they are bad, are harder than rocks.[2] Let him

[1] *Hecho un alheña.* *Alheña* was a kind of privet, the roots of which, ground to powder, were used, says Covarrubias, by the Moors, men and women, to dye their hair; whence came the popular phrase, *hecho un alheña*, or *molido como alheña.*

[2] Clemencin says that he cannot see the application of either of these stories

know also that for his threat to deprive me of my profit by means of his book [1] I care not a doit, for, adapting to myself the famous farce of *La Perendenga*, I answer, *Long live the Alderman my master and Christ for all!* [2] Long live the great Conde de Lemos, whose Christian charity and well-known liberality maintain me against all the strokes of my scant fortune; and long live for me the supreme benevolence of his Eminence of Toledo, Don Bernardo Sandoval y Rojas,[3] even though there be no more printing-presses in the world, and even though there be printed against me more books than there are letters in the couplets of Mingo Revulgo.[4] These two Princes, without my soliciting them with any adulation of mine or any kind of flattery of them, of their own goodness alone have taken it on themselves to do me kindness and favour, in which I esteem myself luckier and richer than if Fortune had placed me on her highest pinnacle by the ordinary way.

to Avellaneda, and there is, doubtless, some cloudiness in the apologue, which is either intentional or due to our having lost some part of the allusion. Sufficient, however, remains to enable us to see what Cervantes intended, which was to twit his adversary with the punishment he inflicts upon him in the course of this story.

[1] Avellaneda, in his passion of envy and malice, is so little careful to conceal his motive in writing the false Second Part, as actually to avow that he intended to deprive Cervantes of the profit he expected from writing *Don Quixote*. And yet we are bidden, by more than one critic, to regard this impostor coolly as one who only did to Cervantes what others had done to the stories they continued.

[2] The farce from which this is a quotation is now lost, with no other mention of it than we find here.

[3] The Archbishop of Toledo and Inquisitor-General, to whose protection Cervantes was greatly indebted, as I believe, for the singular immunity enjoyed by *Don Quixote* in his lifetime. It is worthy of note that it was not until after the death of this good-natured and liberal-minded prelate,—who, next to his nephew, the Duke of Lerma, was perhaps the most powerful man in Spain at that period,—that the Holy Office took any notice of *Don Quixote*.

[4] *Las Coplas de Mingo Revulgo*; these are the work of some unknown poet, satirising, under the cloak of pastoral allegories, the feeble and corrupt government of King Enrique IV., who reigned 1454-75. Fernando de Pulgar wrote a Commentary on them, which, with the *Coplas*, was reprinted in the edition of the *Crónica de Enrique IV.* published by Sancha in 1787.

The poor man may attain to honour, but not the vicious. Poverty may cloud nobility, but not obscure it wholly. Let but virtue show some glimmer of light, though it be through the chinks and straits of penury, and it comes to be regarded and consequently favoured of lofty and noble spirits. And say thou no more to him, nor will I say more to thee than to bid thee to take note that this Second Part of Don Quixote, which I offer thee, is cut by the same hand and out of the same cloth as the First; and that in it I present thee with Don Quixote at fuller length, and in the end dead and buried, so that no one may presume to raise new testimonies to him, for the past are sufficient; and sufficient also it is that an honest man should have told the story of these witty follies without caring to go into them afresh; for the abundance of things, be they ever so good, makes them to be of little worth; and scarcity, even of things that are bad, confers a certain value.

I forgot to tell thee that thou mayest look out for the *Persiles*, which I am now finishing, and the Second Part of *Galatea*.[1]

[1] This Second Part of *La Galatea*, more than once announced by the author, never made its appearance, and seems to have been lost, together with *El Bernardo*, *Las Semanas del Jardin*, and other minor works of Cervantes.

SECOND PART

OF THE

INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN

Don Quixote of La Mancha

CHAPTER I

Of what passed between the Priest, the Barber, and Don Quixote respecting the Knight's infirmity

Cid Hamet Benengeli, in the Second Part of this history and the third sally of Don Quixote, relates that the Priest and the Barber remained nearly a month without seeing him, in order not to revive and bring back to his memory the things of the past. They did not on that account, however, refrain from visiting his Niece and his Housekeeper, whom they charged to be careful to treat him well, giving him to eat such things as were comforting and proper for the heart and the brain, whence they had good reason to believe all his misfortune proceeded. The two women declared that so they had done and would do with all possible care and kindness, for they perceived that their master gave signs at times of being in his right mind;

which news the two friends received with great satisfaction, as it seemed to prove them right in their scheme of bringing him away enchanted in the bullock-cart, as is told in the First Part of this no less great than exact history, in the last chapter. So they resolved to pay him a visit and make trial of his amendment, although they thought that to be scarcely possible; and they agreed not to touch on any point of Knight Errantry, so as not to run the risk of ripping up wounds which were still so tender.[1]

They paid their visit at last and found him sitting up in his bed, clad in a waistcoat of green baize and a red Toledo cap, so lean and withered that he looked like a mummy. They were very well received by him, and, on their asking after his health, he gave an account of it, and of himself with much intelligence, and in very well-chosen words. In the course of the conversation they came to treat of what are called principles of State and modes of government, correcting this abuse and condemning that; reforming one custom and abolishing another; each one of the three setting up for a modern law-giver, a modern Lycurgus, or a brand-new Solon; and they re-fashioned the commonwealth in such a manner as though they had cast it into a mould and drawn it out something quite other than they had put in; and on all the subjects that were handled Don Quixote spoke with so much good sense that the two examiners believed beyond all doubt that he was quite well and in his full wits. The Niece and the Housekeeper were present at the conversation, and could not give thanks enough to God for seeing their master so right in his understanding. The Priest, however, changing his first purpose, which was not to touch on the

[1] Don Antonio Hernandez Morejon, physician to King Ferdinand VII., wrote a treatise to prove how profound and advanced was Cervantes' knowledge of madness, its diagnosis and treatment,—declaring that the author of *Don Quixote* has equalled Hippocrates and Boerhaave in science, and anticipated Pinel in his application of moral remedies to mental diseases. (*Bellezas de la Medicina práctica descubiertas en el Ingenioso Caballero Don Quixote de la Mancha.*)

subject of chivalries, desired to test thoroughly whether Don Quixote's recovery was real or not; and so, from one thing to another, he went on to tell of some news which had come from the Capital, and among other things he said that they had it for certain that the Turk was about to make a descent with a powerful fleet, and that his purpose was not known nor where the mighty tempest would burst; and with this apprehension, which almost every year calls us to arms, all Christendom was on the alert, and that His Majesty had provided for the defence of Naples and Sicily and the island of Malta.[1]

Hereupon Don Quixote said:—His Majesty has acted like a most prudent warrior in providing for the safety of his Estates in time, that his enemy might not find him unprepared; but if he would take my advice I would counsel him to adopt one expedient, of which His Majesty at the present moment is very far from thinking.

Scarce did the Priest hear this, when he said to himself:—Now God protect thee, poor Don Quixote! for I perceive that thou art precipitating thyself from the high top of thy madness down to the deep abyss of thy simplicity.

But the Barber, who had conceived the same suspicion as the Priest, asked Don Quixote what was the nature of the expedient of which he spoke as being well for them to adopt; perhaps it would prove to be such as might be put in the list of the many impertinent projects which are wont to be brought before Princes.

—Mine, Master Shaver, said Don Quixote, is not impertinent, but rather very pertinent.

—I do not say that it is, replied the Barber; but experience has shown that all or most of the projects which are

[1] From the middle of the sixteenth to the middle of the seventeenth centuries, the naval power of the Turks was still most formidable, and their designs on the coasts of Spain and Italy a standing matter of anxiety and subject of discussion.

presented to His Majesty are either impracticable or absurd, to the hurt either of the King or of the kingdom.[1]

—But mine, answered Don Quixote, is neither impracticable nor absurd, but the most easy, the most fitting, the most subtle and simple which could enter into the imagination of any projector.

—Your worship is slow in telling us of it, Sir Don Quixote, observed the Priest.

—I do not wish to tell it here at present, for it to reach to-morrow the ears of the Lords of the Council and let another carry away the thanks and the reward for my trouble.

—As for me, said the Barber, I give my word, here and before God, that I will not repeat what your worship may tell us to King, or Rook,[2] or earthly man,—an oath I learnt from the ballad of the Priest who, in the preface, warns the King against the thief which had robbed him of a hundred doubloons and his ambling mule.[3]

—I know not the story, said Don Quixote, but I know

[1] This was an age very fruitful of projects of every kind for the benefit of the public, and the relief of the over-burdened Treasury. Cervantes himself had, before this, ridiculed the prevailing project-mania in his novel of *El Colóquio de Los Perros*, where one of the dogs proposes a plan for a cheap and easy way of helping the Exchequer, which was for every subject of His Majesty, between the ages of fourteen and seventy, to fast once a month on bread and water,—the cost of an ordinary day's living in meat, fish, fruit, wine, eggs, and vegetables to be reduced to money and handed over to the State. Quevedo, who frequently takes up and enlarges the ideas of Cervantes, has a burlesque on the same subject in *La Fortuna con Seso*.

[2] *A Rei ni á Roque*—a familiar phrase, whose origin is now lost. *Roque*, which is also a word to swear by (see Part 1, ch. iv.), is usually explained as the Rook at chess. I am not satisfied with this explanation. *Roque* is clearly the same word in *ni Rei ni Roque* and in *vive Roque*; and it is improbable that people should swear by one of the pieces on the chessboard. In one of his notes Clemencin suggests that the allusion is to Roque Guinart (of whom by-and-by); but that is equally far-fetched.

[3] This ballad is no longer extant, which is a pity, for it would have enlightened us on the subject of the foregoing note.

the oath to be a good one, by the assurance I have that Sir Barber is an honest man.

—Though he were not, quoth the Priest, in this business I will go bail for him, and engage that he shall not speak more than a dumb man, on pain of suffering whatever punishment the court may award.

—And for your worship, who will vouch for you? said Don Quixote.

—My profession, replied the Priest, which is to keep secrets.

—Body of one![1] then Don Quixote exclaimed, is there anything more to do than for His Majesty to command by public crier all the Knights Errant who are wandering about Spain to assemble in the capital on a day appointed, and though no more than half a dozen should come, one there may be amongst them who singly might suffice to destroy the whole power of the Turk? Let your worships attend and follow me. Is it, perchance, anything new for a single Knight Errant to annihilate an army of two hundred thousand men, as if all together had but one throat or were made of almond-paste? Nay, tell me how many histories are filled with these marvels? Were they alive now (in an evil hour for me,—I will not speak of any else) the famous Don Belianis or some one of those of the innumerable progeny of Amadis of Gaul! If any of them were living to-day, and were to confront the Turk, i' faith, I could not answer for the consequences. But God will regard His people, and provide some one who, if not so manful as the Knights Errant of the past, at least will be no inferior to them in spirit: God understands me, and I say no more.

[1] *Cuerpo de tal* and *voto á tal*,—common forms of swearing, combining energy of asseveration with the minimum of profanity. *Cuerpo de tal*—"body of such a one," is polite for *cuerpo de Dios*—"body of God." A recent translator turns these harmless phrases into elaborate and darkly expressive blasphemies, making Don Quixote and Sancho swear "By God's Body," "By God's Eyes," "By the Holy Ass," etc.

—Alas! cried the Niece at this, may they kill me if my master does not want to turn Knight Errant again!

To which Don Quixote replied:—A Knight Errant I have to die, and let the Turk make his descent or ascent whenever he pleases and in as great power as he can; for I say again, God understands me.

Hereupon spoke the Barber:—I beseech you, gentlemen, to give me leave to relate a little story of what happened in Seville, which, fitting in here pat to the purpose, makes me long to tell it.

Don Quixote gave his leave, and the Priest and the others lending him their attention, the Barber began as follows: [1]—

In the madhouse of Seville was a certain man whom his relatives had placed there for losing his wits. He was a graduate in common law of Osuna, but though he had been of Salamanca, as many think, he could not have helped being mad.[2] This said graduate, at the end of some years of confinement, persuaded himself that he was sane and in his right mind, and so imagining he wrote to the Archbishop, imploring him earnestly and in very coherent terms to order him to be released from the misery in which he lived, for by God's mercy he had now recovered his lost reason, though his relations, in order to enjoy his share of the estate, detained him there, and in spite of the truth would have him to be mad until he died. The Archbishop, moved by many sensible and well-reasoned letters which he received, ordered one of his chaplains to enquire of the governor of the madhouse if what that licentiate wrote were true, and to speak with the madman himself, and if it should appear that the

[1] The story which the Barber tells is curiously inopportune, so far as it bears on Don Quixote's malady, but not the less appropriate to the character of the speaker or happily contrived for the story. The Barber shows himself, throughout this history, as a vulgar, silly fellow, of small tact, who cannot help blurting out what is in his mind,—in contrast to the Priest, who is a man of common sense and learning, sincere in his attachment to Don Quixote.

[2] Salamanca being much superior to Osuna as a school of learning.

man was in his senses, to bring him out and set him free. The chaplain did so, and the governor told him that the man, though mad, oftentimes talked like a person of great intelligence, at the end of which he would break out into follies so great as to match in number and quality all his previous sensible things, as he might make trial by speaking to him. The chaplain wished to do so, and accosting the madman talked with him for an hour or more, during all which time he never uttered a word that was crooked or crazy, but on the contrary spoke so soberly that the chaplain was compelled to believe him sane. Among other things the madman said was, that the governor was his enemy, not to lose the presents his relations made him for saying that he was a madman with lucid intervals, and that his greatest cross in his misfortune was his large property, for in order to enjoy it his enemies judged wrongly of him, misdoubting of the mercy of our Lord in turning him from a beast into a man. In short, he spoke in such a way that he made the governor to be suspected and his relatives to appear covetous and inhuman, and himself so rational that the chaplain resolved to take him away with him that the Archbishop might see him and find out for himself the truth of the matter. In this excellent belief the good chaplain begged the governor to order them to give the licentiate the clothes in which he had entered there. The governor once more bade him beware of what he was doing, for the licentiate was beyond a doubt still mad. But the words and the warnings of the governor could not prevail upon the chaplain to leave the madman behind ; so, seeing it was the Archbishop's order, the governor obeyed, putting on the licentiate his own clothes, which were new and decent. The licentiate finding himself divested of his madman's dress, and clothed in the garb of sanity, entreated the chaplain of his charity to give him leave to bid farewell to his companions the madmen. The chaplain told him he would accompany him and see the lunatics that were in the house ; whereupon

they went upstairs and with them some who were present. Coming up to a cage in which was a furious madman, though just then quiet and peaceful, the licentiate said to him :— Brother, see if you have commands for me, for I am going home, since God of His infinite goodness and mercy has been pleased, without my deserving it, to restore me my senses. I am now whole and sane, for with God's power nothing is impossible. Put great hope and trust in Him, for since He has brought me back to my former state He will also change you if you confide in Him. I shall take care to send you some nice things to eat, and be sure you eat of them, for you must know that I am convinced, as one who has gone through it, that all our madnesses proceed from keeping the stomach empty and the brain full of wind. Take heart ! Be of good cheer ! For despondency under calamities weakens the health and brings on death.

Another madman, who was in a cage in front of the raging lunatic, overheard all these words of the licentiate, and starting up from an old mat on which he lay, naked to the skin, demanded to know who it was that was going away cured and sane. The licentiate answered :—It is I, brother, who am going, for I have no need to stay here any longer, for which I give infinite thanks to Heaven, who has done me this great favour.

—Mind what you say, licentiate, replied the madman ; let not the devil deceive you ; rest your foot and keep snug in your home, and you will spare yourself the return journey.

—I know that I am well, rejoined the licentiate, and shall not have to go the stations again.

—You well ? cried the madman ; good ; so be it ; God be with you. But I vow by Jupiter, whose majesty I represent on this earth, that for this sin alone which Seville is to-day committing in letting you out of this house, and in taking you for a sane one, I will inflict such a chastisement on her as that the memory of it shall endure for ages and

ages, Amen. Dost thou not know, thou paltry little licentiate, that I have the power to do it, being, as I say I am, Jupiter Tonans, who hold in my hands the flaming bolts with which I am wont to menace and able to destroy the world? But with one thing only will I punish this ignorant town, and it is, not to rain upon it, nor in all the district or neighbourhood, for three whole years, to be reckoned from the day and moment that this threat is sent forth. Thou free? Thou whole? Thou sane?—And I mad? I disordered? I confined?—I would as soon think of raining as of hanging myself.

The words and the speech of the madman attracted the attention of the bystanders; but our licentiate, turning to the chaplain and seizing him by the hands, cried:—Be not concerned, good Sir, nor make any account of what this mad fellow has said; for if he is Jupiter and will not rain, I, who am Neptune, the father and the god of waters, shall rain as often as it pleases me and it is necessary.

To which the chaplain replied:—For all that, Master Neptune, it will not be right to anger Master Jupiter. Your worship may remain at home, and another day when we have more time and opportunity, we will come back for your worship.

The governor and those present laughed, at whose laughter the chaplain was half ashamed. The licentiate was stripped, and left in the house; and there the story ends.

—This, then, is the story, Master Barber, quoth Don Quixote, which, coming pat to hand, you were not able to refrain from telling? Ah, Master Shaver, Master Shaver! how blind is he who cannot see through a hair-sieve! And is it possible that your worship knows not that comparisons which are made of wit with wit, of valour with valour, and truth with truth, are always odious and ill taken? I, Master Barber, am not Neptune, the god of the waters; nor do I set up for being a wise man, not being one. I only endeavour

to convince the world of the error it falls into in not reviving in itself that most happy time in which the order of Knight Errantry flourished ; but our depraved age does not deserve to enjoy so great a blessing as those ages enjoyed, in which Knights Errant took upon themselves and laid upon their shoulders the defence of kingdoms, the protection of damsels, the relief of children and orphans, the chastisement of the proud, and the rewarding of the lowly. Most of the Knights which are now in fashion rather love to rustle in the damasks, brocades, and other rich stuffs they wear than in coats of mail for armour. There are now no Knights to sleep in the fields subject to the rigour of the heavens, clad in full panoply from head to heel ; there is none now, who, without drawing his feet out of the stirrups, takes a nap as they call it, resting on his lance, as the Knights Errant used to do ; there is none now to enter that mountain, sallying from out this grove, and thence to tread a barren desert shore of the sea, most often stormy and disturbed, and there finding on the beach a little skiff, without oars, sail, mast, or any tackle, with intrepid heart to fling himself into it, committing himself to the implacable waves of the deep sea, which now lift him to the skies, now lower him to the abyss, and exposing his breast to the irresistible tempest, to find himself, when he least reckons upon it, three thousand leagues and more from the place where he embarked ; and, leaping on a remote and unknown land, to have things happen to him worthy of being inscribed, not on parchment but on brass. But now sloth triumphs over industry, idleness over energy, vice over virtue, boasting over bravery, and the theory over the practice of arms, which lived only and flourished in the golden ages, and among Knights Errant. Nay, tell me, who was more chaste and valiant than the famous Amadis of Gaul ? Who more discreet than Palmerin of England ? Who more complaisant and adroit than Tirante the White ? Who more gallant than Lisuarte of Greece ? Who a greater slasher or

more slashed than Don Belianis? Who more intrepid than Perion of Gaul? Who more ready to face peril than Felixmarte of Hyrcania? Or who sincerer than Esplandian? Who more impetuous than Cirongilio of Thrace? Who more bold than Rodamonte? Who more prudent than King Sobrino? Who more mettlesome than Rinaldo? Who more invincible than Orlando? And who more high-spirited and courteous than Ruggiero,—from whom are descended to-day the Dukes of Ferrara, according to Turpin, his cosmography?[1] All these Knights, and many more whom I could name, Sir Priest, were Knights Errant, the light and glory of chivalry. Of these, or of such as these, would I have those of my project to be; and were it so, his Majesty would find himself well served, and would save much expense, and the Turk would be left tearing his beard; and withal I wish to remain at home, since the chaplain is not taking me out of it, and if Jupiter, as the Barber has told us, will not rain, here am I who will rain when it pleases me. This I say that Sir Bason may know I understand him.

—In truth then, Sir Don Quixote, cried the Barber, I did not say it for that, and so may God help me, as my meaning was good, and your worship ought not to take it amiss.

—Whether I take it amiss or not, returned Don Quixote, is best known to myself.

Hereupon said the Priest:—Though I have hardly spoken a word till now, I would like to be relieved of a scruple which is scratching and gnawing my conscience, begotten of what Sir Don Quixote hath here told us.

[1] The Cosmography of Turpin need not be looked for in any library. The heroes here mentioned are the leading ones of the books of chivalries, except the three last, which are in the *Orlando Furioso*. The legend of the descent of the Dukes of Ferrara is from Ariosto, who wished to flatter his patron, Duke Hippolito, by making Ruggiero his ancestor, just as Virgil drew the Julian line from Æneas in compliment to Augustus.

—For other greater things, answered Don Quixote, Sir Priest has a licence, and so he may declare his scruple, for it is not pleasant to go with a conscience scruple-laden.

—With that permission, then, responded the Priest, let me say that my scruple is, that I am unable to persuade myself by any means that the whole crew of Knights Errant of whom your worship, Sir Don Quixote, has spoken, have been really and truly in the world, persons of flesh and bone. I imagine rather that it is all fiction, fable, and lies,—dreams told by men awake, or rather half asleep.

—That is another error, said Don Quixote, into which many have fallen, who do not believe that there have been such Knights in the world. Often have I, with different people and at divers times, endeavoured to drag this almost universal error to the light of truth ; but at some times I have not succeeded in my intention, at others I have, maintaining it on the shoulders of the truth, which truth is so assured that I might say I have seen with mine own eyes Amadis of Gaul, who was a man tall of stature, fair of complexion, with a well-cut beard, though black,[1] of an aspect between mild and severe, sparing of words, slow to anger, and quickly appeased. And after the manner in which I have delineated Amadis, I could, to my thinking, paint and describe all the Knights Errant that are in the world's histories, for by the apprehension I have that they were as their histories tell, and by the exploits they performed and the natures they displayed, it is possible, by right philosophy, to gather their features, their complexions, and their statures.

—How big, in your worship's opinion, Sir Don Quixote, must the giant Morgante have been ? asked the Priest.

—In this matter of giants, answered Don Quixote, there

[1] This description of Amadis' person does not tally with that in the book, wherein we are told that Amadis had crisp red hair, a high colour, not so fair as his brother Galaor, and thicker in the limbs (*Amadis*, bk. i. ch. xxx.).

are different opinions as to whether they have been or not in the world, but the Holy Scripture, which cannot fail of the truth one atom, shows us that there were such, telling us the story of that big Philistine, Goliath, who was seven cubits and a half high, which is a prodigious highness. There have also been discovered in the island of Sicily shin-bones and shoulders so large that their size proves the owners of them to have been giants, and as tall as great towers ;[1] geometry puts this beyond a doubt. Nevertheless, I am unable to say with certainty what was the size of Morgante, although I imagine he could not have been so very tall ; and I am led to this opinion by the finding in the history where particular mention is made of his deeds, that he often slept under a roof ; and since he found houses to contain him, it is clear that his bulk was not excessive.[2]

—That is true, said the Priest, who, delighted at hearing him utter such nonsense, asked him what were his views regarding the features of Rinaldo of Montalvan, and of Orlando and the other Peers of France, for they all were Knights Errant.

—Of Rinaldo, answered Don Quixote, I make bold to say that he was broad in the face, of a bright reddish colour, with rolling eyes somewhat prominent, touchy and choleric to excess, friendly to robbers and to vagabonds. About Roldan, or Rotolando, or Orlando (for by all these names do his histories call him), I am of opinion, and do assert, that he was of middle height, broad in the shoulders,

[1] This story, of the giants' remains found in Sicily, occurs in one of the dialogues in Hædo's *Topography of Algiers*. As Hædo's book was not published till 1612, this seems to mark the date subsequent to which Cervantes began to write his Second Part. It is very probable, however, that like many books of the time, Hædo's was handed about in manuscript before publication.

[2] The giant Morgante was the protagonist of Pulci's semi-burlesque poem of *Morgante Maggiore*. A Spanish version of this, in prose, much altered and turned into a serious book to match the other romances, appeared at Seville in 1550, and it is to this that Don Quixote seems to refer.

somewhat bow-legged, brown of complexion, red-bearded, hairy of body, with a threatening look, abrupt of speech, but very polite and well-bred.[1]

—If Orlando was no more of a gentleman than your worship has made out, said the Priest, it was no wonder that the lady Angelica the Fair rejected him and left him for the gaiety, sprightliness, and grace of the downy-cheeked Moorling,[2] with whom she took up ; and she showed her sense in falling in love with the softness of Medoro rather than with the roughness of Orlando.

—That Angelica, Sir Priest, answered Don Quixote, was a giddy, wanton damsel, and somewhat capricious, and she left the world as full of her impertinences as of the fame of her beauty. She spurned a thousand lords,—a thousand brave and a thousand wise,—and contented herself with a smooth-faced little chit of a page,[3] with no other fortune or reputation than that which his character for gratitude to his friend won for him.[4] The great singer of her beauty, the famous Ariosto, not daring or not caring to sing of what

[1] It is scarcely necessary to say that these details of the heroes' persons are taken chiefly from Don Quixote's imagination, and in the case of Orlando are purposely made burlesque by the author. In the romances we find nothing about Orlando's bow-legs, or red hair, or brown visage. On the contrary, he is described as having been as beautiful as he was pious, dying, according to the best authorities, a virgin,—mainly on which account he seems to have been put by Dante in his *Paradiso* in company with Judas Maccabeus and Godfrey of Bouillon. As to Orlando's politeness the authorities differ. Gaiferos, in the old ballad of *Conde Dirlos*, reproaches him for his arrogance and discourtesy, and in the colloquy with Rinaldo in *Orlando Innamorato* (bk. i. ch. xxvii.) one calls the other *ladron*, who rejoins with *hijo de puta*.

[2] *El morillo barbiponiente.* The English is quite inadequate to express the concentrated humour and picturesqueness of the Priest's phrase. *Barbiponiente* is a compound, meaning one with a beard just beginning to grow.

[3] *Pagecillo barbilucio*; here we have another example of the fertility and flexibility of the Castilian.

[4] Referring to Medoro's quest of his friend Dardinel's body, in the course of which he was himself wounded, and left for dead, till revived by the attentions of Angelica.

happened to this lady after her base surrender (which could not have been anything over chaste), left her with the lines :—

> And how she rose to be Cathaya's Queen,
> Mayhap some bard shall sing with mightier pen.[1]

—And this without doubt was as a prophecy, for poets are called also *vates*, which means diviners. This truth is plainly seen, for since then a famous Andalucian poet hath wept and sung her tears, and another famous and unique Castilian poet has sung her beauty.[2]

—Tell me, Sir Don Quixote, here interposed the Barber, has there been no poet who has made some satire on this lady Angelica, among all those who have praised her ?

—I verily believe, answered Don Quixote, that if Sacripante or Orlando had been a poet, he would have given the damsel a trimming,[3] for it is proper and natural to poets who have been disdained or not accepted by their ladies, either fictitious or altered from those who had been actually chosen [4] as the mistresses of their thoughts, to revenge themselves in satires and lampoons, a vengeance assuredly unworthy of generous hearts ; but hitherto, there have not come to my

[1] The lines quoted in the text are not from the original Italian, but a Spanish translation, apparently by Cervantes himself, made *currente calamo*. In such a case I do not understand how Cervantes can be said to misquote, as he has been charged with doing.

[2] The Andalucian poet was Barahono de Soto, who wrote *Las Lagrimas de Angelica*, three or four times referred to in *Don Quixote* with excessive praise. The Castilian poet was Lope de Vega, who wrote *La Hermosura de Angelica*, published in 1604, a poem of extraordinary fluency, but extravagant to the last degree. It may be that Cervantes' hyperbolical phrases regarding it are not without a spice of irony.

[3] *Jabonado*—literally, "would have given the damsel a soaping."

[4] I have followed here the older reading—*fingidas ó fingidas en efeto de aquellas*, etc.—instead of that of Pellicer (adopted by the Academy), who proposed to insert a *no* before the second *fingidas*, which makes more confusion. Clemencin pertinently refers us to a similar phrase in Part I. ch. xxv., which makes the meaning here clear enough, without any emendation.

knowledge any defamatory verses against the lady Angelica, who turned the world topsy-turvy.

—A miracle! quoth the Priest.—But at this point they heard the Housekeeper and the Niece, who had withdrawn from their conversation, giving voice loudly in the front yard; and they all ran out to the noise.

CHAPTER II

Which treats of the notable quarrel between Sancho Panza and Don Quixote's Niece and Housekeeper, with other diverting incidents

THE history relates that the voices which Don Quixote, the Priest, and the Barber heard were those of the Niece and the Housekeeper, crying out at Sancho Panza, who was pushing his way in to see Don Quixote, while they were holding the door against him :

—What would the little monster in this house? Get away with you to your own, brother, for it is you and no other who seduce and entice my master away, and lead him tramping along those by-roads.

To which Sancho responded :—Housekeeper of Satan! it is myself am enticed away and seduced, and led tramping along the by-roads, and not thy master. He it is who leads me about these wilds, and you are wide of the matter. He wheedled me away from home with his cozening speeches, promising me an Isle, which I am still a-waiting.

—May the foul Isles choke thee, thou accursed Sancho! answered the Niece; and what are thy Isles?[1] Is it anything to eat, glutton,—cormorant that thou art?

—It is nothing to eat, retorted Sancho, but to govern

[1] Here it is clear that neither Sancho nor the Niece understands what an *insula* is.

and rule, better than any four cities—better than four justices at court.[1]

—For all that, cried the Housekeeper, you don't enter here, bag of mischiefs and sack of villainies. Go and govern your own house, and till your own plot, and give up trying for your isles and wiles.[2]

—The Priest and the Barber were greatly diverted by hearing this colloquy of the three; but Don Quixote, fearing that Sancho would blurt out and let drop a pack of mischievous follies, and touch upon points which might not be wholly to his credit, called to him and bade the two women hold their tongues and let him enter. Sancho went in, and the Priest and the Barber took their leave of the Knight, of whose health they despaired, seeing how fixed he was in his extravagant fancies and how much wrapt up in the silliness of his perverse chivalries. And said the Priest to the Barber:—You will see, gossip, how, when we least think it, our gentleman sallies out once more to range the bush.[3]

—I have no doubt of that, answered the Barber; but I wonder not so much at the madness of the Knight as at the simplicity of the squire, who believes so firmly in that Isle as that I am persuaded all the disillusions conceivable will not drive it out of his noddle.

—May God help them, cried the Priest; and let us be on the look-out; we shall see where this tissue of follies, of such Knight and such squire, is to end; methinks the pair were cast in one mould, for the eccentricities of the master would not be worth a doit without the fatuities of the man.

—That is true, said the Barber, and I should be very glad to know what the two are talking about just now.

—I dare be sworn, answered the Priest, that the Niece

[1] That is, a government more important than that of any four cities, and a governorship richer in perquisites than four judgeships.

[2] *Insulas y insulos.*

[3] *Volar la ribera*—a term borrowed from falconry.

or the Housekeeper will tell us by-and-by, for they are not of a disposition to refrain from listening.

Meanwhile Don Quixote was shut up with Sancho; and when they were alone he said to his squire:—It grieves me much, Sancho, that thou hast said, and still sayest, that it was I who took thee from thy cottage, when thou knowest that I myself stayed not in my house. Together we went out; together we lived, and together we wandered; one and the same fortune, one and the same destiny has fallen upon us both; if they tossed thee in a blanket once, me they have thrashed a hundred times; and this is where I have the advantage of thee.

—And that is but right, responded Sancho, for according to what your worship says, disasters are rather the Knight's perquisites than the squire's.

—Thou art mistaken, Sancho, said Don Quixote, according to that aphorism, *quando caput dolet*, etc.[1]

—I understand no other tongue but my own, retorted Sancho.

—I mean, said Don Quixote, that when the head aches all the other members suffer; and therefore, I being thy master and lord, I am the head and thou a part of me, since thou art my servant, and for this reason the ill which touches me, or shall touch me, should give pain to thee, and thine to me.

—So it should be, answered Sancho, but when they tossed me as a member in the blanket, my head stood outside the wall looking on me flying through the air without feeling any pain; and seeing the members are forced to smart for the head's pain, that should be made to smart for them.

—Dost thou mean to say now, Sancho, said Don Quixote, that I did not suffer when they were blanketing thee? And if thou sayest so, thou shouldst not say or think it, for more

[1] *Quando caput dolet, cætera membra dolent*—an aphorism of Hippocrates.

pain did I feel in my spirit than thou in thy body. But let us set that aside for the present, for a time will come when we may consider this matter and put it on the right footing. Tell me, friend Sancho, what do they say of me in this village here? In what regard do the vulgar hold me? In what the gentry and in what the knights?[1] What do they say of my valour; what of my achievements; what of my courtesy? How do they talk about the business I have undertaken, to revive and restore to the world the now forgotten order of chivalry? In fine, Sancho, I would have thee tell me what has come to thy ears concerning these things; and this thou must tell me without adding to the good or subtracting from the evil one tittle, for it behoves loyal vassals to speak the truth to their lords in its proper form and essence, without enlargement through adulation, or diminution through other idle regard. And I would have thee know, Sancho, that if the naked truth reached the ears of Princes, without the vestment of flattery, the times would be different; other ages would be held to be more of iron than this of ours, for this in which we live I reckon to be one of gold.[2] Let this be an admonition to thee, Sancho, discreetly and faithfully to commit to my ears the truth as to the things of which thou knowest, concerning which I have enquired of thee.

[1] The *hidalgos* and the *caballeros*. The *hidalgo*, such as Alonso Quixano and Miguel de Cervantes were, was gentle by birth but not necessarily well placed by fortune. See note in Part I. ch. xxv. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries Spain was overrun by poor *hidalgos*, whose poverty and desperate expedients at its disguise were a constant resource to the satirists and the playwrights. In an official report made to Philip II. in 1575 there were reckoned eight *hidalgos* proper as residing in Argamasilla, Don Quixote's town. One was Rodrigo Pacheco, whose votive portrait hangs in the parish church, the two sons of Pedro de Bárcena, the three brothers Baldolesyas, and the two brothers Valsalobres.

[2] Uttered probably in irony, for Cervantes could hardly approve of the rule of the then all-powerful favourite, the Duke of Lerma, though he would naturally be slow to express his true opinion of so near a kinsman of his two chief patrons, the Archbishop of Toledo and the Conde de Lemos.

—That will I do with all my heart, dear Sir, answered Sancho, on condition that your worship be not angered at what I say, since you wish me to speak it all naked, without any other clothes than those in which it comes to my knowledge.

—In no wise shall I be angered, said Don Quixote; thou canst speak freely, Sancho, and without any circumlocution.

—Then the first thing I say is that the common people take your worship for a mighty great madman, and me for no less of a simpleton. The gentry say that, not containing yourself within the bounds of gentility, your worship has turned yourself into a Don[1] and jumped up to be a Knight, with four vine-stocks and two yokes of land, with a clout behind and another before. The cavaliers say that they don't like the *hidalgos* to prank themselves up against them,—especially those squires who black their own shoes, and mend their black knitted stockings with green silk.

—That, said Don Quixote, has nothing to do with me, seeing that I always go well-dressed and never patched. Frayed I may be, but the fraying more from my armour than from time.

—As to what relates, proceeded Sancho, to valour, courtesy, the feats, and the undertaking of your worship, there are different opinions. Some call you mad but humorous; some valiant but unlucky; others courteous but saucy; and thus they go, looking into so many things that neither to your worship nor to me do they leave a whole bone.

[1] The abuse of the Don was a frequent theme on which the censors of that age were wont to preach, and is more than once indicated in *Don Quixote*. See Part I. ch. iii. The title *Don*, for *dominus*, came first into use in the ninth century, being in the early times given only to kings, princes, and prelates. In ancient poems saints were Don'd,—nay, Gonzalo de Berceo speaks of *Don Jesu Cristo*; and the Archpriest of Hita, of Don Jupiter, Don Amor, and Doña Venus.

—Observe, Sancho, said Don Quixote, that wherever virtue exists in an eminent degree it is persecuted. Few or none of the famous heroes who have lived escaped being slandered by malice. Julius Cæsar, a most high-spirited, prudent, and valiant captain, was branded as ambitious, and not over clean, either in his clothing or in his manners.[1] Alexander, whose exploits achieved for him the name of the Great, they report had certain points of the drunkard. Of Hercules, him of the many labours, it is told that he was lascivious and effeminate. Don Galaor, brother of Amadis of Gaul, was censured as being more than over lickerish,[2] and his brother as being a whimperer. Therefore, O Sancho, among the many calumnies against good men, those at my expense may well pass, if they are no more than what thou hast mentioned.

—There's the rub, body of my father! replied Sancho.

—Is there anything more, then? asked Don Quixote.

—There still remains the tail to skin,[3] said Sancho. All up to this is tarts and gingerbread;[4] but if your worship wishes to know all about the slanders they put upon you, I will bring one here presently who shall tell you all without bating an ace, for last night arrived the son of Bartholomew Carrasco, who comes from studying at Salamanca,—made a Bachelor,—and upon my going to give him welcome he said

[1] Whatever might have been the manners of Julius Cæsar there is no warrant in history for charging him with uncleanness in his apparel. On the contrary, we learn from Suetonius that the great Julius was a bit of a dandy, except when from policy he affected slovenliness.

[2] *Demasiadamente rijoso*,—which all the translators have turned into "over-quarrelsome." But there is no reason for attributing such a character to Galaor, who was rather mercurial than morose. On the other hand, he was loose and indiscriminate in his amours, and therefore *rijoso*, in its secondary acceptation. See Part I. ch. xv., where Rozinante is described, in the adventure with the Yanguesan mares, as usually *persona casta y poco rijosa*.

[3] *Aun la cola falta por desollar*—a vulgar proverbial phrase.

[4] *Tortas y pan pintado*—a proverbial phrase, more than once used by Sancho in the course of this history.

to me that the history of your worship is already put in a book, by the name of the INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA; and, says he, they mentioned me in it by my own name of Sancho Panza, and the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, with other things which passed between us two only, which made me cross myself for wonder to think how the history-writer could have learnt what he wrote.

—Thou mayst be sure, Sancho, said Don Quixote, that the author of our history must be some sage enchanter, for from such nothing is hidden of what they wish to write.

—But how, cried Sancho, can he be sage and enchanter, seeing that, according to what the Bachelor Samson Carrasco says (for this is his name of whom I spoke), the author of this history is called Cid Hamet Berengena?[1]

—That is the name of a Moor, said Don Quixote.

—So it may be, replied Sancho, because for the most part, I have heard say, the Moors are fond of *berengenas*.

—Thou must be in error, Sancho, said Don Quixote, as to the surname of that Cid, which in Arabic means *Lord*.

—Your worship may be right, replied Sancho; but if it is your pleasure that I fetch the Bachelor here, I will go fly for him.

—Thou wilt do me a great favour, friend, said Don Quixote; for what thou hast told me makes me anxious, and I shall not eat a mouthful that will do me good until I am informed of everything.

—Then I go for him, answered Sancho.—And quitting his master he went away to look for the Bachelor, with whom he returned after a little while, and there passed between the three a most diverting colloquy.

[1] Sancho confounds Benengeli with *Berengena*,—a word with which he was more familiar. *Berengena* is the purple egg-plant, *aubergine* of the French, *brinjal* of the Anglo-Indians,—the fruit of *Solanum melongena*,—plentiful in the south of Spain, and much loved of Christian as well as Moor to this day.

CHAPTER III

Of the laughable conversation which passed between Don Quixote, Sancho Panza, and the Bachelor Samson Carrasco

Don Quixote remained very thoughtful, waiting for the Bachelor Samson Carrasco, from whom he expected to hear the news of how he himself had been put into a book, as Sancho had said; nor could he persuade himself that such a history could be, for the blood of the enemies he had slain was scarce yet dry on his sword blade, and already they would have his high chivalric deeds go forth in print.[1] Nevertheless, he imagined that some sage, either friend or enemy, by his magic art, had given them to the press; if a friend, in order to magnify and exalt them above the most renowned of any Knight Errant; if an enemy, to belittle them and sink them below the meanest ever written of some low

[1] Here Cervantes hints at those chronological difficulties which have so greatly exercised his commentators, but to himself were so little troublesome and to his story so little material. We are told, in the opening words of the Second Part, that Don Quixote had been laid up in bed for about a month; but here we have mention of a book already written about him, sold by thousands, and familiar to all the world,—with a great many other inconsistencies to follow, which have caused much vexation to serious men like Señor Clemencin, and have sorely tried the ingenuity of Señor Hartzenbusch. The author himself, as we see, is not much concerned over these anachronisms, or at any other of the blemishes in his books,—even noting them, and laughing over them, in a manner to cause still greater tearing of hair among the commentators.

squire,—although, as he said to himself, never were deeds of squires written of. If it were true that such a history there was, being of a Knight Errant, it must of necessity be grandiloquent, lofty, notable, magnificent, and true. With this he consoled himself a little, but he was discomposed again when he thought that the author was a Moor, according to his name of Cid ; and from the Moors he could look for no truth, for they are all impostors, forgers, and schemers.[1] He dreaded lest his love-affairs should be treated with levity, which might tend to the disparagement and prejudice of his mistress' good name, the lady Dulcinea del Toboso. For he was desirous that it should be declared that he had always preserved his fidelity and his respect for her, making light of Queens, Empresses, and damsels of every degree for her sake, and curbing the force of his natural appetites. Wrapt and absorbed in these and many other such fancies, Sancho and Carrasco found him, whom he received with much courtesy.[2]

The Bachelor, for all that he was called Samson, was not very great in body, though a very great wag ; of pale complexion, of a very good understanding, about four-and-twenty years of age, round-faced, with a flat nose and big mouth,—signs, all of them, of a mischievous disposition,—and fond of

[1] *Quimeristas*,—a word which has altered its meaning since Cervantes' time, being now used to signify "brawlers."

[2] Here enters a new character on the stage, who adds considerably to the interest of the story, playing an important part in the *dénouement*. The skill with which, hiding all appearance of art, Cervantes contrives to invest his personages, even the most insignificant, with reality and individual being, so that they appear rather like living portraits than pictures drawn from the imagination, —their talk like actual speech overheard, and their behaviour as though it had been copied from life,—is not the least of the many excellencies in *Don Quixote*, though apt to be overlooked in the humour of the situations and the interest aroused by the main action of the story. Of the many who play upon and with Don Quixote's delusions, Samson Carrasco is the most genial, the most humane, and the most intelligent. The name Carrasco is still extant at Argamasilla, and perhaps the Bachelor Samson was a real personage.

raillery and jesting, as he showed upon seeing Don Quixote, for he fell on his knees before him, exclaiming :

—Give me your hands, your Mightiness, Sir Don Quixote of La Mancha ! For by the habit of S. Peter I wear,—though I hold no more than the first four orders,[1]—your worship is one of the most famous of the Knights Errant that have been or ever shall be in all the rotundity of the world. Blessed be the Cid Hamet Benengeli, who has written the history of your mighty deeds, and thrice blessed the connoisseur who took the pains to have it translated from Arabic into our vulgar Castilian for the universal entertainment of mankind !

Don Quixote made him rise and said to him :—So then it is true there is a history of me, and that it was a Moor and a sage who composed it ?

—So true is it, said Samson, that I opine there are to-day in print more than twelve thousand books of the said history. Let Portugal, Barcelona, and Valencia speak, where they have been printed, and there is even a report that it is being printed in Antwerp,[2] and it is clear to me that there is no nation or language in the world in which it will not be translated.[3]

[1] "The habit of S. Peter" was the quasi-ecclesiastical garb worn, like an academical gown, by students, whether intending to adopt the priestly office or not. The "four orders," as explained in the Academy's Dictionary, are the four lesser orders of *Ostiarius*, *Lector*, *Exorcista*, and *Acolytus*.

[2] One need not take Cervantes' figures literally, though I believe he is not very far out in the number of copies of the First Part printed up to 1612, which would be the year when this chapter was written. No book up to that time in Spain, or perhaps in any other country, had circulated so largely. The editions of Barcelona and of Antwerp here spoken of are not now extant, although, as they were both cities where the press was active, we may, I think, take Cervantes' word that his book was printed in those places. Its very popularity is now the cause of its scarcity, for it was bethumbed out of existence. Besides the editions here mentioned, there was one at Brussels in 1607, one at Milan in 1610, and a second at Brussels in 1611.

[3] Already, while he must have been writing these words, the first of the translations,—that of Shelton,—had appeared in England,—not only the first

Thereupon said Don Quixote :—One of the things which should give most pleasure to a virtuous and eminent man is to see himself, while yet living, printed and in the press, with a good name in people's tongues. I say with a good name, for, were it the contrary, no death could be so bad.

—If it goes by good report and good name, your worship singly bears away the palm from all the Knights Errant, for the Moor in his language, and the Christian in his, have taken care to paint for us, quite to the life, your worship's gallantry, your greatness of soul in encountering perils, your patience in adversity, your fortitude under reverses and wounds, your chastity and continence, in the loves so platonic of your worship and my lady Doña Dulcinea del Toboso.

—Never, here broke in Sancho Panza, have I heard my lady Dulcinea called Doña, but only plain lady Dulcinea del Toboso, and there the history is wrong.

—That's no objection of importance, replied Carrasco.

—No, surely, said Don Quixote ; but tell me, Sir Bachelor, what are the deeds of mine which are most extolled in that history ?

—With regard to that, answered the Bachelor, there are different opinions, as there are different tastes. Some abide by the adventure of the windmills which to your worship looked like Briareuses and Gygeses ;[1] others by that of the fulling-mills ; one by that of the description of the two armies, which afterwards turned out to be two flocks of sheep ; another extols that of the corpse they were carrying to bury

translation of *Don Quixote* in any language, but the only one published during Cervantes' lifetime. It is, of course, very improbable that he should ever have heard of the English version of his book.

[1] All the editions have here *Briareos y gigantes*. I have followed Hartzenbusch in his ingenious substitution of *giges* in place of *gigantes*. As Briareus was himself a giant, there is no point in saying "Briareuses and giants," especially as giants are mentioned in another place in the same sentence. *Giges* might easily be mistaken by the printer for a contraction of *gigantes*. Gyges (*Centimanus* of Horace, ch. ii. 17) was the brother of Briareus.

at Segovia; one declares that the adventure of the galley-slaves surpasses all; another that none of them equals that of the Benedictine giants and the combat with the valorous Biscayan.

—Tell me, Master Bachelor, cried Sancho, does the adventure with the Yanguesans come in there, when our good Rozinante took a longing for forbidden fruit?[1]

—Nothing was left by the sage in the ink-horn, answered Samson; he tells everything and touches on every point, even to the capers which the good Sancho cut in the blanket.

—In the blanket I cut no capers, retorted Sancho; in the air I did, and more than I liked.

—In my judgment, said Don Quixote, there is no human history in the world which has not its ups and downs, especially those which treat of chivalries, which can never be all full of prosperous incidents.

—For all that, responded the Bachelor, some who have read the history say that they would have been glad had the author of it left out some of the infinite drubbings which were given Don Quixote in his various encounters.

—There comes in the truthfulness of the story, observed Sancho.

—Yet they might have kept silence on them in fairness, said Don Quixote; for there is no occasion to write down the actions which do not change or affect the truth of the story, if they tend to the lowering of the hero. In faith, Æneas was not so pious as Virgil paints him, nor Ulysses so sagacious as Homer describes.[2]

—True, replied Samson; but it is one thing to write as

[1] *Pedir cotufas en el golfo.* See note in Part I. ch. xxx.

[2] Non si pietoso Enea, nè forte Achille,
Fu, como é fama, nè si fiero Ettorre:
Non fu si santo nè benigno Augusto,
Come la tuba di Virgilio suona.
—*Orlando Furioso*, canto xxxv. sts. 25 and 26.

poet and another as historian. The poet is able to recount or sing things not as they were but as they ought to be. The historian has to write of them, not as they should have been, but as they were, without adding to or subtracting from the truth in anything.

—Nay, if it is of truths that Master Moor goes for telling, quoth Sancho, then, verily among the drubbings of my master will be found mine,—for they never took the measure of his worship's shoulders without taking that of my whole body ; but there is no matter for wonder in that, for, as this same master of mine says, in the pain of the head the members must share.

—You are a sly rogue, Sancho, answered Don Quixote. Faith, your memory does not fail you when you have a mind to remember.

—Were I minded to forget the cudgellings they gave me, said Sancho, the scars would not let me, for they are still fresh on my ribs.

—Be silent, Sancho, and do not interrupt the Bachelor, said Don Quixote ; whom I beg that he will proceed to tell me of what they say of me in the history referred to.

—And of me, said Sancho, for they also do say that I am one of the principal presonages in it.

—Personages, not *presonages*, friend Sancho, said Samson.

—What ! have we another trimmer of words ? [1] cried Sancho. If they go on like that, we shall never end in this life.

—God send me a bad one, replied the Bachelor, if you, Sancho, are not the second person in the history, and there are some who prize more the hearing you talk than the bravest there ; although there are some also who say that you were over-credulous in taking for truth the governorship of that Isle promised you by Sir Don Quixote here.

[1] *Reprochador de voquiblos*, says Sancho, for *vocablos*. *Reprochador*, says Clemencin, is a barbarous word, now obsolete.

—There is still sun on the thatch,[1] said Don Quixote; meantime, as Sancho is getting more advanced in age, he will become more apt and able to be a governor, with the experience that years will give him, than he is at present.

—Ecod, Sir, the Isle I don't govern with the years I have I shall never govern with the years of Methusalem. The mischief is that this said Isle keeps itself away I know not where, and not that I have not brains enough for the governing of it.

—Commend it to God, Sancho, said Don Quixote, and all will be well, and perhaps better than you think, for there stirs not a leaf on the tree without the will of God.

—That is true, said Samson, and if God please there shall not be wanting to Sancho a thousand Isles to govern, much less one.

—Governors I have seen about here, quoth Sancho, who, to my mind, do not come up to the sole of my shoe, for all that they are called, *your Lordship*, and served on silver.

—Those are not governors of Isles, replied Samson, but of other governments more easily handled; those that govern Isles must at least be grammarians.

—The *gram* I can easily hit off, said Sancho, but with the *marians*[2] I neither take nor pay,[3] for I don't understand it. But leaving this about the governorship in God's hands, that may put me where I may best serve Him, I say, Master Bachelor Samson Carrasco, it has pleased me hugely that the

[1] *Aun hai sol en las bardas*—a proverb, meaning there is time enough for what there is to do; "it is not too late." *Bardas* literally means the covering of branches, litter, or brushwood laid on the top of the wall to raise and preserve it, —the wall itself being constructed of *tapia*, a mixture of earth, stones, and rubbish, rammed down, while wet, into wooden frames, very like what is called in Devonshire *cob*,—the primeval wall in use throughout the East.

[2] Here is a play upon the word *gramatica*, which Samson uses—such as cannot be rendered exactly in English. *Grama*, says Sancho, I know (*grama* is an instrument for dressing hemp), but *tica* I do not.

[3] *Ni me tiro ni me pago*—a phrase taken from some game, equivalent to "I pass" at *euchre*.

author of this history should have spoken of me so that the things told of me give no offence; for on the faith of a good squire had he mentioned things about me not becoming an old Christian, as I am, the deaf would be hearing of them.

—That would be to work miracles, answered Samson.

—Miracles or no miracles, said Sancho, let each one look how he speaks or how he writes of a man; and not set down at random the first thing that comes into his noddle.[1]

—One of the blemishes they find in the said history, observed the Bachelor, is that the author has put in it a novel called *The Impertinent Curiosity*,—not that it is bad or badly told, but that it is out of place, and has nothing to do with the story of his worship Don Quixote.

—I'll wager, said Sancho, that the son of a dog has made a jumble of the greens and the hampers.[2]

—Now, I say, quoth Don Quixote, the author of my history was no sage but some ignorant prater, who set himself blindly and carelessly to write it, come out what it might, like Orbaneja, the painter of Ubeda, who being asked what he was painting, answered, *what it might turn out*. Sometimes he would paint a cock, in such a fashion and so little like one that it was necessary to write beside it in Gothic characters, *This is a Cock;* and so it must be with my history, which will need a commentary for its understanding.

—Not so, answered Samson, for it is so plain that there is nothing in it to raise a difficulty. Children finger it; young people read it; grown men are versed in it, and greybeards delight in it; in a word, so much thumbed, so much read, and so well learnt of all sorts of people is it, that as soon

[1] *Magin*, says Sancho here, for *imaginacion;* as a little before he had said *presonas* for *personas*. It is impossible to reproduce these rusticities in English. Smollett's attempts to do so are a warning to translators.

[2] *Berzas con capachos*—a proverbial phrase, meaning the mixing of things promiscuously.

as they see any lean hack they cry out, *There goes Rozinante.*[1] And they who are the most given to its reading are the pages, for there is no lord's antechamber where you will not find a *Don Quixote;* when one lays it down another takes it up; some fight for it; some beg for it.[2] In fine, this said history is the most delightful and least dangerous diversion that was ever to this day seen, for in the whole of it is not to be detected even the shadow of an unchaste word nor a thought short of Catholic.[3]

—To write in other fashion, said Don Quixote, were not to write truths but lies; and the historians who deal in lies should be burnt like those who coin bad money; but I know not what induced the author to make use of novels and foreign tales, there being so much to write of in mine; no doubt he felt bound by the proverb, *with straw and with hay,*

[1] The characters, sayings, etc., in *Don Quixote* passed, at a very early period, into popular use and were familiar in men's mouths. Rozinante stood, even in Cervantes' time, as the common name for a "screw," and any man of lantern jaws, a lean figure, and a pompous bearing was a Don Quixote. Swift, I think, is the first English classic writer who uses the words familiarly, showing in his works a close acquaintance with Cervantes.

[2] As a proof of the extreme popularity of the book may be cited the well-known story of Philip III. and the student. The King being one day on the balcony of his palace at Madrid, observed a student reading a book as he walked along the banks of the Manzanares, with extraordinary demonstrations of enjoyment, slapping his forehead and bursting out into fits of laughter. Said the King, "Either that student is mad, or he is reading *Don Quixote.*" Some courtiers went out to enquire, and found that the book in the student's hands was *Don Quixote.* The anecdote—which is first told by Balthazar Porreño (a contemporary) in *Los Dichos y Hechos de Felipe III.*—would seem to indicate that Philip himself had a taste for *Don Quixote.* If so, he contrived to conceal it from the author, who does not appear to have owed anything to the King's favour, as he seems to hint in some words which occur in the Prologue to the Second Part.

[3] This character is certainly not ill deserved by the author of *Don Quixote,* who of all the writers of his country or age is by far the cleanest and the most delicate. As to "Catholic," we should understand it, I think, in the broader and truer sense,—not that Cervantes was other than orthodox, but he was certainly not so subservient to the reigning spirit of priestcraft as were most of his great contemporaries.

etc.[1] Verily, had he confined himself to setting forth my imaginations, my sighs, my tears, my righteous designs and my undertakings, he could have made a volume greater than, or as great as, that which all the works of *El Tostado*[2] make. In fact, the conclusion at which I have arrived, Sir Bachelor, is that to compose histories and books of any sort whatever there is need of a large judgment and a ripe understanding. To utter humour and to compose pleasantries is the part of great genius. The cunningest character in the piece is that of the fool,[3] for he who would be taken for a simpleton should never be one. History is as a thing sacred, for it has to be truthful, and where the truth is, there God is, so far as concerns truth ; but, notwithstanding this, there are some who compound and toss up books as though they were pancakes.

—There is no book so ill, quoth the Bachelor, but it has some good.[4]

—No doubt of that, replied Don Quixote ; but ofttimes it happens that they who have deservedly reaped and won great fame by their writings, in giving them to the press have lost it all or lessened it somewhat.[5]

[1] The full proverb runs—*de paja ó de heno mi vientre lleno*,—"with straw or with hay my belly filled."

[2] *El Tostado*—lit. "the toasted one"—was the name given to Alonso de Madrigal, Bishop of Avila, who flourished about the middle of the fifteenth century,—a voluminous writer, whose works in Latin alone, republished at Venice in 1615, consisted of twenty-four volumes folio, besides many in Spanish, and others which remain still unprinted. He was a by-word for omniscience and laboriousness, so that on his tomb was inscribed—*Hic stupor est mundi qui scibile discutit omne.*

[3] The *gracioso*, originally called the *bobo*, was from the earliest days of the drama a leading and indispensable figure in the comedies. His business was to make the gallery laugh and to relieve the tediousness of the serious parts.

[4] *Dicere solebat Plinius senior, nullum esse librum tam malum ut non aliquâ parte prodesset* (*Plinii Epistolæ*, ch. iii. ep. 5). The saying is quoted by Mendoza in his prologue to *Lazarillo de Tormes.*

[5] From this passage, as from other evidences in the history of *Don Quixote* itself, it is clear that in those days books were often wont to be handed about by their authors in manuscript before they were printed. The First Part of *Don Quixote* must in this way have been read before it was published, and there is

—The reason of that is, said Samson, that printed books being viewed leisurely, their faults are easily seen, and the greater the fame of those who composed them, the more closely they are scrutinised. The men renowned for their genius, the great poets, the illustrious historians, are ever, or most commonly, envied by those who make it their delight and special recreation to scrutinise the works of others, without having brought any of their own into the light of the world.

—That is no wonder, said Don Quixote; for there are many theologians who are not good in the pulpit, and yet are excellent in discovering the faults or excesses of those that preach.

—All that is so, Sir Don Quixote, quoth Carrasco; but I would that such censors were more merciful and less scrupulous, nor dwell upon the spots in the bright sun of the work they cry down, for if *aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*,[1] let them reflect how long he lay awake in order to give the light of his work with the least possible shadow; and perhaps it may be that what they misliked were moles, which sometimes heighten the beauty of the face they mark. And therefore I say that great is the risk he runs who prints a book; it being in all probability impossible to compose one which shall content and please all who read it.

—That which treats of me, said Don Quixote, must have pleased but few.

—It is rather the contrary, for, as *stultorum infinitus est numerus*, infinite are they who have relished that history; and there are some who have impugned and arraigned the author's memory, in that he has forgotten to tell us who

some reason to believe, as I shall show by-and-by, that whoever wrote the spurious Second Part, under the mask of Avellaneda, had seen the earlier chapters of Cervantes' own work.

[1] *Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus* (Horat., *De Arte Poeticâ*).

was the thief who robbed Sancho of his Dapple,[1] for it is not there stated, and it is only from the context that we infer the ass was stolen; and a little while after we find him mounted upon the same ass without its having reappeared. They say, also, that he forgot to state what Sancho did with those hundred crowns which he found in the valise in the Sierra Morena, for they are never again mentioned, and there are many who wish to know what he did with them and how he spent them,—which is one of the material defects in the work.

—Master Samson, replied Sancho, I am not now prepared to go into tales and accounts, for I am taken with a spasm in the stomach, which, if I don't mend it with two mouthfuls of the old stuff,[2] will put me on Saint Lucy's thorn.[3] I have it at home; my deary is waiting for me; and when I have had my dinner I will come back and satisfy your worship and all the world about all you would ask, as well about the losing of the ass as of the spending of the hundred crowns.—And without waiting for an answer or saying another word, he went away home.

Don Quixote besought and pressed the Bachelor to stop

[1] Here Cervantes returns to the famous history of the stealing of Sancho's ass, characteristically blundering even while laughing at the blunders and at their corrections. He has forgotten that he himself supplied the passage, in the second of Cuesta's editions of 1605, about the stealing of Sancho's ass, which was omitted from the first edition. In that passage the name of the thief was mentioned, Ginés de Pasamonte, though it is true the manner of the theft was not told. See note in Part I. ch. xxiii. That his forgetting he had made the correction and had described how Sancho wept over the loss of his ass is no proof that some other hand supplied the passage, is sufficiently shown in the next chapter. The whole business is very characteristic of Cervantes' carelessness; though we cannot but admire the easy humour with which he gets out of the scrape, and even turns the laugh against his critics.

[2] *Lo anejo*,—meaning old wine.

[3] *La espina de Santa Lucia*. No one is able to say what the phrase means, or what S. Lucy's thorn has to do with a pain in the belly. The phrase occurs nowhere else, and perhaps was some piece of local slang.

and do penance with him.[1] The Bachelor accepted the invitation, stayed, two pigeons were added to the usual fare, they talked Knight Errantries at table, Carrasco followed the Knight's humour, the banquet was ended, the siesta slept, Sancho returned, and their dialogue was resumed.[2]

[1] *Hacer penitencia*—a common phrase, equivalent to our "take pot-luck."

[2] The last sentence is a capital example of Cervantes' rapid, off-hand style of narrating a course of successive incidents in one breath.

CHAPTER IV

Wherein Sancho Panza satisfies the Bachelor Samson Carrasco as to his doubts and questions, with other matters worthy of being known and related

Sancho came back to Don Quixote's house, and resuming the late conversation, said:

—As to what Master Samson was saying, that he wished to know who stole my ass, and how and when, let me say, in answer to him, that the very night we entered the Sierra Morena, when fleeing from the Holy Brotherhood,—after the luckless adventure with the galley-slaves and that of the corpse they were carrying to Segovia,—my master and I got into a thicket; where my master, resting on his lance, and I on my Dapple, bruised and weary with our past frays, we betook ourselves to sleep as if it had been on four feather beds. I in particular slept so heavy a sleep that he, whoever he was, had opportunity to come and prop me upon four stakes, which he set under the four corners of the pack-saddle in such a way as to leave me mounted on it, and took from beneath me the Dapple without my feeling it.[1]

—That is an easy thing, said Don Quixote, and no new occurrence, for the same happened to Sacripante when, being at the leaguer of Albraca, that famous thief called Brunelo,

[1] Here we have a sufficient answer to all the complaints of the author's carelessness in regard to the stealing of Sancho's ass,—an incident out of which Cervantes comes off with all the fun and all the glory, with great dexterity so managing his blunders as that they confound none but his critics.

with the same device, took away his horse from between his legs.[1]

—The morning broke, continued Sancho, and no sooner did I stretch myself than, the stakes giving way, down I fell plump to the ground with a great fall. I looked for my ass, and did not see him. The tears rushed to my eyes, and I set up a lamentation, which, if the author of our history has not put in, you may reckon he has not put in a good thing.[2] At the end of I don't know how many days, coming with the lady Princess Micomicona, I spied my ass, and riding upon him, in the garb of a gipsy, there came that Ginés de Pasamonte, that trickster and biggest of scoundrels, whom my master and I had released from the chain.

—The mistake is not there, replied Samson, but in that, before the ass was recovered, the author speaks of Sancho going mounted on the same Dapple.

—To that I know not what to answer, said Sancho, save that the history-writer was wrong, or perhaps it was a slip of the printer.

—That's it, without doubt, said Samson; but what became of the hundred crowns?

—They were consumed, answered Sancho; I spent them for the benefit of my person and that of my wife and my children; and they have been the cause of my wife's putting up in patience with the wanderings and rovings I have gone through in the service of my master, Don Quixote; for if, at the end of all that time, I had returned, without a farthing and without the ass, to my home, I might have looked for a scurvy welcome; and if there is anything more to learn from me, here I am, who will answer to the King himself

[1] The stratagem by which Brunelo, *il ladron soprano*, robbed Sacripante of his horse, Frontino, is referred to by Boiardo (*Orlando Innamorato*, ch. ii. canto 3), and described by Ariosto (*Orlando Furioso*, canto xxvii. st. 84).

[2] This doubtless is the lamentation as given in Part I. ch. xxiii. Sancho's reference to it here should settle all controversy as to whether it was written by Cervantes or by some obliging printer, as Mr. Ormsby supposes.

in person, though it is nobody's business to meddle in, whether I took or didn't take, whether I spent or didn't spend; and if the blows they gave me in those journeys were to be paid for in money, though they rated them at no more than four *maravedis* a-piece, another hundred crowns would not be paying me the half; and let every man keep his hand in his bosom, nor go setting himself to say white is black or black is white, for every one is as God made him, and even worse very often.

—I will take care, said Carrasco, to advise the author of the history, if he should print it again, not to forget what the good Sancho has said, for he will raise it a good hand's-breadth higher than it now is.

—Is there anything else to amend in that legend? asked Don Quixote.

—Yes, there should be, he answered; but nothing should be of so much moment as what has been mentioned.

—And does the author perchance promise a Second Part? enquired Don Quixote.

—Yes, he promises[1] it, answered Samson; but he says he has not found it, nor does he know who has it; and so we are in doubt whether it will come out or not. And therefore on this account, and because some say that second parts are never good, and others that enough has been written about Don Quixote and his affairs, it is doubted whether there will be any Second Part; though some who are rather of the jovial sort than the saturnine cry:—let us have more Quixoteries; let Don Quixote fall to and Sancho talk, and come what will, we shall be content with that.

—And in what is the author engaged? asked Don Quixote.

[1] This clearly refers to the concluding words of the last chapter of the First Part, and proves that Cervantes had then formed the intention of continuing his book himself. It must be remembered that up to this time, in the composition of his Second Part, he had not heard of Avellaneda.

—In what? replied Samson; as soon as he has found the history, for which he is searching with extraordinary pains, he will give it at once to the press, influenced rather by the profit he will derive from doing so than by any kind of praise.

On which Sancho said:—Looks the author for money and profit then? It will be a wonder if he gets it, for there will be nought but hurry, hurry, like a tailor on Easter Eve, and works done in haste are never finished so perfectly as they need to be. Let this Master Moor, or what he is, look to what he is doing, for I and my master will give him so much stuff[1] to his hand in the matter of adventure and different things that he could make up not only a Second Part but a hundred. The good man must think that we are asleep here in the straw, but let him lift the foot to the shoeing and he shall see how much we limp. What I mean to say is, that if my master would take my advice we should be even now in the field, undoing wrongs and righting injuries, as is the use and custom of good Knights Errant.

Sancho had hardly uttered these words when the neighing of Rozinante reached their ears, which neighing Don Quixote took for a very happy omen, and he resolved upon making another sally in three or four days thence. Announcing his intention to the Bachelor, he sought counsel of him as to the quarter where he should commence the expedition. The other replied that in his opinion it should be the kingdom of Aragon, and to the city of Zaragoza, where in a few days from that time there would be held some solemn jousts at the Festival of S. George,[2] in which

[1] *Ripio*—literally, the small stones and mortar used by masons to fill up the interstices between the stones in a building; "rubble."

[2] S. George had been elected patron saint of Aragon since the battle of Alcoraz, won over the Moors by King Pedro I. of Aragon in 1096, at which the cavalier saint assisted. In honour of him there was instituted a confraternity of Knights, who were bound to hold jousts three times a year at Zaragoza. Don

he might win renown over the Aragonese Knights, which would be to win it above all in the world. He commended Don Quixote's resolution as most honourable and valiant, but warned him to go more warily in the encountering of perils, for the reason that his life was not his own but belonged to all who had need of him for succour and protection in their distress.

—It is that which I swear off, interposed Sancho, for my master falls to upon a hundred armed men like a greedy boy upon half a dozen water-melons. Body of life, Master Bachelor, aye, there are times to attack and times to retreat, and it is not to be all *Santiago and close Spain!*[1] And moreover I have heard it said, and by my master himself if I remember right, that between the extremes of cowardice and rashness lies the mean of valour; and if this is so, I would not have him fly without a wherefore nor set on when the odds demand the other thing. But above all I warn my master that if he takes me with him it must be on condition that he is to do all the fighting, and that I am not to be bound to do anything else than look after his person in what concerns his cleaning and victualling, for here I will serve him gaily;[2] but to think that I have to put hand to sword, though it should be against rascally churls with axe and steel cap, is to think of what is vain.[3] And if my master Don Quixote, in return for my many and good services, should wish to give me some Isle of the many his

Quixote's intention to go to Zaragoza on his third sally had been already announced in the last chapter of Part I.

[1] *Santiago y cierra España*—the old battle-cry of the Spaniards. *Cerrar*, in this sense is to close with the enemy,—to attack, to fall on.

[2] *Bailaré el agua delante*,—lit. "I will dance the water before him,"—a proverbial phrase explained by Covarrubias as having come from the custom of servants, who out of a desire, real or affected, to please their masters when they return home in summer, go before them sprinkling the pavement, making the water jump and dance.

[3] The allusion to "churls with axe and steel cap," *villanos de hacha y capellina*, is a reminiscence of a speech of Don Quixote in Part I. ch. ix.

worship says he has to fall in with hereabouts, I shall be much beholden to him for the favour; and if he should not give it me, I am as I was born, and a man must not live in trust of man but of God; more by token that my bread will taste as well, aye, and perhaps better, without a government than as governor. And how do I know but that mayhap in these governorships the Devil may have me in some trap in which I may stumble and fall and break my grinders? Sancho I was born, and Sancho I look to die. Yet for all that, if fairly and squarely, without trouble or much risk, Heaven should present me with some Isle or other like thing, I am not such a fool as to fling it away, for it is also said: *When they give thee the heifer run with the halter;* and—*When the good time comes take it home with thee.*[1]

—Brother Sancho, said Carrasco, you have spoken like a professor. Confide in God and in your master Don Quixote, however, for he shall give you not an Isle but a kingdom.

—The greater or the less it is all the same, responded Sancho; though I can tell Master Carrasco that the kingdom my master shall give me will not be thrown into a rotten sack, for I have felt my pulse and find me sound enough to rule kingdoms and govern Isles; and so I have told my master before now.

—Take care, Sancho, said Samson, for office changes manners, and maybe, finding yourself governor, you will not know the mother that bore you.

—That may be the case, answered Sancho, with those who are born in the mallows,[2] but not with those who have four inches of old Christian fat on the soul, as I have.[3] Nay,

[1] These are two proverbs—*cuando te dieren la vaquilla corre con la soguilla;* and *cuando viene el bién mételo en tu casa.*

[2] *Los que naciéron en las malvas;* meaning those who are born among the weeds in a ditch. See Job xxx. 4, "Who cut up mallows by the bushes, and juniper roots for their meat."

[3] Sancho is found repeatedly boasting of his being an old Christian; that is to say, of no mixture of Jewish or Moorish blood.

but look at my disposition, whether I can be ungrateful to any one.

—May God grant it, said Don Quixote; this will be seen when the governorship comes; which methinks I have already before my eyes.

So saying, he begged the Bachelor, if he were a poet, to do him the favour of composing some verses upon his intended parting from his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, and to mind to put a letter to her name at the beginning of each line, so that when the verses were complete, by joining the first letters together, they might read *Dulcinea del Toboso.*[1]

The Bachelor replied that though he was not one of the famous poets of Spain who, as they say, were no more than three and a half,[2] he would not fail to compose such verses, although he found that there was a great difficulty in the composition because the letters the name contained were seventeen, and if he made four stanzas of four lines each, there would be one letter too much, and if of five,—which they call *decimas*, or roundelays,[3]—there would be three letters short. Nevertheless he would try to shrink one letter as best he could, so as to get the name into four stanzas.

—That must be so in any case, said Don Quixote, for

[1] Acrostics were a poetic device as old as the ninth century.

[2] There has been much question who were these three and a half poets. Mayans y Siscar, the first editor of *Don Quixote*, has the most plausible theory, that the three were Ercilla, author of *La Araucana*; Rufo, author of *La Austriada*; and Virués, author of *El Monserrate*; of whom Cervantes said, through the mouth of the Priest, in Part I. ch. vi., that they were the best who had written heroic verse in the Castilian tongue, and their works "the most precious jewels of poesy which Spain possesses." The half-poet is supposed to be a modest allusion to Cervantes himself.

[3] The *decima*, as the name indicates, was of ten lines, divided into two parts of five each. The *redondilla* (roundelay) was more commonly of four lines, the first rhyming with the fourth and the second with the third, though there was often added a fifth or hemistich. Examples of these are to be found in *Don Quixote.*

if the name is not there, plain and manifest, no woman would believe it was for her the verses were made.

This matter was settled, and that the departure should take place within eight days of that time. Don Quixote charged the Bachelor to keep it a secret, especially from the Priest and Master Nicholas, and from his Niece and his Housekeeper, lest they should frustrate his honourable and valorous resolve. All this Carrasco promised and thereupon took his leave, enjoining Don Quixote to keep him informed, whenever he had an opportunity, of his fortunes, good or evil. And so they parted, and Sancho went away to prepare what was needed for their expedition.

CHAPTER V

Of the shrewd and humorous colloquy which passed between Sancho Panza and Theresa Panza, his wife; and other things worthy of happy record

The translator of this history, coming to write this Fifth chapter, declares that he takes it to be apocryphal, because therein Sancho Panza talks in a style other than what could be expected of his limited understanding, and says things so subtle as to be beyond the reach of his knowledge; but in order to fulfil the duty he owed to his office, he could not omit to translate it; and therefore he proceeded, as follows:—

Sancho came home so blithe and cheerful that his wife was aware of his joy a bowshot off, so much so as to make her ask him:—What ails you, Sancho friend, that you are so merry?

To which he replied:—An it pleased God, my wife, I should be right glad to be less happy than I seem.

—I don't understand you, husband, replied she, and I don't know what you mean to say about being glad, if God pleased, not to be happy; for, fool as I am, I don't know how one can be happy for not being so.

—Look ye, Theresa, answered Sancho, I am merry because I am minded to take service again with my master Don Quixote, who would be going out a third time to look for adventures, and I am going with him again, for so my needs will have it, joined to the hope which cheers me to

think that I may find another hundred crowns like those now spent, though it makes me sad to have to leave thee and my children ; and if God were pleased to give me my daily bread dry-shod and at home, without dragging me by by-paths and cross-roads,—and He could do it at small cost, with no more than the willing of it,—of course my joy would be surer and stronger, for what I have is mixed with the grief of leaving thee ; wherefore I said right that I would be glad, if God pleased, were I not so happy.

—Look here, Sancho, answered Theresa ; since you have become a limb of a Knight Errant you talk so round-about that there is no understanding you.

—Enough that God understands me, my wife, replied Sancho, for 'tis He is the understander of all things ; and there let it be. But mind you, wife, that you have to look after Dapple during these three days, so that he may be fit to take arms ; let his allowance be doubled ; see to his pack-saddle and the rest of his tackle ; for we are not going to a wedding, but round about the world to hold give-and-take[1] with dragons, with hobgoblins,—to hear hissings and roarings, bellowings and yellings ; and even all this would be flowers of lavender[2] if we had not to do with Yanguesans and enchanted Moors.

—I can well believe, replied Theresa, that Squires Errant don't eat their bread for nothing ; and therefore I shall be ever praying to our Lord to free you quickly from all that hard luck.

—I tell you, wife, said Sancho, that if I did not think to become governor of an Isle before very long, I would drop dead upon the spot.

—Not so, husband, cried Theresa ; let the hen live though

[1] *Tener darés y tomarés*—a common idiom for "to engage in dispute."

[2] *Flores de cantueso ;* that is to say, trifles rather pleasant than otherwise, equivalent to *tortas y pan pintado*, "tarts and gingerbread," a phrase several times used by Sancho.

it be with the pip ;[1] live you, and let the Devil take all the governorships that are in the world ; without a government you came from your mother's womb ; without government you have lived till now, and without government you will go or be carried to the grave, when it shall please God. How many in the world are there who live without a governorship, yet for all that do not give up living and being counted in the number of the people ! The best sauce in the world is hunger, and since that never fails the poor, they always eat with a relish. But look ye, Sancho, if by chance you do hit upon any governorship, don't ye forget me and your children. Consider that little Sancho is now full fifteen years of age, and it is right he should go to school, if his uncle the abbot means to have him trained for the Church. There's your daughter too, Mari-Sancha, will not die if we marry her, and I have an inkling she longs as much for a husband as you do to see yourself governor ; and, in short, better is the daughter ill married than well kept..

—In faith, answered Sancho, if God lets me have anything of a government, wife, I intend to marry Mari-Sancha so high that they will not reach her without calling her *Your Ladyship*.

—Not so, said Theresa ; marry her to her equal,[2] which is the best way, for if from clogs you lift her to high-heeled shoes and out of her serge of hodden-grey to farthingales and silk savoys, and out of *Molly* and *Thou* to *Madame Such-a-one* and *Your Ladyship*, the lass will not know where she is, but at every step fall into a thousand blunders, exposing her coarse and home-spun stuff.

—Hush, fool ! said Sancho ; she has only to practise it for two or three years, and afterwards the quality and the repose will come to her as if she were made for it ; and if

[1] *Viva la gallina aunque sea con su pepita*—a proverb.

[2] The proverb is—*casar y compadrar, cada qual con su igual.* Another form is *tal para tal, Maria para Juan*—"like for like, Mary for John."

not, what matters? Let her be *My Lady*, and come what come may.

—Keep in your own station, Sancho, answered Theresa; don't try to climb to higher, and remember the proverb which says: *wipe your neighbour's son's nose, and bring him into your house.*[1] Sure it would be a pretty thing to marry our Molly to some great count or fine cavalier,[2] who, when the humour took him, would look at her again and call her clown, daughter of clodhoppers and hemp-spinners. No, not at my time of life, husband; not for that have I brought up my child, for certain. Do you bring here the money, Sancho, and leave the marrying of her to my charge; and there's Lope Tocho, son of Juan Tocho, a lusty, wholesome lad, and one we know, and I can see he has no unkind eye for the girl; and with him, who is our equal, she will be well matched, and we shall have her always under our eyes, and we shall all be parents and children, and grand-children, and sons-in-law together, and the peace and blessing of God will go with us all; and no marrying for me now in your courts and grand palaces, where they will neither understand her nor she understand herself.

—Come hither, beast—wife to Barabbas! replied Sancho; wherefore wouldst thou hinder me, without rhyme or reason, from marrying my daughter to one who shall give me grand-children who will be called *Your Lordships?* Look ye, Theresa, I have always heard my elders say that he who knows not how to enjoy the good luck when it comes, ought not to grumble when it passes him by, and now that it is knocking at our doors it will not be right to shut it out. Let us sail with the fair wind that blows.

[1] *Al hijo de tu vecino limpiale las narices y métele en tu casa*—a proverb, highly characteristic of the homely wisdom which resides in most of the popular saws of the Spanish peasantry.

[2] *Con un condazo ó con un caballerote*—two forcible augmentatives, illustrative of the richness of the Spanish language. Here they have a mingling of contempt and of awe.

(It was this manner of speaking and what Sancho said below, the translator declared, which made him take this chapter for apocryphal.)

—Dost thou not think, animal,[1] pursued Sancho, that it would be well to fit my body with some comfortable governorship, which shall lift our feet from the mud, and let Mari-Sancha be wed to whom I please?—and thou shalt see how they call thee Doña Theresa Panza, and seat thee in church upon a rug, with pillows and cushions,[2] in spite and in defiance of the ladies of the town. Nay, but you are always for being the same, without growing or lessening, like a figure of tapestry; and let us speak no more of this, for Sanchica has to be a Countess, for all you may say.

—Do you know what you are saying, husband? replied Theresa; for with all that, I fear that the countessing of my daughter will be the undoing of her. But you do what you please; you will be making her now a Duchess or a Princess; but let me tell you that won't be with my will and consent. I was always a lover of equality, brother, and I can't bear to see upstartings without foundations; Theresa they wrote me down at my christening, neat and plain, without tags or fringes or ornaments of Dons or Doñas;[3] Cascajo was my father called, and me, as being your wife, they call Theresa Panza, though in good right they should call me Theresa Cascajo; but so the kings go as the laws will;[4] and with this name I am content without their putting

[1] *Animalia*, says Sancho; using the antiquated and now obsolete form of the word.

[2] *Sobre alcatifa, almohadas y arambeles;* all three Arabic words, as are most of those expressive of luxurious clothing or furniture in Spanish. *Arambel*, according to Dozy, is a corruption of *al-hanbal*.

[3] *Ni cortapisas ni arrequives de dones ni doñas. Cortapisas* are ornaments sewn round the borders of dresses. *Arrequives* (from Arabic *ar-requib*) are pretty much the same thing,—now only used figuratively. For *Don* and *Doña* see notes in Part I. ch. iii. and Part II. ch. ii.

[4] *Allá van leyes do quieren reyes*—a proverb, several times here used. See note in Part I. ch. xlv. Theresa inverts it, putting kings for laws and laws for kings.

a Don on top of it, to weigh more than I can carry; neither would I give them cause to cry, when they see me dressed out like a Countess or a governor's wife:—Look how proud the swineherd[1] goes! Yesterday she was not above stretching a lump of flax, and went to mass with the tail of her gown covering her head, instead of a cloak; and to-day she is in a farthingale, with her buckles and pride, as if we did not know her! If God keeps me in my seven, or my five senses, or as many of them as I have, I don't mean to give them cause to see me in such a pickle. Go and be a government or an Isle,[2] brother, and swagger it to your heart's content! For, by the life of my mother, neither my daughter nor I, we don't stir a step from our village: the honest woman is she with the broken leg and in the house, and to the virtuous maiden, doing something is her holiday.[3] Go you with your Don Quixote to your adventures, and leave us to our misventures, which God shall better for us as we be good; and sure I don't know who put the Don upon him, for neither his father nor his grandfather had it.

—I declare now, cried Sancho, that thou hast some devil in that body of thine. God bless the woman, what a lot of things thou hast strung together, one into another, without head or tail! What has your Cascajo, your buckles, your proverbs, and your pride to do with what I am telling you? Hark ye, dunce and ninny (for so I may call you since you don't understand my meaning, and go flying away from your luck), if I had said that my daughter was to cast herself down from off a tower or go strolling about the

[1] *Pazpuerca*—lit. "pig-feeder."

[2] *Insulo*, says Theresa, having clearly as little notion of what it meant as her husband.

[3] *La muger honrada la pierna quebrada y en casa*, and *La doncella honesta el hacer algo es su fiesta*,—two proverbs, cynically expressive of the popular opinion of women in the semi-oriental Spanish household.

world, like Doña Urraca wished to,[1] you would have cause not to fall into my pleasure; but if in a trice, and in less than the twinkling of an eye, I clap upon her back *Don* and *her Ladyship*, and fetch her out of the stubble-field and set her under a canopy and on a pedestal and on an alcove with more velvet cushions than there were Moors in the family of the Almohades of Morocco,[2]—why will you not agree, and wish what I wish?

—Do you know why, husband? replied Theresa;—because of the proverb which says: *who covers thee, discovers thee.* Over the poor man all pass their eyes quickly; on the rich they fix them; and if such a one, a rich man, was at one time poor, 'tis then is the backbiting and evil speaking and the worse keeping on of the evil speakers; and about these streets they are in heaps like swarms of bees.

—Look here, Theresa, and hearken to what I would now tell thee; mayhap thou hast never heard it in all the days of thy life; and now I am speaking not out of my own self; for all I am about to say are opinions of the father preacher

[1] This is an illusion to the story of Urraca, the daughter of King Fernando I. of Castile, who, upon hearing that her father had divided his kingdom between his three sons, leaving her nothing, used the threat that she would go a-rambling about the world on the loose, or as the ballad has it:—

Irme he por esas tierras
Como una muger errada,
Y este mi cuerpo daria,
A quien bien se me antojara,
A los Moros por dinero,
Y á los Cristianos de gracia.

The ballad, of which there are several versions, is in Duran, vol. i. p. 498. Moved by the Princess' very out-spoken threat, Don Fernando left her in his will the city of Zamora, the scene and cause of many subsequent troubles.

[2] Sancho has a play upon the words *almohadas* and *Almohades*, which is not to be rendered in English. *Almohada* (from Arabic *al-mokhadda*) is a pillow; the *Almohades* were a Moorish dynasty who succeeded the Almoravides in Southern Spain in 1145. They were originally a religious sect of Mahomedan reformers, the word meaning "Unitarians."

who preached last Lent in this village, who said, if I mind me right, that all things present which the eyes look upon, appear, remain, and abide in our memories much better and more strongly than things past. (This is the second speech uttered by Sancho from which the translator says that he judges this chapter to be apocryphal, for it was beyond Sancho's capacity.)—Whence it comes, he proceeded to say, that when we see any person finely dressed, set off with rich attire, and with a train of servants, it seems to move us perforce and persuades us to pay him respect, though memory may recall to us in that moment some low condition in which we saw such person ; which disgrace, whether it come of poverty or of low birth, being passed away, no longer is, and the only thing existing is what we see present. And if he whom Fortune drew out of the gutter of his poverty (such were the words the preacher used) to the height of his prosperity were well nurtured, liberal, and courteous with all, and did not set up to rank with those who from old times were noble, be thou assured, Theresa, there will be none to remember what he was, but they will respect what he is,—all but the envious, from whom no prosperous fortune is safe.

—I don't understand you, husband, answered Theresa ; do what you will, and don't break my head with your fine speeches and flourishes ; and if you have revolved to do what you say——

—*Resolved* thou shouldst say, woman, quoth Sancho, and not *revolved*.

—Don't trouble yourself to dispute with me, husband, replied Theresa ; I speak as God pleases I should, and meddle not with fine notions ; all I say is, that if you are trusting to get a government, take your son Sancho with you, and learn him henceforth to have government, for it is well that the children should inherit and learn the calling of their parents.

—When I get government, said Sancho, I will send for him with all speed, and will send thee money, which I shall not lack; for there is never wanting one to lend it to governors when they have none; and do thou clothe him so as to hide what he is and make him look like what he has to be.

—Do you send the money, said Theresa, and I will dress him like any palm-branch.[1]

—We are agreed, then, said Sancho, that our daughter is to be a Countess.

—The day I see her a Countess, replied Theresa, I will reckon I bury her; but again I say, do what will please you, for with this load are women born, to be obedient to their husbands be they ever such thickheads.[2]

And with this she began to weep bitterly as though she saw the little Sancha already dead and buried. Sancho consoled her by saying that though he had to make her a Countess, he would put it off as long as possible. So ended their colloquy, and Sancho went again to see Don Quixote, and make arrangements for their departure.[3]

[1] *Como un palmito*,—"like a date-leaf," Shelton makes it. The comparison is to the branches of palm which are borne in procession at certain religious festivals, gaily decorated with colours and gilding.

[2] *Aunque sean unos porros*,—"though they be no better than leeks," Shelton renders it, taking *porros* literally. The word is used here figuratively, according to common usage. One English translator mistakes it for *perros*, and turns it into "dogs."

[3] Molière has been greatly indebted to this chapter for the famous scene in his *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* (Act iii. sc. 12); an obligation which is wholly ignored by the French translator, M. Viardot, and very lightly passed over by most of the critics. For life and colour as well as for humour, Cervantes' original still remains unsurpassed by any imitation.

CHAPTER VI

Of what passed between Don Quixote and his Niece and his Housekeeper; which is one of the most important chapters in all this history

WHILST Sancho Panza and his wife Theresa held the impertinent[1] conversation as above related, the Niece and the Housekeeper of Don Quixote were not idle, for by a thousand signs they began to perceive that their uncle and master was desirous of breaking away a third time, returning to the practice,—for them pernicious,—of ill-errant chivalry. They tried by all possible ways to divert him from that unlucky notion, but it was like preaching in the wilderness and hammering on cold iron. Among other many arguments they used, the Housekeeper said to him:

—In truth, my master, if your worship does not keep an even foot and tarry quietly at home, and give up rambling over hill and dale like a troubled spirit, seeking what they call adventures, but which I call mischances, I will have to go and make my plaint with voice and cry to God and the King to find some remedy for it.

To which Don Quixote replied:—I know not, mistress,

[1] I am loth to make any change in the received text, but I cannot help thinking that the epithet "impertinent" is here out of place. It is difficult to see how it applies to the conversation between Sancho and his wife. I suspect that the word written was *importante*, which would be more in accordance with Cervantes' humour. Hartzenbusch, in the last of his three variously corrected editions, makes it *inverisimil* instead of *impertinente*; which is not a very happy guess.

how God will respond to your complaints, neither what His Majesty may answer. This only I know, that if I were King I would decline to reply to the numberless impertinent memorials which are daily presented to him, for one of the greatest of the many troubles Kings have is the being obliged to listen to all and to answer all, and therefore I would not that affairs of mine should give him annoyance.

Whereupon said the Housekeeper :—Tell us, master, are there no knights in His Majesty's Court ?

—Yes, and many, answered Don Quixote ; and it is right there should be for the enhancement of the grandeur of Princes and for the exaltation of the Royal dignity.

—Then might not your worship be one of those who serve their King and Lord comfortably as one of his Court ? she asked.

—Look here, friend, said Don Quixote, all knights cannot be courtiers, nor can all courtiers be Knights Errant, nor ought they to be. There must be some of all kinds in the world ; and although we may all be knights, there is much difference between one and another ; for the courtiers, without stirring from their chambers or the threshold of the Court, travel over all the world by looking at the map, without the expense of a doit, nor suffering cold or heat, hunger or thirst. But we, the true Knights Errant, in sun, in cold, in the open air, exposed to the inclemencies of the heavens by night and by day, on foot and on horseback, we measure the whole earth with our very feet. Nor is it only painted enemies we know, but in their real body ; and at every pass and on all occasions we encounter them without regard to frivolous points or the laws of the duel ; whether one carries or does not carry a shorter sword or lance ; whether he bears about him relics or some hidden trickery ; whether the sun has to be parted and portioned or not ; with other ceremonies of this sort which are used in

single combats of man with man,[1] about which thou knowest nothing, but I do. And thou hast to know besides that the good Knight Errant, though he should see ten giants, that with their heads not only touch but top the clouds, and each with two enormous towers serving him for legs, and whose arms are like the masts of huge and mighty ships, and each eye like a great mill-wheel, blazing fiercer than a glass-furnace,[2] he must not be in any wise dismayed at them. Rather, with a gallant air and intrepid heart, he must meet and engage them, and, if it be possible, vanquish and rout them in one little moment, although they should come armoured with the shells of a certain fish harder, they say, than adamant,[3] and instead of swords wield trenchant knives

[1] The laws of ancient chivalry are most precise on these points, requiring that the combatants should be equally mounted and armed, that their lances and swords should be of the same length, and in formal duels that the sun should be equally parted between them,—that is to say, that its rays should fall sideways between them, neither having the light at his back. Judges were appointed, whose business it was, before the encounter at a tournament, to see that these laws were observed; that the Knight was not attached to his horse; that he carried no unlawful weapons or secret charms. The Knight himself had to take an oath that he did not bear about him any "words, stones, herbs, relics, conjurations, or compacts," or relied upon any magic art or sorcery. See Ducange, under the articles *Duellum* and *Campiones*, for fuller details of these observances and conditions. Relics were highly prized by Knights Errant, to protect them against magic. When Amadis of Gaul is dressing for the battle with Ardan Canileo, the damsel Mabilia, Oriana's confidante, throws round his neck some relics mounted in gold. Lisuarte, Amadis of Greece, and Belianis are described as being similarly equipped with pieces of dried saint, the efficacy of which has been a cardinal article of faith with all warriors down to a very recent period.

[2] Giants of this breed are plentiful in the romances. There is one specially pernicious in the *Espejo de Principes y Caballeros*, who carries a fiery furnace in his mouth, all a-flame, out of which armed demons issue, so that it looked as if all hell was there. Yet the Knight of Phœbus, with the trunk of an oak, vanquishes him,—the demons coming away from his mouth in a swarm so thick as to darken the sun, amidst thunder and lightning.

[3] Such as the monster wore who encountered Olivante de Laura; he was encased in shell-work, with the breast, the belly, and the thighs protected by a coat of shell armour. His appropriate name was Bufalon the Terrible.

of Damascus steel, or clubs shod with spikes of the same, such as I have seen, oftener than twice. All this I have said, mistress, that you may see the difference there is between some Knights and others ; and it were reasonable that there should be no Prince who does not more value this second, or, to speak more properly, first, species of Knights Errant, among whom, as we read in their histories, are some who have been the salvation, not of one kingdom only but of many.

—Ah, dear Sir, here cried the Niece ; consider that all that you say about Knights Errant is fable and lies ; and their histories, if they were not truth, deserved each of them a *sanbenito*[1] put on it, or some badge by which it might be known as infamous and a corrupter of good manners.

—By the God who sustains me, exclaimed Don Quixote, if thou wert not lineally my niece, mine own sister's daughter, I would inflict such chastisement on thee for the blasphemy which thou hast uttered that it should resound through all the world ! What ! is it possible that a young baggage that can scarce handle a dozen bobbins of lace should dare to impugn and disparage the histories of the Knights Errant ! What would Sir Amadis say if he heard of such a thing ? But in good sooth he would pardon thee, for he was the meekest and civilest Knight of his time, and, moreover, a great protector of damsels. But some might have heard thee at whose hands thou wouldst not fare so well, for all are not courteous nor considerate. Some are ruffians and unmannerly ; nor are all who call themselves so, Knights in all and thoroughly ; for some are of gold, others of alloy, and all look like Knights, but all are not able to stand the touchstone of truth. Base fellows there are who puff

[1] *Sanbenito*,—abbreviated from *saco benedicto*,—was the dress in which those under sentence of the Holy Inquisition were clothed. It was a short yellow cloak, with a large red cross in front. According to Covarrubias, the costume was that which the Bishops of the ancient Church imposed upon penitents.

themselves up to seem like Knights, and proud Knights there are who seem to industriously hanker after appearing like base fellows; those rise by ambition or by virtue; these fall by weakness or by vice. And it is necessary to use discernment in order to distinguish between the two kinds of Knights,—so like in name, so unlike in deed.[1]

—Good God! cried the Niece, that you should be so learned, my uncle, that if it were needed you could mount a pulpit or go a-preaching through the streets, and yet fall into a blindness so great and a folly so palpable as that you should persuade yourself you are valiant when you are old, strong when you are infirm, a righter of wrongs when you are bent by age, and above all that you are a Knight when you are not one; for though gentlemen can be such, the poor cannot.

—There is much reason in what thou sayest, Niece, replied Don Quixote; and I could tell thee things concerning lineages which would astonish thee, but not to mingle the divine with the profane I shall not speak of them. Take note, my friends, and give heed to me. All the lineages in the world can be reduced to four kinds, which are these;—those which had humble beginnings and went on extending and rising till they reached supreme greatness; those which had great beginnings and continue to preserve them and do still preserve and uphold them in the original condition; those which, though they had great beginnings, have ended in a point like a pyramid, having dwindled and decayed till they arrived at nothingness like the pyramid's point, which compared to its base or seat is nothing; the last,—and they are the most numerous,—are those which had neither good beginning nor a respectable middle, and so they will end without name, as does the

[1] Don Quixote here, and throughout the next speech, which is a capital specimen of his intellectual dexterity and ingenuity, uses the word *caballero* in its double sense of knight and gentleman.

lineage of plebeian and common people. Of the first, which had a humble origin and mounted to the greatness which they now preserve, the Ottoman house may serve thee as an example, which from the lowly and mean shepherd who gave it being stands on the height we see it. Of the second class, which had its origin in greatness and preserves without augmenting it, there are examples in many Princes, which are so by inheritance and maintain themselves therein without increasing or diminishing it, containing themselves peacefully within the limits of their estates. Of those who began great and ended in a point there are thousands of examples, for all the Pharaohs and Ptolemies of Egypt, the Cæsars of Rome, with the whole herd (if I may give them that name) of countless Princes, Monarchs, Lords,—Medes, Assyrians, Persians, Greeks, and Barbarians,—all these lineages and lordships have ended in a point and in nothingness, like those who gave them birth, since it would be impossible now to find any of their descendants, and if we could find them it would be in some low and humble station. Of the plebeian race I will say no more than that it serves only to swell the number of those that live, whose great deeds merit no other reward and no other eulogy. From all that I have said I would have you infer, my poor simpletons, that there is great confusion among lineages, and that only those have a claim to be great and illustrious which show it in the virtue, wealth, and liberality of their owners. I spoke of virtues, riches, and liberality, because the great man who is vicious will be only a great evil-doer, and the rich man who is not liberal will be only a miserly beggar, for the possessor of wealth is not made happy by having but by spending it,—not spending it as he pleases but by knowing how to spend it well. To the poor gentleman there is no other way of showing that he is a gentleman than that of virtue ; in being affable, well-bred, courteous, polite, and complaisant ; not

proud, not arrogant, not censorious, and above all charitable, for with two *maravedis* which he gives to the poor with a cheerful heart he shall prove himself as liberal as he who gives alms by sound of bell, and there will be no one who sees him adorned with the aforesaid virtues but will hold and judge him, though he know him not, to be of good stock; and it would be a wonder if he were not so, for praise was ever the guerdon of virtue, nor can the virtuous fail to be praised. There are two roads, my daughters, by which men can travel and come to be rich and honoured; the one is of Letters, the other of Arms. For me I have more Arms than Letters, and was born, my inclination being to arms, under the influence of the planet Mars; so that I am almost constrained to take that road, and by it I have to travel in spite of the whole world; and it will be vain for you to weary yourselves in persuading me that I should not wish that which the stars wish, fate ordains, and reason demands, and above all, my heart desires. Knowing as I do of the numberless toils which are attendant on Knight Errantry, I know also the infinite benefits which accrue thereby. I know that the path of virtue is very narrow, and the road to vice broad and spacious. I know that their ends and goals are different, for that of vice, wide and ample, ends in death, and that of virtue, narrow and toilsome, in life; nor in life which hath an ending, but in that which shall not end; and I know as our great Castilian poet says:—

> By these rough paths we mount, upon our way
> To immortality's exalted seat,
> Which none can reach who from that road do stray.[1]

—Alas! woe is me! cried the Niece; for my master is

[1] Garcilaso de la Vega. Cervantes more than once calls him "our poet," without other designation. The lines quoted in the original are from Garcilaso's Elegy on the death of Don Bernardino de Toledo, brother to the great Duke of Alva.

a poet too! Everything he knows; everything he can do! I will wager, if he wished to be a bricklayer, he would build a house like any cage!

—I promise thee, Niece, said Don Quixote, that, if these Knightly thoughts did not engross all my faculties, there would be nothing I could not do, nor anything rare which could not come from my hands, particularly cages and toothpicks.

At this moment there was a call at the gate, and on asking who was there, Sancho Panza answered that it was he; which the Housekeeper no sooner knew than she ran away to hide herself so as not to see him, so much did she hate him. The Niece let him in, and his master Don Quixote went to receive him with open arms, and the two shut themselves up in his room, where they held another conversation not inferior to the former.

CHAPTER VII

Of the discussion which Don Quixote held with his Squire; with other very notable incidents

The Housekeeper no sooner saw that Sancho Panza was closeted with her master than she divined the object of their being together, and, suspecting that the result of their conference would be a project for a third sally, she caught up her mantle, all full of dismay and distress, and went out in search of the Bachelor Samson Carrasco, thinking that as he was a well-spoken man and her master's new friend, he might be able to persuade him to give up so wild a purpose. She found the Bachelor walking in the courtyard of his house, and on seeing him fell down at his feet in a flutter of distress. Seeing her demonstrations of grief and dismay, Carrasco said to her:

—What is this, Mistress Housekeeper? What has happened to you?—For it seems to be rending your soul.

—It is nothing, Master Samson, only that my master is breaking out,—breaking out, for certain.

—And whereabouts is he breaking out, madam, asked Samson; has he ruptured any part of his body?

—He is not breaking out, answered she, save through the door of his madness. I mean, dear Bachelor of my soul, that he wants to go forth again, and this will be the third time, to seek over yonder world for what he calls ventures, though I can't understand why he gives them that name.[1] The

[1] *Venturas*, says the Housekeeper, for *aventuras*—which means turns of good luck.

first time they brought him back to us laid across an ass, all battered with blows ; the second time he came in an ox-cart, put and shut up in a cage, where he made believe he was enchanted, and he came in such a plight, the poor wretch, that his mother who bore him would not have known him—withered and yellow, his eyes sunk into the furthest corners of his pate, so that to bring him round to something like himself, I spent more than six hundred eggs, as God knows and all the world, and my hens, that won't let me tell a lie.

—That I can very well believe, said the Bachelor, for they are so good, so plump, and so well-bred, that they would not say one thing for another if they burst for it. In short, Mistress Housekeeper, is there nothing else, or has any other disaster happened than that, which it is feared Don Quixote wishes to bring about ?

—No, Sir, answered she.

—Then give yourself no trouble, said the Bachelor, but go you away home in peace, and get me ready something hot for my breakfast, and on the road repeat the prayer of S. Apollonia,[1]—that is, if you know it,—for I will be there presently, and you shall see marvels.

[1] The use of special prayers and invocations to Saints for the cure of maladies, by way of charms, was much practised in Spain in Cervantes' time, and is still by no means out of date. Each point of the body had its own particular saint to look after it. Apollonia had a special therapeutic value in toothache, being an intercessor, as Ribadeneira affirms in his *Flos Sanctorum*, in all ailments of the grinders. A curious specimen of the kind of prayer which was recited to Apollonia by those suffering under this malady, is given by Clemencin, from the information of one of his friends, as having been current at Esquivias, a town where Cervantes lived for some time. The Virgin Mary sees Apollonia at the gate of heaven, and asks her what she is doing, whether she is asleep or waking. Apollonia answers, she is neither asleep nor awake, but dying through a pain in her teeth. Upon which the Virgin repeats the spell which gives her relief :—

Por la estrella de Venus,
Y el sol poniente,
Por el Santísimo Sacramento,
Que tuve en mi vientre,
Que no te duela mas ni muela ni diente.

—Dear heart! The prayer of S. Apollonia, say you? cried the Housekeeper: it would be that, if it was a pain in the teeth my master had, but he has it only in his brains.

—I know what I am saying, Mistress Housekeeper; go your way, and don't stand disputing with me, for you know that I am a Bachelor of Salamanca, and there is no bacheloring it beyond[1] that, replied Samson.—Thereupon the Housekeeper departed, and the Bachelor went at once to look for the Priest, to confer with him about what will be told in its due time.

While Don Quixote and Sancho were shut up together there passed between them a conversation which the history records with much precision and truthful detail. Said Sancho to his master:

—Sir, I have reverted my wife so that she is for letting me go with your worship, whenever you please to take me.

—Converted thou shouldst say, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote, not reverted.[2]

—Once or twice, if I rightly remember, responded Sancho, I have besought your worship not to mend my words, if so be you understand what I mean by them, and when you don't understand them to say, *Sancho*, or *Devil*, I don't understand thee; and if I don't make myself clear then, you can correct me, for I am so focile.

—I don't understand thee, Sancho, then, Don Quixote said, for I know not what so *focile* means.

—So focile means, answered Sancho, I am so thus.

—I understand thee still less now, replied Don Quixote.

—Then if you can't understand me, said Sancho, I don't know how to say it; I know no more; God help me.

—Now I have it, answered Don Quixote. Thou wouldst

[1] Samson plays upon the word *bachillear*, which means "to prattle," as Bachelors of Arts are not unused to do.

[2] In the original, Sancho makes it *relucida* for *reducida*.

say thou art so *docile*, meek, and tractable, that thou wilt take what I say to thee, and act as I shall teach thee.

—I would bet, said Sancho, that from the beginning you hit and understood my meaning, but wished to bother me in order to hear me utter other two hundred blunders.

—May be so, replied Don Quixote; but come to the point; what says Theresa?

—Theresa says, answered Sancho, that with your worship it should be fast bind, fast find; let writing speak and beards be still; for a bargain's a bargain; one *take* is better than two *I will give thees;* and, say I, a woman's counsel is bad, but he who takes it not is mad.[1]

—And so say I, too, Don Quixote replied. Speak, friend Sancho; go on, for to-day you talk pearls.

—The case is this, said Sancho; as your worship knows better than I, we are all of us subject to death, and to-day we are and to-morrow we are not; and as soon goes the lamb as the sheep;[2] and nobody can permit himself more hours of life in this world than God pleases to give him; for death is deaf, and when it comes to knock at our life's door, it is always in a hurry, and neither prayers nor struggles will make him stay, neither sceptres nor mitres, as the common saying and report is, and as they tell us from the pulpits.

—All that is true, remarked Don Quixote; but I know not what thou art driving at.

—What I am driving at, said Sancho, is that your worship should settle some fixed salary, which you will give me each

[1] Here there is a string of proverbs. *Atar bien el dedo*, is to take care of one's own interests; *hablen cartas y callen barbas* inculcates the uselessness of speaking when there are written documents for evidence; *quien destaja no baraja*, he who stipulates for time and place does not entangle the business; *mas vale un toma que dos te daré*, is a hint at prompt dealing, of obvious significance; *el consejo del muger es poco, y el que no le toma es loco*, is a pithy sentence, characteristic of the cynical opinion of women which pervades most of the Spanish proverbs relating to the sex.

[2] *Tan presto se va el cordero como el carnero*—a proverb.

month the time I serve you,—such salary to be paid me out of your estate, for I like not being under favours, which come late, or ill, or never ; with mine own let God help me. In short, I wish to know what I am getting, be it little or much, for upon one egg set the hen, and many littles make a mickle, and whilst aught is got naught is lost.[1] If indeed it should happen (which I neither believe nor expect) that your worship gave me that Isle you have promised, I am not so ungrateful nor so particular to a hair but that I would consent to have reckoning taken of what the rent of such Isle came to, and let it be stopped out of my wages, cat for quantity.[2]

—Friend Sancho, said Don Quixote, sometimes cat is wont to be as good as rat.

—I see, returned Sancho ; I bet I ought to have said *rat*[3] and not *cat ;* but it does not matter, as your worship has understood me.

—And so understood thee, replied Don Quixote, as to have penetrated to the bottom of thy thoughts and know the mark at which the countless shafts of thy proverbs are aimed. Hark ye, Sancho, I would freely name thee a wage, if I could find in any of the histories of the Knights Errant an instance

[1] Three more proverbs ;—*sobre un huevo pone la gallina ; muchos pocos hacen un mucho ; mientras se gana algo no se pierde nada*,—of obvious meaning. Where possible, I have rendered the Spanish proverb by the English equivalent—here and throughout.

[2] *Gata por cantidad*, says Sancho, for *rata por cantidad*, meaning, rateably, in due proportion. *Gata* is *cat*, which affords an opportunity for an *équivoque*, of which the fun can be but partially transferred to English. Jarvis borrows from Shelton in making it "cantity for cantity," which is but little humorous and entirely misses the play upon *gata* and *rata*. In the original Sancho is made to say that he is ready to deduct the revenue from his Isle out of his salary,—as though the salary was to be in excess of the revenue. As this is hardly consistent with the exaggerated notion he has elsewhere of the value of the promised Isle, it is obvious that this is a blunder of Sancho,—not of the author, as Clemencin, who is always too ready to impute carelessness to Cervantes, suggests.

[3] *Rata* is a female rat, as well as rate.

by which it could be shown and demonstrated, through any small chink, what it was their Squires used to get by the month or by the year. But I have read all, or the most part, of the histories, and I do not remember to have read that any Knight Errant ever allowed his Squire a fixed stipend. I only know that they all served on favour, and that when they least expected it, if fortune had gone well with their lords, they found themselves rewarded with an Isle or something equivalent, and at the least were left with a title and a lordship. If with these expectations and increments you are pleased, Sancho, to return to my service, you are welcome; but to imagine that I shall move from its stays and hinges the ancient usage of Knight Errantry, is to imagine a vain thing. Wherefore, my Sancho, get you back home and declare my resolve to your Theresa; and if she pleases and you please to be on favour with me, *bene quidem;* if not, we are friends as before, for if the dovecote lacks not grain it will lack not pigeons;[1] and reflect, Sancho, that a good hope is better than a poor possession, and a good claim more than bad pay.[2] I speak after this manner, Sancho, that you may perceive that I can pour out a stream of proverbs as well as you; and lastly I would say and do say to you, that if you do not wish to come on favour and run the same chance which I run, let God be with you and make a saint of you, for to me there will not be lacking squires more obedient and more careful than you, neither so clumsy nor so garrulous.

When Sancho heard his master's firm resolve the sky became clouded for him and down ducked the wings of his heart, for he had believed that his master would not go without him for all the wealth of the world. As he stood there dejected and moody, there entered Samson Carrasco, and with him the Housekeeper and the Niece, who were longing to

[1] *Si al palomar no le falta cebo no le faltáran palomas*—a proverb.

[2] *Vale mas buena esperanza que ruin posesion, y buena queja que mala paga*—two more proverbs.

hear with what arguments he was about to dissuade their master from again going in quest of adventures. Samson, that notable wag, went up and embracing him as before said, in a loud voice :—O flower of Knight Errantry ! O shining light of arms ! O honour and mirror of the Spanish nation ! May it please God the All-bountiful in His infinite goodness (and so forth, as elsewhere more particularly described),[1] that the person or persons who hinder and obstruct thy third sally may lose their way in the labyrinth of their schemes, nor ever accomplish what they wickedly desire !—And turning to the Housekeeper, he said :—Mistress Housekeeper may well give up saying the prayer of S. Apollonia, for I know that it is the positive determination of the spheres that Sir Don Quixote should once more put into execution his lofty and novel designs ; and I should grievously burden my conscience if I did not counsel and persuade this Knight not to hold any longer coerced and checked the might of his valorous arm and the goodness of his dauntless heart, for by his tardiness he defrauds the wronged of their righting, the orphans of their protection, the maidens of their honour, the widows of their consolation, and the wedded of their support ; with other matters of this sort, which touch, belong, pertain, and are annexed to, the order of Knight Errantry. On, then, dear Sir Don Quixote, beautiful and brave ! Rather to-day than to-morrow let your worship take the road, and should anything be wanting to put thy design into execution, here I am to supply it with my person and estate, and were it necessary that I should serve your Magnificence as Squire, I would hold it the happiest good fortune.

—Did I not tell thee, here exclaimed Don Quixote, turning to Sancho, that there would be squires enough for me and to spare ? Take note of who it is that offers to

[1] In the original,—*donde mas largamente se contiene*, which is a formula used in legal documents, for greater precision, here introduced jocularly and not very reverently. See note in Part I. ch. xxx.

become one,—none other than the never-enough-heard-of Bachelor Samson Carrasco, the perpetual diverter[1] and cheerer of the courts of the Salamantine schools; sound in his person, agile in his limbs, reserved, patient as well of heat as of cold, of hunger as of thirst, with all those parts which are requisite for a Squire of Knight Errant. But Heaven forbid that to follow my pleasure, the pillar of learning, the vessel of science, shall be disabled and shattered,—the soaring palm be cut of the noble and liberal arts. Let the new Samson rest in his own country, and in honouring it do honour at the same time to the white hairs of his aged parents, for as for me I will be content with any sort of squire, now that Sancho deigns not to come with me.

—Yes, I do deign! said Sancho, melted, and his eyes full of tears.—It shall never be said of me, dear master, he continued, the bread partaken, the company forsaken.[2] Nay, I don't come of any graceless stock, for all the world knows, and particularly my own village, who the Panzas were from whom I descend; and besides, I have known and learnt by many good works, and by more good words, your worship's desire to do me kindness, and if I went into the amount of my wages, more or less, it was to please my wife, who, if she once puts her hand to pressing a thing, no mallet tightens the hoops of a cask as she tightens the doing of her desire; but after all a man has to be man, and a woman, woman; and since I am a man anywhere, which cannot be denied, I will even be so in my own house, in spite of who may say me nay. And so there's no more to do but for your worship to make your will with its codicil in such a manner that it cannot be re-cooked,[3] and let us take to

[1] *Trástulo*; which is not a Spanish word, but an Italian, one of the many which in that age were current in Spain. The *trastullo* was the buffoon or *gracioso* of the early Italian farces.

[2] *El pan comido y la compañia deshecha*—a proverb.

[3] *Revolcar* for *revocar*, says Sancho. Clemencin says he cannot see the motive of Sancho's reference to the will and codicil, Don Quixote having refused

the road at once, so that Master Samson's soul may not smart, who says that his conscience dictates[1] him to persuade your worship to sally a third time out into that world, and I again offer to serve you faithfully and loyally, as well and better than all the squires who have served Knights Errant, in times past and present.

The Bachelor was amazed at hearing the style and purport of Sancho Panza's speech, for though he had read his master's first history, he never thought him to be so droll a fellow as is there described; but hearing him now talk of a will and a codicil which could not be re-cooked, in place of the will and codicil which could not be revoked, he credited all he had read of him, and set him down as one of the most downright simpletons of our age, saying to himself that two such lunatics as master and man could not be seen in the world. In fine, Don Quixote and Sancho embraced and became friends, and by the advice and with the approval of the great Carrasco, who became henceforth their oracle, it was settled that in three days more they should take their departure, in which interval there would be time to provide the necessaries for the journey, and to look up a proper helmet,[2] which, Don Quixote said, he must by all means have. Samson offered him one, for he knew who had it,—a friend of his, who could not refuse it to him, though it was more dingy for rust and mould than clean and bright for polished steel.

him a fixed salary and Sancho having agreed to serve on favour. But Don Quixote had already promised to remember him in his will (see Part I. ch. xx.), and Sancho's reminding him of it here is quite in accordance with his character.

[1] *Su conciéncia le lita.* Bowle declares that he cannot find such a word as *litar* in the dictionary. Neither could he have found *revolcar* or *focil*. This is one of Sancho's rustic blunders,—*litar* for *dictar*.

[2] *Celada de encaje*,—a helmet such as Don Quixote wanted on his first sally, with vizor and beaver complete. Mambrino's helmet is henceforth discarded, though illustrators of this Second Part continue to represent the knight as wearing the barber's bason.

The maledictions which the Housekeeper and Niece hurled at the Bachelor cannot be told. They tore their hair; they clawed their faces; they raised a lament, after the fashion hired mourners once used,[1] over the departing, as though it were the death, of their master.

The design which Samson had formed in persuading him to sally forth once again was to do what the history relates further on; all by the advice of the Priest and the Barber, with whom he had previously communicated.

Finally, in those three days Don Quixote and Sancho provided themselves with what they thought necessary; and Sancho having pacified his wife and Don Quixote his Niece and Housekeeper, at nightfall without being seen of any one but the Bachelor, who wished to keep them company half a league from the village, they took the road to El Toboso,—Don Quixote on his good Rozinante, and Sancho on his old Dapple, the wallets stored with things pertaining to provender, and the purse with money, which Don Quixote gave him to meet contingencies. Samson then embraced the Knight, and besought him to keep them informed of his good or ill fortune, that he might rejoice over this or be sad over that, as the laws of friendship required.[2] Don Quixote promised to do so; Samson went

[1] *Endechaderas*—otherwise *plañideras*. These were women who were engaged to display grief at funerals for pay; an ancient custom, derived from the East, where it is still in vogue. A special clause in the Cid's testament in the ballad prohibits the employment of hired mourners at his burial:—

Item, mando que no alquilen
Plañideras que me lloren:
Bastan las de mi Jimena,
Sin que otras lágrimas compre.
—Duran, *Romancero General*, vol. i. p. 567.

[2] The parting injunction of this "notable crack-rope," as Shelton terms Samson, has a characteristic spice of wickedness, which all the translators have missed. Don Quixote is enjoined to tell them of his good or ill luck *para alegrarse con esta ó entristecerse con aquella*, which means that Samson might rejoice over this (the bad luck) or be sad over that (the good).

back to the village, and the pair set out on the road to the great city of El Toboso.[1]

[1] The road which Don Quixote takes on his third sally is in a different direction from any he had yet taken. On his first sally he went almost due west. On his second we are told that he followed the same road as on his first; turning back, according to the Itinerary of his route appended to the Academy's edition, after the adventure with the corpse which was being carried to Segovia (Part I. ch. xix.), and going south-east into the fastnesses of the Sierra Morena. He is now going to El Toboso, which is almost due north of Argamasilla. See the Itinerary of Don Quixote in Appendix B, vol. iv.

CHAPTER VIII

Wherein is recounted what happened to Don Quixote on his going to visit his lady Dulcinea del Toboso

Blessed be the mighty Allah, says Cid Hamet Benengeli at the beginning of this Eighth chapter. Blessed be Allah, he repeats thrice; and he declares that he utters these benedictions on seeing that he has now got Don Quixote and Sancho in the field, and that the readers of his delightful history may reckon that from this point commence the achievements and humours of Don Quixote and his Squire. And he entreats them to forget the past Knight Errantries of the Ingenious Gentleman, and fix their eyes on those that are to come, which from now begin on the road to El Toboso, as the others began in the Plain of Montiel;[1] nor is it much that he asks considering how much he promises; and thus he goes on to say:—

Don Quixote and Sancho were left alone, and they had hardly parted from Samson when Rozinante began to neigh and Dapple to groan, which by them both, Knight and Squire, was taken for a good sign and a most happy omen, though, to tell the truth, the groans and brays of the ass were more than the neighs of the horse, whence Sancho concluded that his fortune had to surpass and overtop that of his master, though whether he founded his belief on some

[1] See Part I. ch. ii.

judicial astrology[1] he had learnt I know not, for the history does not say so; only he has been heard to say, when he tripped or stumbled, he wished he had not left home, for from tripping and stumbling nothing could be got but a torn shoe or broken ribs; and, fool as he was, he was not here very far out of the road.

Said Don Quixote:—Friend Sancho, the night comes on apace, and with more darkness than we want in order to reach El Toboso by daylight, whither I am resolved to go before undertaking any other adventure, and there I will take the blessing and good leave of the peerless Dulcinea, with which leave I imagine, and I feel sure, that I shall achieve and happily conclude my perilous enterprise, for nothing in this life makes Knights Errant more valiant than to be assured of their ladies' favour.

—So I believe, responded Sancho; but I think it will be hard for your worship to have speech with her or to come to be alone with her,—at least, so as to be able to receive her blessing, unless she pitches it over the walls of the yard where I saw her the first time, when I took her the letter in which the news went of the pranks and mad things which your worship was playing up in the heart of the Sierra Morena.

—Walls of a yard did those seem to thee, Sancho, cried Don Quixote, where or through which thou sawest that never-sufficiently-to-be-extolled grace and beauty?—They should have been none other than galleries, or corridors, or porticoes, or what they call them, of some rich and royal palace.

—It may be all so, answered Sancho; but to me they looked like mud walls, unless my memory fails me.

[1] *Astrologia judiciaria*; that is, the art of forecasting events and divining characters and destinies, by the observation of natural phenomena,—the belief in which was universal in that age. Cervantes takes frequent opportunities of exercising his humour on this among other popular superstitions.

— Nevertheless let us go thither, Sancho, replied Don Quixote; for so that I see her it is the same to me whether it be through walls or windows, or through the chinks and crannies of a garden grating, for any ray which from the sun of her beauty reaches my eyes, will illumine my understanding and fortify my heart, so that I shall be unique and without a peer in wisdom and in valour.

—In truth then, Sir, said Sancho, when I saw that sun of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, it was not so bright as to be able to send out any rays at all, and it must have been that, as her Grace was winnowing that wheat I told you about, the thick dust she raised made a cloud about her face and darkened it.

—What! dost thou still persist, Sancho, cried Don Quixote, in thinking, believing, affirming, and repeating that my lady Dulcinea was winnowing wheat,—that being a function and an employment which is at variance with what is done and ought to be done by persons of station, who are formed and reserved for other employments and recreations, which denote, a bow-shot off, their rank and quality? Ill dost thou mind thee, O Sancho, of those lines of our poet where he paints for us the tasks which the fair nymphs plied in their crystal abodes, who from their beloved Tagus raised their heads, and sat themselves on the verdant meadow to work those rich stuffs the ingenious poet there describes, which were all of gold, silk, and pearls, worked and interwoven.[1] In this manner must my lady have been employed when thou sawest her, only that the envy which some wicked enchanter seems to show in my affairs changes and turns all which should yield me pleasure into shapes

[1] The allusion is to an ode of Garcilaso de la Vega, beginning—

De cuatro ninfas, que del Tájo amado
Saliéron juntas, á cantar me ofrezco——
(*Egloga* 3).

Cervantes seems to have had a special liking and reverence for Garcilaso.

different from their own. And thus I fear that in that history of my exploits which they say is now in print, if haply its author was some sage mine enemy, he may have substituted one thing for another, mingling with one truth a thousand lies, turning aside to relate actions foreign to what the sequence of a truthful history requires. O envy, root of infinite evils and canker-worm of the virtues! Every vice, Sancho, bears some delight with it; but envy bears nothing but loathing, rancour, and rage.

—That's what I say, too, replied Sancho; and I suspect in that reading or history of which the Bachelor Carrasco told us he had seen about ourselves, my reputation goes jolting topsy-turvy and twirling here and there, sweeping the streets,[1] as the saying is. Yet, on the faith of an honest man, I never said an ill word of any enchanter, nor have had so much good luck as to be envied; true, I am a little roguish and have certain touches of cunning; but it is all covered and hidden by the broad cloak of my simpleness, always natural and never artful; and were it for nothing else but my believing, as I ever believe, firmly and truly in God and in all that the Holy Catholic and Roman Church holds and believes, and being a mortal enemy, as I am, of the Jews, the historians ought to have mercy on me and treat me well in their writings; but let them say what they please, for naked I was born, naked I am, I neither lose not win,[2] and if so be I find myself put into books and passed from hand to hand about the world, it does not matter to me a fig—let them say of me what they will.

—That, Sancho, said Don Quixote, is like what happened to a former poet of this age, who having composed a

[1] Sancho here is a little obscure in his language. *Andar á coche acá cinchado*, is a proverbial saying, found in Nuñez, probably referring to the jolting and pitching of the old-fashioned, tight-girthed coaches along the uneven roads; *al estricote aquí y allí barriendo las calles*—"sweeping the streets up and down, helter-skelter."

[2] *Desnudo nací, desnudo me hallo, ni pierdo ni gano*—a proverb.

malicious satire against all the courtesans,[1] did not name or include in it a certain lady, of whom there was a question whether she were one or not. She, seeing that she was not in the list of the ladies, complained to the poet, asking him what he had seen in her that he did not include her in the number with the rest, and desiring him to enlarge his satire and put her in the supplement, or look to himself. The poet did so, and made her something worse than duennas could tell,[2] and she was satisfied by finding herself with fame however infamous. Of a piece with this also was that which is told of the shepherd who set fire to and burned down the famous temple of Diana, accounted one of the Seven Wonders of the world, solely that his name might survive to future ages ; and though there was an edict to the effect that none should speak of him, nor by word of mouth or writing make mention of his name lest he might attain the object of his ambition, nevertheless it became known that his name was Erostratus. What happened to the great Emperor Charles V. with a certain gentleman in Rome is also to the point. The Emperor desired to see that famous temple of the Rotunda, which in ancient times was called the temple of *all the gods*, and now, by a better appellation, bears the name of *all the saints*,—the most perfect building which is extant of those which heathendom raised in Rome, and the one which best preserves the fame of the grandeur and magnificence of her founders.[3] It is in the form of

[1] *Las damas cortesanas*,—which may be taken in the double sense of "ladies of the court," or "courtesans." Here I cannot doubt (though there was not, in that age, much real difference between the two) that it means the latter, for otherwise there would be no point in the story.

[2] *Cual no digan dueñas*—a popular phrase, expressive of the opinion held of the slanderous propensities of duennas,—a race for whom, as will appear more clearly by-and-by, Cervantes cherished a particular aversion.

[3] The well-known Pantheon, erected by Agrippa, son-in-law of Augustus, to Jupiter Ultor and all the gods. It was turned into a Christian church by Pope Boniface IV. in 608, and dedicated by Pope Gregory IV. in 830 to all the Saints. The story of the ascent of the dome by the Emperor Charles, in 1536,

half an orange, grand in the extreme, and very well lighted, though the only light which enters is that from one window, or rather a round lantern at the top, from which the Emperor looked down at the edifice. A Roman gentleman stood by his side to point out to him the beauties and the excellences of that great and famous piece of architecture; who, when they had descended from the lantern, said to the Emperor:—A thousand times, your Sacred Majesty, the longing came upon me to clasp your Majesty in my arms and to fling myself down from the lantern, to leave behind an eternal fame of me in the world.—I thank you, replied the Emperor, for not having put so ill a design into execution, and henceforth I will give you no opportunity of putting your loyalty to the proof; and so I command you never to speak to me nor be where I am.—And with these words he made him a handsome present. My meaning is, Sancho, that this love of winning fame is active in a great degree. What, thinkest thou, cast Horatius from the bridge, clothed in full armour, into the depths of the Tiber?[1] What burned the arm and hand of Mutius? What impelled Curtius to launch himself into the profound burning gulf which opened in the centre of Rome?[2] What, contrary to all the auguries which had declared against him, made Cæsar pass the Rubicon?[3] And, for examples more modern, what scuttled the ships and left stranded and isolated the valorous Spaniards, guided by the most courteous Cortés, in the new world?[4]

is given by Sandoval (*Vida y Hechos de Carlos Quinto*), but there is no mention in any history of this incident of the Roman gentleman, which probably Cervantes heard as a tradition when at Rome in 1570.

[1] The feat is that of Horatius Cocles at the siege of Rome by Porsena.

[2] It is not mentioned by the historians that the gulf into which Curtius leapt was a "burning" one.

[3] Here again the author, probably having no books of reference at hand, is in error,—the auguries, according to Suetonius, being not unfriendly but rather favourable to his design.

[4] This is the well-known deed of Cortés,—on whose name Cervantes puns,—

All these and other great and various deeds are, were, and shall be, works of fame, which mortals covet as the reward and portion of the immortality which their illustrious arts deserve; although we Catholic Christians and Knights Errant look more to that glory in ages to come which is to last for ever in the ethereal and celestial regions than to the vanity of the fame which is achieved in this present fleeting life,—which fame, how long soever it may endure, at last must end with the world itself, which has its own appointed term. Thus, O Sancho, our works must not transgress the limit imposed upon us by the Christian religion we profess. In slaying giants we have to slay pride; we have to slay envy with generosity and a noble spirit; wrath, with composure of mien and serenity of soul; gluttony and sloth, by the spareness of our diet, and by much wakefulness; lust and lewdness, by the loyalty we preserve to those whom we have made mistresses of our hearts; indolence, by traversing all parts of the earth in quest of opportunities which can, and shall, make us famous Knights besides being Christians. Thou seest here, Sancho, the means whereby are reached those highest points of praise which a good name confers.

—All that your worship has said till now, replied Sancho, I have understood very well, yet I would wish your worship to resorb[1] me a doubt which just now at this moment has come into my mind.

—*Resolve*, thou meanest, Sancho, said Don Quixote. Speak and welcome, for I will answer as well as I know.

—Tell me then, Sir, pursued Sancho, those Julys and Augusts,[2] and all those venturesome Knights you mentioned which are now dead,—where are they now?

when he burnt his ships to commit his faltering soldiers irrevocably to the enterprise in which he had engaged them.

[1] *Me sorbiese una duda*,—says Sancho, tripping once more over the unaccustomed word. *Sorber* is "to sip," "to suck."

[2] *Esos Julios y Agostos*. Sancho plays upon the words he has heard his master use.

—The heathens, answered Don Quixote, without doubt are in hell; the Christians, if they were good Christians, are in purgatory or in heaven.

—It is well, said Sancho, but let us know now,—those tombs in which the bodies are of these great lords,—have they silver lamps in front of them, or are the walls of their chapels adorned with crutches, grave-clothes, periwigs, legs and eyes of wax,[1] and if not, how are they adorned?

Don Quixote answered to this:—The tombs of the heathens were for the most part sumptuous temples. The ashes of Julius Cæsar's body were placed in a stone pyramid of immense size, which in these days is called S. Peter's Needle.[2] The Emperor Hadrian had for a sepulchre a castle as large as a fair-sized village, which they called *Moles Hadriani*, which is now the castle of S. Angelo at Rome. The Queen Artemisia buried her husband Mausolus in a tomb which was esteemed one of the Seven Wonders of the world; but none of these sepulchres nor the many others which the heathen had were adorned with grave-clothes nor the other offerings and tokens which signify that those who were buried in them were holy men.

—I am coming to that, said Sancho; and now tell me, which is the greater;—to raise a dead man or to kill a giant?

—The answer is plain, replied Don Quixote; it is a greater thing to raise the dead man.

—I have caught you now, said Sancho; then the fame of those who bring the dead to life, who give sight to the blind,

[1] Such chapels are very common in all Roman Catholic countries, especially in Spain, where hang a perfect forest of votive offerings in the shape of limbs cured through the Saint's intercession or the virtue of his relics, besides pictures on the walls of difficult surgical operations, obstetric and otherwise, at which the Saint assisted, represented with realistic minuteness.

[2] This is the Egyptian obelisk, set up by Fontana in 1586, in front of S. Peter's. Don Quixote repeats the vulgar tradition about its containing the ashes of the great Julius.

straighten the crooked, and heal the sick, and before whose tombs there are lamps burning, and whose chapels are full of devout folk who kneel before their relics, is a better fame for this and the other life than such as all your heathen Emperors and Knights Errant have left or will leave in the world.

—That also I confess to be true, answered Don Quixote.

—Then this fame, continued Sancho, these favours, these privileges, or what you call them, the bodies and the relics of the saints have who, with the approval and licence of our Holy Mother Church, have lamps, candles, winding-sheets, crutches, pictures, periwigs, eyes, legs, whereby they increase devotion and enlarge their Christian reputation.[1] Kings carry the bodies and relics of the saints upon their shoulders,[2] and kiss the pieces of their bones, and enrich and adorn their votive and favourite altars with them.

—What wouldst thou infer, Sancho, from all that thou hast said? asked Don Quixote.

[1] That the Holy Inquisition did not smell heresy in this and other parts of *Don Quixote*,—was it through its own dulness of nose or from any other cause? I shall have occasion to point out numerous instances of the levity with which Cervantes speaks of what to the vulgar of the age were sacred things,—a levity none the less remarkable because it was artfully wrapt up and veiled in words of double meaning, used apparently in mere gaiety of heart, and without design. It is to be noted that in this Second Part of *Don Quixote* these ironical and humorous allusions to the popular superstitions are much more frequent than in the First; which I account for on the theory that this Second Part was written under the shield of the good and liberal-minded Archbishop Sandoval, who became Inquisitor-General in 1608.

[2] Two memorable instances of such Royal devotion are recorded by the enthusiastic priestly chroniclers. The right leg of S. Eugenius, begged from Louis VII. of France, was carried on the shoulders of the Emperor Alfonso VII. and of his two sons to be placed in the Cathedral of Toledo (1156). Four centuries afterwards the remainder of S. Eugenius, in sixty-three lots duly catalogued, was sent to Spain by Charles IX. of France. The precious burden was carried through Alcalá (where Cervantes, then eighteen years of age, was residing) to Toledo in 1565, where the bier was met at the Visagra gate by King Philip II., his son, Don Carlos, and the two sons of the Emperor Maximilian, who carried it to its resting-place in the cathedral (Ribadeneira, *Flos Sanctorum*, vol. i.).

—I mean to say, replied Sancho, that we should turn to being saints, and we shall sooner reach the good reputation we are trying for; and look, Sir, yesterday or the day before (for it is so lately we can speak so) they canonised or beatified two bare-footed little friars,[1] whose chains of iron with which they bound them and tortured their bodies it is now held to be good luck to touch and kiss, and they are held in greater esteem, they say, than the sword of Roldan in the armoury of our lord the King, whom God preserve.[2] Therefore it is better, dear Sir, to be a poor friar of what order soever, than a valiant and errant Knight. A couple of dozen switchings are of more avail with God than two thousand lance thrusts, be they given to giants, or hob-goblins, or dragons.

—All this is so, Don Quixote made answer; but we cannot all be friars, and many are the roads by which God carries His own to heaven. Chivalry is a religion; there are sainted Knights in glory.

—Yes, responded Sancho; but I have heard tell there are more friars than Knights Errant in heaven.

—That is because the number of those of the religious profession is greater than of the knightly, said Don Quixote.

—Many are the errants, observed Sancho.

—Many indeed, answered Don Quixote; but few who deserve the name of Knights.

In these and such discussions they passed that night and the following day, without meeting with anything worth mention; at which Don Quixote was not a little annoyed. At last, on the next day, at nightfall, they descried the great city of El Toboso, at sight of which Don Quixote's

[1] These were Diego de Alcalá, who died in 1463, and was canonised in 1588; and Pedro de Alcántara, who died in 1562.

[2] The sword of Roldan, or Orlando, called *Durindana*, is said by an old French traveller, Monconys, who wrote in 1665, to have been visible in the *Armeria Real*. It is also mentioned by Vayrac, *Etat de l'Espagne* (1719), and by Ponz in his *Viage de España*.

spirits were much cheered and Sancho's depressed, for he knew not where Dulcinea lived, nor in all his life had he ever seen her, any more than his master,—so that they were both troubled, one to see her and the other because he had not seen her; nor could Sancho conceive what he should do when his master sent him into El Toboso.

Eventually Don Quixote decided to enter the city when the night had closed in, and until that time arrived they rested among some oaks which grew about El Toboso; and when the appointed moment came they made their entrance into the city, where there happened to them some things which were things indeed.[1]

[1] *Cosas que á cosas llegan*—"things which reach to things."

CHAPTER IX

Wherein is recounted what shall therein be seen

'Twas on the stroke of midnight,[1] a little more or less, when Don Quixote and Sancho quitted the wood and entered El Toboso.[2] The village lay wrapt in profound silence, for all the inhabitants were asleep,—reposing at full stretch, as they say. The night was tolerably clear, though Sancho wished it had been quite dark, so that in the darkness

[1] *Media noche era por filo*, is the first line of the old ballad of the Conde Claros, which dates from at least the middle of the fifteenth century, beginning :—

Media noche era por filo,
Los gallos querian cantar,
Conde Claros por amores
No podia reposar.
—Duran, vol. i. p. 218.

Ticknor takes *por filo* to indicate some ancient method of marking time, and observes that "the beginning of this ballad shows that it was composed before clocks were known." One modern translator, adopting this idea, makes it "midnight by the thread," with the inconsequent remark that "the allusion is to the ancient scales or plumb-line." But whatever may have been the mode of reckoning time at that date, *filo* (modern *hilo*) is simply the nick, or notch, or line,—as in a dial-plate or clock-face,—which marks the hour.

[2] With consummate judgment Cervantes chooses midnight for the Knight's entrance into El Toboso. By day the aspect of the town,—one of the dreariest and ugliest in all La Mancha,—would have been almost too severe a trial even for Don Quixote's faith in his illusion. "The grand city of El Toboso," according to the official topographical report made in the reign of Philip II., consisted of 900 houses, inhabited largely by Morisco refugees from Granada, whose principal industry was the manufacture of large jars (*tinajas*) out of the light tufous earth (*toba*) which abounded in the locality, whence the name *El Toboso*

he might find an excuse for his knavery. No sound was heard throughout the village but the barking of dogs, which stunned Don Quixote's ears and troubled Sancho's heart. Now and then a jackass brayed, pigs grunted, and cats mewed, whose voices of various sound were heightened in the stillness of the night. All this the enamoured Knight took for an evil augury; nevertheless he said to Sancho:

—Son Sancho, lead on to the palace of Dulcinea; mayhap we shall find her awake.

—Body o' the sun, to what palace shall I lead on, responded Sancho, when what I saw her Highness in was none but a very small house?

—She must have retired then, said Don Quixote, to some little apartment of her royal castle, to solace herself alone with her maidens, as is the custom and wont of exalted ladies and princesses.

—Sir, quoth Sancho, though your worship will have it, in spite of me, that the lady Dulcinea's house is a castle, is this, perchance, an hour to find the gate open? And will it be decent for us to be knocking for them to hear us and open to us, putting all the people into uproar and confusion? Are we going, is it, to our wenches' house, like lewd fellows who come and call and enter at any hour, however late it be?

—Let us first at any rate find the castle, Don Quixote

("The Tufous One"). A modern pilgrim to the shrine of Dulcinea, however (Jimenez Serrano, in the *Semanario Pintoresco*, 1848), maintains that the name is derived from the *tobas*, or thistles, which grow luxuriantly about the village, citing in proof of this theory the town arms, which are a bear between two bunches of thistles,—a device not inappropriate to the rude and barbarous character of the people. At the present day El Toboso is a miserable, dirty, decaying village, in the midst of an arid plain, where the traveller may seek in vain for a bush or thicket wherein to lie in ambush. It is to be noted that El Toboso is the only populated place entered by our Knight in the course of his ramblings, until he comes to Barcelona.

replied, and then I will tell thee, Sancho, what it were right for us to do. And look, Sancho; for either mine eyes fail me or that vast mass and shadow which are yonder revealed should be the palace of Dulcinea.

—Then let your worship lead on, answered Sancho; perhaps it may be so, though even were I to see it with mine eyes and touch it with my hands, I would believe it as much as I believe it is now daylight.

Don Quixote led the way, and, having gone some two hundred paces, he came upon the pile which caused the shadow, and saw a great tower, and then knew the building to be no castle, but the principal church of the place.[1] Said he:—We have come upon the church, Sancho.

—I see it, answered Sancho, and God grant we have come not upon our burying, for it is no good sign strolling among grave-yards at such hours,—I having told you, moreover, if I remember right, that this lady's house is in a blind alley.

—God's curse on thee, blockhead, cried Don Quixote; where hast thou found that castles and palaces are built in blind alleys?

—Sir, answered Sancho, every land has its customs. Perhaps it is the custom here in El Toboso to build palaces and grand buildings in blind alleys. I pray you, therefore, let me search among these streets and alleys I see before me, and may be that in some corner I may tumble across this palace, which may I see the dogs swallow for dragging us into this plaguy hunt!

—Speak with respect, Sancho, of what belongs to my

[1] The church is unusually large for the present village, and seems to indicate by its size and elaborate construction, as elsewhere may be observed of the churches in La Mancha, that it was built to accommodate a much greater population. The roof as now seen was restored in 1667, according to an inscription on the cornice,—the old one having been destroyed by lightning. There is a square tower of solid construction; the porch bears the date 1618. The blind alley of which Sancho speaks still exists.

lady, said Don Quixote; let us keep our feast in peace, and not throw the rope after the bucket.[1]

—I'll bridle myself, answered Sancho; but with what patience shall I listen to your worship telling me that you want me, who only once have seen my lady's house, to know it always and find it in the middle of the night, when your worship can't find it, who must have seen it thousands of times?

—Thou wilt drive me desperate, Sancho, cried Don Quixote. Look ye, heretic, have I not told thee a thousand times that in all the days of my life I have never seen the peerless Dulcinea,[2] nor ever crossed the threshold of her palace; and that I am enamoured solely by hearsay, and through the great reputation she bears for beauty and wit.[3]

—I hear it now, replied Sancho; and say I, that as you have not seen her neither have I.

—That cannot be, said Don Quixote, for thou hast told me, at any rate, that thou sawest her winnowing wheat when thou broughtest back an answer to the letter which I sent her by thee.

—Don't stand at that, Sir, answered Sancho, for I would have you know that my seeing her and bringing an answer back were also upon hearsay,[4] for I can no more tell who the lady Dulcinea is than I can give a slap to the sky.

[1] *Echar la soga tras el caldero*—a proverb, equivalent to our English, "to throw the helve after the hatchet." Covarrubias explains that it is indicative of a man in a rage, who is apt, when he lets fall the bucket in a well, to fling the rope after it in vexation.

[2] This is inconsistent, the ever-wary Clemencin points out, with ch. xxv. of Part I., where Don Quixote avers that his amours with Dulcinea had never extended "beyond a chaste look." But madmen are not uncommonly given to inconsistencies.

[3] The cases are numerous in the old romances of Knights falling in love with, and taking for mistresses, damsels they know only by report. In return, damsels fall in love with heroes whom they have not seen, as did Rosaflorida, in the ballad, with Montesinos.

[4] Sancho's retort is in the highest vein of comedy, but almost too bold an

—Sancho, Sancho, cried Don Quixote,—there are times for jesting, and times when jests are unseasonable and unseemly. Not because I say that I have neither seen nor spoken to the mistress of my soul, must thou too say that neither hast thou spoken with her nor seen her; the contrary being the case, as thou knowest.

While the two were holding this discourse, they perceived a man with a pair of mules approach to pass by that way, and from the noise made by the plough which he dragged along the ground, they judged him to be a labourer who had risen early before daybreak to go to his work; and such was the case. The peasant came along singing that ballad which ran:—

Ill day it was for Frenchmen,
The chase of Roncesvalles.[1]

—May they slay me, Sancho, exclaimed Don Quixote, on hearing him, if any good thing will happen to us to-night. Dost thou not hear what the clown comes singing?

—Aye, I hear, answered Sancho; but what has the chase of Roncesvalles to do with our affair? So he might be singing the ballad of Calainos,[2] for it would be all one, in regard to the happening of good or ill in our business.

experiment upon Don Quixote's understanding were it not that he artfully relies, justly as it proves, upon the Knight being more concerned with Dulcinea being a living personage than with his squire's veracity.

[1] The reference is to the famous ballad on the Admiral Guarinos, one of the Carlovingian heroes,—so popular that Depping avers that a Russian version is sung by the peasants of Siberia. Cervantes, or the peasant of El Toboso, evidently quotes from a modern version, making the lines run:—

Mala la hubistes, Franceses,
La caza de Roncesvalles—

whereas in the oldest copy, in the *Cancionero* of Antwerp, the first line is—*Mala la vistes, Franceses.*

[2] The ballad of Calainos, who was a Moor, whose lady love having required of him three heads of Peers of France before listening to his suit, went to that country to obtain them. After having vanquished Baldwin, he met his death at

Here the peasant coming up, Don Quixote enquired of him:—Can you tell me, good friend, and may God speed you, where hereabouts are the palaces of the peerless Doña Dulcinea del Toboso?

—Sir, answered the man, I am a stranger, and I have been but a few days in this place, in the service of a rich farmer, working in the fields. In that house fronting you dwell the priest and the sacristan of the village, and both or either of them can give your worship an account of that lady Princess, for they have a list of all the inhabitants of El Toboso; though for my part I do not believe that any Princess lives in all the place, though there are many ladies, indeed, of quality, and one such may be a Princess in her own house.

—Then it will be among those, friend, said Don Quixote, that she must be for whom I am enquiring.

—May be so, said the youth; God be with you, for here is the day coming.—And, urging on his mules, he stayed for no further questioning. Sancho, who saw that his master was bewildered and somewhat out of humour, said to him:

—Sir, the day is coming on apace, and it will not be prudent to let the sun find us still in the street.[1] It will be

the hands of Roland. *Coplas de Calainos*, says Clemencin,—meaning the four lines with which the ballad opens—

Ya cabalga Calainos
A la sombra de una oliva;
El pié pone en el estribo,
Cabalga de gallardia—

had become a proverbial expression in Spain to denote frivolous and fruitless sayings about things of no importance. Here is the point of Sancho's remark.

[1] Sancho probably knew by report of the ill character which the Tobosans bore in those days. There are some sarcastic lines at their expense still extant, to the effect that if El Toboso were to die without heirs, her stupidity would descend to Villarobledo, and, on Villarobledo's decease, pass to El Campo de Criptana (neighbouring villages). Let not El Toboso be discomfited, therefore, says the poet, by the thought of having no successor in her folly. The sight of

better for us to go out of the town, and for your worship to lie hid in some bush about here, and I will return by day and not leave a corner in all this place unsearched for the house, castle, or palace of my lady ; and it shall be hard luck but I find it, and on finding it I will speak with her Grace, and tell her where and how your worship stays, expecting her to give you order and direction how you may see her without damage to her honour and reputation.

—Thou hast spoken a thousand sentences, Sancho, said Don Quixote, in the compass of a few brief words. I like, and receive with very good will, the counsel thou hast now given me. Come, child, and let us go seek where I may ensconce myself; and thou shalt return, as thou sayest, to find, to see, to accost my mistress, from whose discretion and courtesy I look for favours more than miraculous.

Sancho was eager to get his master out of the village, so that his lie might not be detected about the answer which he had brought back to the Sierra Morena, on Dulcinea's part, and therefore he hurried out at once ; and two miles from the town they found a forest or thicket,[1] in which Don Quixote lay in ambush, whilst his Squire returned to the city to obtain speech of Dulcinea, in which embassage there happened to him things which demand new attention and fresh credence.

Don Quixote and Sancho riding through the town would probably have been too much for the courtesy of the Tobosans, who even in these days are apt to greet the stranger with a stoning.

[1] In the time of Philip II., according to Clemencin, there was only one small *monte* (wooded eminence) of evergreen oaks in the neighbourhood of El Toboso, and he surmises that Cervantes desired to ridicule the Tobosans by speaking of a forest, just as he had spoken, in the chapter preceding, of "the grand city."

CHAPTER X

Wherein is related the device which Sancho adopted to enchant the lady Dulcinea; with other passages as laughable as they are true

COMING to the narration of what in this chapter he relates, the author of this great history declares that he had wished to pass it over in silence, fearing he would not be credited, for the delusions of Don Quixote here reach a term and height the greatest to be imagined, and even surpass those greatest by two bow-shots. But he wrote them down finally, though not without fear and hesitation, just as they were enacted, without adding to or taking from the history one atom of the truth, and without heeding aught which might be laid against him for a liar; and he was right, for the truth, though it may run thin, never breaks, and ever goes over the lie as oil over water. And so, proceeding with his story, the author says:[1]—

[1] Hartzenbusch takes here one of his accustomed liberties with the text, transferring the whole of this preface to the beginning of chapter xvii. on the ground that the words are here quite out of place,—this not being, in his opinion, the greatest of Don Quixote's delusions. I prefer to follow the author, in the received text. The meeting with the Tobosan damsels, out of which rises the delusion as to the enchanting of Dulcinea, is really the leading motive of this Second Part, on which turns the principal action of the story; whereas the adventure with the lions in chapter xvii. following is merely incidental. Moreover, this preface is clearly led up to by the concluding word of the chapter preceding, which is *credito*,—wantonly altered by Hartzenbusch, to suit his own theory, into *capitulo*.

As soon as Don Quixote had retired into the forest, or wood, or clump of oaks, near the grand El Toboso, he bade Sancho go back into the city and not to come into his presence again without having first spoken to his mistress on his behalf, beseeching her to be so good as to allow herself to be seen by her captive Knight, and to deign to bestow on him her blessing, so that he might hope to attain thereby the happiest issues from all his arduous enterprises. Sancho undertook to do as he was commanded, and to bring back as good an answer as he had brought the first time.

—Go, son, said Don Quixote, and be not troubled when thou findest thyself before the light of that sun of beauty thou goest to seek. Happy thou, above all the squires in the world! Bear in thy mind and let it not escape therefrom, how she receives thee; if she changes colour whilst thou art giving her my message; if she is disquieted and disturbed on hearing my name; if she stay not on her cushion,—shouldst thou by chance find her sitting in the rich alcove proper to her dignity; and if she be standing, mark whether she rests now on one foot, now on another; whether she repeats the answer she gives thee twice or thrice over; whether she changes it from soft to harsh, from austere to amorous; whether she lifts her hand to her hair to smooth it, though it be not disordered. In fine, my son, observe all her actions and movements, for if thou shalt relate them to me as they were, I shall gather what she holds concealed in the recesses of her heart in regard to what concerns the subject of my passion. For I would have thee know, Sancho, if thou knowest it not, that between lovers the outward actions and movements they exhibit when their loves are treated of, are very sure messengers which carry the news of what passes in the interior of the soul. Go, friend, and may a better star than mine guide thee, and send thee better success than that which I await betwixt fear and hope in this bitter solitude where thou leavest me.

—I will go and come back quickly, said Sancho; and let your worship, master mine, cheer up that little heart, which should be now no bigger than a hazel-nut, and think of what they say,—that a good heart breaks bad luck; and where there are no flitches there are no hooks; and they say, too, the hare leaps up where it is least looked for.[1] I say this because, if to-night we did not find the palaces or castles of my lady, now that it is day, I look to find them where I least think, and once found, leave me to manage her.

—Verily, Sancho, said Don Quixote, thou dost bring in thy remarks so much to the purpose of our business that so may God send me better luck in what I long for!

This said, Sancho turned about and gave Dapple the stick, while Don Quixote remained on horseback, resting on his stirrups, and leaning on his lance, filled with sad and troubled fancies; where we will leave him while we go with Sancho Panza, who parted from his master no less troubled and thoughtful than he, insomuch that, as soon as he had emerged from the wood, he turned round, and finding that Don Quixote was out of sight, he alighted from the ass, and seating himself at the foot of a tree, began to commune with himself and to say:

—Now let us know, brother Sancho, where is your worship going? Go you to look for some ass you have lost?—Nay, forsooth.—Then what go you to seek?—I go to seek, as one would say, naught,—a Princess, and in her the sun of beauty and all heaven together.—And where do you think to find what you speak of, Sancho?—Where?—In the great city of El Toboso.—'Tis well.—And on whose behalf do you go to look for her?—On behalf of the famous Knight Don Quixote of La Mancha, he that righteth wrongs,

[1] Here are three proverbs in a string, the second of which Sancho distorts either roguishly or carelessly, making it *donde no hai tocinos no hai estacas*, instead of *muchos piensan que hai tocinos y no hai estacas*, which he had quoted correctly in Part I. ch. xxv., and again quotes correctly hereafter.

who giveth meat to them that thirst, and drink to them that hunger.[1]—All this is very well. And do you know her house, Sancho?—My master says it will be some royal palaces or proud castles.—And have you ever seen her by any chance?—Neither I nor my master have seen her.[2]—And would you think it right and proper were the people of El Toboso, if they knew you were here with the design of enticing away their Princesses and disturbing their ladies, to come and pound your ribs with sheer cudgellings and leave you never a whole bone?—Indeed, they would be much in the right, if so be they did not consider that I am under orders, and that—

> A messenger, my friend, you be,
> From blame and penalty you're free.[3]—

—Never trust to that, Sancho, for the Manchegan folk are as hot-tempered as they are honest, and won't put up with jokes from any one.—God's my life! if they smell you, you are in for an ill stroke of luck.—Drop it, you thief; the bolt shall fall yonder![4]—No; let me not go looking for three feet

[1] Hartzenbusch, for a wonder, leaves this uncorrected, and does not tell us that it is meat which should be given to the hungry and drink to the thirsty.

[2] Clemencin reminds us that Sancho had said before, when talking to his master (Part I. ch. xxv.), that he knew her well; and as usual he charges Cervantes with carelessness for having forgotten what he made Sancho say. But is it necessary for the author's credit to urge that probably it was Sancho who lied and not Cervantes who forgot?

[3] Mensagero sois, amigo,
Non mereceis culpa, non,—

two lines from the old ballads which had become a familiar proverbial saying. The immunity enjoyed by messengers, ambassadors, heralds, and bearers of cartels, is frequently enforced in the old books of chivalries and enjoined by all the laws of Knighthood. It is possible, as Clemencin suggests, that this passage in which Sancho anticipates the anger of the Tobosans on account of the disturbance he is going to cause among their ladies, may conceal some allusion to an incident in Cervantes' own experience, while employed in his thankless office of tax-collector in La Mancha.

[4] *Oxte puto, allá darás rayo*—a phrase difficult to render literally, though easy

in a cat for another's pleasure—more by token that looking for Dulcinea up and down El Toboso will be like looking for little Maria in Ravenna, or the Bachelor in Salamanca.[1] —'Tis the devil,—the devil himself who has put me into this business,—and no one else.

This colloquy Sancho held with himself, and the upshot of it was to say to himself again:

—Well, now, there's a remedy for everything but death, under whose yoke we have all to pass, whether we like it or not, by the ending of life. This master of mine I have seen by a thousand tokens is a lunatic fit to be tied up,—nay, I also am not much behind him, for I am more fool than he, for I follow and serve him, if the proverb is true which says, *tell me what company you keep and I will tell you what you are*; and the other one, *not with whom you are bred, but with whom you are fed*.[2] Being then mad, as he is, and of a madness which most times takes one thing for another, white for black and black for white, as was seen when he said the windmills were giants and the friars' mules dromedaries, and the flocks of sheep armies of enemies, and many other things to the same tune, it will not be very hard to make him believe that a peasant wench, the first I meet about here, is the Lady Dulcinea; and should he not believe it, I will swear, and if he

to understand, which all the translators, except Mr. Ormsby, have evaded or muddled. *Oxte*, a word of uncertain origin, is an interjection generally used with *puto*,—which is the masculine of *puta*,—to express sudden disgust, as when one touches a hot coal unawares. *Puto*, like some other bad words in Spanish, has by much employment lost nearly all its offence. *Allá darás rayo*, out of which one translator gets "*yonder they pickle thunderbolts*," is the half of a proverb, of which the whole is *allá darás rayo, que no en mi sayo*; another form is *allá darás rayo en cas de Tamayo*, "fall thunderbolt there, not on me," or "fall thunderbolt there, on Tamayo's house,"—that is, anywhere but on me. Sancho's meaning is to repudiate all share or risk in his master's adventure.

[1] That is to say, looking for a needle in a bundle of hay. *Buscar Marica en Rabena*, is from the Italian, *cercare Mariuccia per Ravenna*,—Marias being as common in Ravenna as Bachelors in Salamanca.

[2] The two proverbs in the original are: *dime con quién andas, decirte he quién eres*, and *no con quién naces sino con quién paces*.

swears, I'll swear again, and if he sticks to it, I'll stick to it more, so that, come what will, my word shall be over the mark. Mayhap by this holding out I shall have done with his sending me again on such errands, seeing what ill answers I bring back out of them; or perhaps he will fancy, as I think he will, that some wicked enchanter, of those who he says mislike him, has changed her shape to do him a bad turn.

With these cogitations Sancho Panza quieted his conscience, reckoning his business to be as good as settled. He stayed there till the afternoon, so as to let Don Quixote believe there had been time for him to go to El Toboso and back; and all fell out so happily that when he rose to mount Dapple he saw coming towards him from El Toboso three peasant girls seated upon three ass-colts or fillies,—for the author does not make it clear which, though the belief is rather that they were young she-asses, such being the ordinary mount of village women;—but as there is not much in this, there is no need to stop in order to verify the point. To be brief, as soon as Sancho perceived the peasant girls, he went back at a hand-gallop to look for his master Don Quixote, and found him sighing and pouring forth a thousand amorous plaints. Don Quixote, on seeing him, cried:—What cheer, friend Sancho? Am I to mark this day with a white stone or with a black?

—Your worship, answered Sancho, had better mark it with red earth, as they do the college lists,[1] to be more plainly seen by those who look.

—In that case, said Don Quixote, thou bringest good news.

—So good, replied Sancho, that your worship has no more to do than clap the spur to Rozinante and go out into the open to see the lady Dulcinea, who, with two others, her maidens, comes to visit your worship.

[1] Those who had won the degree of Doctor at the Spanish universities were signalised by a mark in red chalk (*almagre*) placed against their names.

—Blessed God! What is it thou sayest, friend Sancho? exclaimed Don Quixote. Look thou dost not deceive me, nor seek by feigned joys to cheer my real sadness.

—What should I get by deceiving your worship, answered Sancho; especially when you are so near to the finding out of my truth? Spur on, Sir, and come, and you shall see the Princess, our mistress, coming arrayed and adorned,—in short, such as she is. Her maidens and she are one blaze of gold, all cobs of pearls,[1] all diamonds and rubies, all brocade of more than ten plaits;[2] the hair loose over their shoulders like so many sunbeams which go playing with the wind; and more than all, they come a-horseback on three piebald nackneys,[3] the finest can be seen.

—Hackneys thou wouldst say, Sancho.

—There is little difference, replied Sancho, between nackneys and hackneys; but let them come on what they may, they come the bravest ladies one could wish for; especially the Princess Dulcinea, my lady, who stuns the senses.

—Let us on, Sancho, cried Don Quixote; and in largess[4] for these as unlooked for as welcome news I devote to thee the best spoil I shall win in the first adventure we have; and if this doth not content thee, I bequeath to thee the fillies which my three mares will give me this year, who thou knowest are left to foal on our town common.

[1] *Mazorcas de perlas.* *Mazorca*, from the Arabic *maçora rocca*, according to Dozy, is literally a spindle full of thread,—also an ear of Indian corn. Compare Lord Beaconsfield's "ropes of pearls," in *Lothair*.

[2] *De mas de diez altos.* *Alto* is a plait or fold of gold or silver tissue worked in silk, to make it brocade. A broidery of three folds was the *ne plus ultra* of the richest brocade, so that Sancho's tenfold brocade is an impossible stuff.

[3] *Cananeas*, says Sancho, instead of *hacaneas*. A *hacanea* was the usual mount of Princesses and great ladies in the romances. They were imported, says Covarrubias, originally from Britain, so that the name might have come thence too. I have adopted Shelton's rendering of the *équivoque*.

[4] *En albricias.* *Albricias* is from the Arabic *al brichâra*. To give largess to the bearers of good news is an immemorial and universal custom in the East, and, as Don Quixote has said before, in Part I. ch. xxxi., in common use in chivalry.

—I stick to the fillies, said Sancho ; for as to the spoils of the first adventure being good ones, it is not quite certain.

By this they had come out of the wood, and descried the three village girls close at hand. Don Quixote cast his eye along all the road to El Toboso, and seeing none but the three wenches, was all troubled, and enquired of Sancho whether he had left the ladies outside the city.

—How outside the city ? Sancho answered ; has your worship eyes at the back of your head, perchance, that you see not that these are they who come here, shining like the very sun at noonday ?

—I see none, Sancho, said Don Quixote, but three labouring women upon three jackasses.

—Now God deliver me from the devil, responded Sancho ; and is it possible that three hackneys, or what you call them, white as the driven snow, should seem to you jackasses ? As the Lord liveth, may they pluck me out my beard if that be true !

—But I tell thee, friend Sancho, said Don Quixote, that it is as true that they are jackasses, or jinny-asses, as that I am Don Quixote and thou Sancho Panza,—at least, to me they appear so.

—Hush, Sir ! cried Sancho ; say not such a word, but snuff those eyes of yours, and come and do homage to the lady of your thoughts, who now draws nigh.

And saying this he went forward to receive the three village wenches, and alighting from Dapple, laid hold of the bridle of the ass which one of them rode, and sinking on both knees to the ground, exclaimed :

—Queen and Princess and Duchess of Beauty ! May your loftiness and greatness be pleased to receive into your grace and good liking your captive Knight, who stands there, turned into marble stone,—all troubled and scant of nerve at finding himself before your magnificent presence ! I am Sancho Panza, his squire, and he is the down-trodden knight

Don Quixote of La Mancha, otherwise called the Knight of the Rueful Feature.

By this time Don Quixote had placed himself on his knees beside Sancho, and was staring, with eyes starting out of his head and a puzzled gaze, at her whom Sancho called Queen and Lady; and seeing in her nothing but a village wench, nor very well favoured, for she was round-faced and flat-nosed, he stood bewildered and amazed, without venturing to open his lips. The lasses, too, were astonished at seeing those two men, so unlike in appearance, down upon their knees, who would not let their companion pass on. But she whom they had stopped, breaking silence, cried out roughly and angrily:

—Get out of the road, with a mischief, and let us pass,[1] for we are in a hurry.

To which Sancho replied:—O Princess and eminent Lady of El Toboso! And is not your magnanimous heart softened by seeing the pillar and prop of Knight Errantry before your sublimated presence?

Hearing this, one of the other two exclaimed:—Whoa then 'til I curry-comb thee, my father-in-law's ass![2] Look ye, how these small gentry come to make fun of us village girls, as if we did not know how to crack jokes as well as they! Go your road, and let us go ours, you had better!

At this Don Quixote said:—Arise, Sancho, for I perceive that Fortune, unsated with the ill done to me,[3] hath barred

[1] *Dejenmos pasar*, says the damsel, using the rustic form of the pronoun, *mos* instead of *nos*, as her companion does; a usage still extant in some provinces, says Clemencin.

[2] *Xo que te estrego, burra de mi suegro! Xo* is used to beasts to quiet them,—the opposite of *arré*. The phrase is a proverbial one, applied here not to the ass which the maiden bestrides, as Jarvis and others make it, but ironically to Sancho. "Wait till I scratch your eyes out!" would be our equivalent.

[3] A quotation from Cervantes' favourite, Garcilaso de la Vega,—

Mas la fortuna, de mi mal no harta,
Me aflige.

all the ways by which any comfort could come to this miserable soul I bear in my carcase. And thou, O highest perfection of all worth that can be desired! Summit of human gentleness! Unique relief of this afflicted heart which adores thee! Now that the malignant enchanter persecutes me and has set clouds and cataracts in mine eyes, and for them only and none else hath changed and transformed thy unrivalled loveliness and feature into the semblance of a poor labourer-girl, if so be that he has not at the same time turned mine also into that of some spectre, to make it loathsome in thine eyes, refuse not to look on me softly and lovingly, perceiving in this submission and knee-bending which I make to thy deformed beauty the humility with which my soul adores thee.

—There—tell that to my grandfather! replied the wench. I care little for your love-jabber. Be off with you! and let us go, and we will say thank-ye.

Sancho moved aside and let her pass, highly pleased with having come so well out of his entanglement. As soon as she found herself free, the girl who had played the part of Dulcinea prodded her nackney[1] with a sharpened stick she carried, and set off at a gallop across the field. The ass, feeling the point of the goad, which hurt her more than usual, began to plunge and kick in such a way as to bring the lady Dulcinea to earth. Don Quixote, seeing this, ran up to raise her, and Sancho to adjust and girth on the pack-saddle, which had slipped under the ass's belly. The saddle being fixed, Don Quixote would have lifted his enchanted mistress in his arms and put her upon the beast; but she, getting up from the ground, spared him that trouble, for stepping a little back, she took a short run, and planting her two hands upon the ass's crupper, she sprang into the saddle as lightly as a hawk and sat astride like a man.

[1] *Cananea*, writes the author; jocosely adopting Sancho's word. In the London edition of 1738 the word is converted, in scorn of humour, to *hacanea*.

—By Roque![1] cried Sancho at this, but the lady our mistress is nimbler than a falcon, and can teach the cleverest Cordovan or Mexican how to mount jennet-wise! At one jump she has sprung over the crupper of the saddle, and without spurs makes the pony run like a zebra, and her damsels are not much behind her, for they are all flying like the wind!

And such was the truth, for, Dulcinea being mounted, they all pricked after her and darted away at full speed, without turning their heads behind them, for the space of more than half a league.

Don Quixote followed them with his eyes, and when he saw them disappear he said, turning to Sancho:—Sancho, what thinkest thou? How I am misliked by enchanters! And look how far their malice and hatred of me extend, since they have sought to deprive me of the happiness I should have enjoyed on seeing my mistress in her very person! In truth I am born for an ensample of the unfortunate, and to be a mark and a target at which the arrows of adversity may aim and shoot. And thou hast to note, moreover, Sancho, that they are not content, these traitors, with having changed and transformed my Dulcinea, but they have transformed and changed her into a shape so base and ill-favoured as that of yonder village wench, and they have deprived her withal of what is proper to ladies of quality, which is the perfume they derive from going always among sweet amber and flowers. For thou must know, Sancho, that when I went up to mount Dulcinea upon her hackney (as thou sayest it was, though to me it appeared a she-ass) she gave me such a whiff of raw garlic as stifled[2] me and poisoned my very soul.

[1] *Vive Roque*, says Sancho, using the same mysterious invocation which the boy Andrés had used in Part I. ch. iv. See note to Part II. ch. i.

[2] *Me encalabrinó*. *Encalabrinar* is a stronger word than any we have in English to express the effect produced by a foul odour, such as that of raw garlic,—a root to which the Manchegans, male and female, are partial beyond all Spaniards. The use of garlic was forbidden by express statute in the *Doctrinal de Caballeros* to

—O vile crew! here cried Sancho; O wretched, spiteful enchanters, whom I would like to see strung by the gills like pilchards upon a rush! Much you know, much you can do, —much evil you do! Enough it were for you, rascals, to have changed the pearls of my lady's eyes into cork-tree galls, and her hair of purest gold into bristles of a red bullock's tail, and, in short, all her features from good to bad,—without touching her in the smell, for thereby at least we might have gathered what was hidden under that ugly skin; though, to tell the truth, I never perceived her ugliness but only her beauty, which was pointed and perfected by a mole which she had on her right lip, like a moustache, with seven or eight red hairs like threads of gold, and more than a span long.

—In accordance with that mole, said Don Quixote, from the correspondence which those of the face have with those of the body, Dulcinea must have another on the broad of her thigh corresponding to the side on which she has a mole on her face; but hairs of the length thou hast indicated are very long for moles.

—But I can tell your worship, said Sancho, that there they were, as though born with her.

—I believe it, friend, replied Don Quixote, for nothing did Nature put on Dulcinea which is not perfect and well finished; and so, if she had a hundred moles such as thou speakest of, on her they would not be moles, but moons[1] and resplendent stars. But tell me, Sancho, that which to me looked like a pack-saddle, which thou didst adjust—was it a plain pad or a side-saddle?

Knights of the Order of *La Banda*. But though Covarrubias says that garlic is no proper food for polite folk, the Spaniards generally of the lower order abide by their proverb, *vino puro y ajo crudo, hacen andar al mozo agudo*. Cervantes, like Horace, was a hater of the national root, which yet is no bad servant, though an ill master.

[1] There is a play here upon the words *lunar*, "a mole," and *luna*, "moon," which cannot be rendered in English.

—It was nothing but a jennet-saddle,[1] with a field covering worth half a kingdom, it was so rich.

—And that I should not have seen all this! cried Don Quixote; and now again I say, and shall say it a thousand times, that I am the most unfortunate of men.

The rogue Sancho had enough to do to dissemble his mirth on hearing the ravings of his master, so finely deceived. In the end, after much other talk had passed between them, they remounted their beasts, and took the road to Zaragoza, which they expected to reach in time to be present at a solemn festival which is wont to be held every year in that illustrious city.[2] But before they arrived there things happened to them, so many, so important, and so novel, as to deserve to be recorded and read, as will be seen farther on.

[1] *Silla á la gineta*,—that is, such as is adapted for ladies' riding, with high pommels, cantle, and short stirrups. The universal mode in La Mancha among the countrywomen is still to ride a-straddle, *á horcajadas*, for which position cantles would be unsuitable.

[2] Up to this time Cervantes clearly intended to take his hero to Zaragoza, though afterwards, as we shall see, he changed his purpose, finding that Avellaneda had made the false Don Quixote go there. It is usually said that Avellaneda, whoever he was, must have seen some of the chapters of Cervantes' Second Part in manuscript, or he would not have known of this Zaragoza project. But though it is quite possible, and even probable, that Cervantes' rival and secret enemy had access to his manuscript before publication, he might have known of the intended trip to Zaragoza from the last chapter of the First Part.

CHAPTER XI

Of the strange adventure which happened to the valorous Don Quixote with the car or cart of the Assembly of Death

Don Quixote went on his way very much downcast, musing on the cunning trick which the enchanters had played him in turning his lady Dulcinea into the foul shape of a village girl; nor could he think of any means to adopt in order to restore her to her original state. And these thoughts took him so far away from himself that unconsciously he slackened Rozinante's reins, who, feeling the liberty given him, lingered at every step to crop the green herbage in which those plains abounded. Sancho Panza woke him from his reverie, saying:

—Sir, griefs were made not for beasts but for men, but if men feel them over much they turn into beasts. Let your worship pull yourself together and return to yourself, and gather up Rozinante's reins; cheer up and rouse you, and show that light-heartedness which Knights Errant ought to have. What is this, in the name of all the devils? What mopishness is this? Are we here or in France? Nay, let the devil take all the Dulcineas there are in the world; for the well-being of one single Knight Errant is more than all the enchantments and transformations on earth.

—Peace, Sancho, said Don Quixote, in a voice not very faint; peace, I say, and utter no blasphemy against that

enchanted lady, for of her misfortune and calamity I alone bear the blame; of the envy which the wicked have for me has her ill-faring come.

—So say I, responded Sancho; who saw her then and sees her now, what is the heart but must weep?[1]

—Thou mayst well say that, Sancho, replied Don Quixote, for thou sawest her in the full integrity of her loveliness, when the enchantment did not extend to the troubling of thy vision or the concealing of her beauty. Against me alone and against my eyes was directed the force of its venom. Yet nevertheless, Sancho, I mind me of one thing, and it is that thou didst ill paint her beauty, for if I remember rightly thou saidst that she had eyes of pearl, and eyes that look like pearl are rather of a sea-bream than of a lady. In my belief those of Dulcinea must have been verdant emeralds, large and full, with two rainbows which served her for eyebrows; and as for those pearls, take them from her eyes and pass them on to her teeth, for doubtless Sancho thou hast changed it about, taking the eyes for the teeth.

—May be so, answered Sancho, for her beauty put me out as her ugliness did your worship; but let us leave it all in the hands of God, for 'tis He who is knowing in the things that happen in this vale of tears—in this wicked world of ours, in which there is scarce anything to be found which is without mixture of mischief, lying, and roguery. About one thing I am troubled, dear master, more than all the rest, which is to think what means have to be taken when your worship should conquer any giant or other Knight, and should order him to go and present himself before the beauty of the lady Dulcinea. Where is he to find it, that poor giant, or that poor, wretched, conquered

[1] Probably, as there is a rhyme in the original, these words are a fragment of some old ditty. They occur in nearly the same form in the *Corbacho* of the Archpriest of Talavera, and in the *Celestina*.

Knight? I think I see them wandering all over El Toboso, turned into staring idiots,[1] seeking my lady Dulcinea; and even though they met her in the middle of the street they will know her no more than my father.

—Perhaps, Sancho, said Don Quixote, the enchantment will not be extended to the depriving of the vanquished and presented giants and Knights of the power of recognising Dulcinea, and on one or two of the first I conquer and send to her we will make the experiment, whether they see her or not, by commanding them to return and give me report of what may have happened to them in this matter.

—What your worship has said, replied Sancho, seems to me to be good; and by this plan we shall come to learn what we want to know; and if so be as that she is disguised for your worship only, the misfortune will be more yours than hers; but since the lady Dulcinea is well and happy, we hereabout will make it out as well as we can, looking for our adventures and leaving time to do with hers, for it is the best doctor for these and other greater ailments.

Don Quixote would have replied to Sancho Panza, but he was interrupted by a cart which came out across the road, freighted with divers of the strangest shapes that could be conceived. He who drove the mules and acted as charioteer was a hideous demon. The waggon itself was open to the sky, without tilt or covering. The first figure that presented itself before Don Quixote's eyes was that of Death himself with a human face; next to him was an angel with large painted wings. At one side was an Emperor with a crown, seemingly of gold, on his head. At the feet of Death was the god whom they call Cupid, without the bandage over his eyes, but with his bow, quiver,

[1] *Bausanes*—literally, the dummy men in armour which used to be placed on the top of the battlements of a fortress to deceive the besiegers as to the strength of the garrison. Afterwards, the word was applied to those who stand stupidly staring at anything with their mouths open, says Covarrubias.

and arrows. There was also a Knight armed *cap-à-pie*, except that he wore no helmet or head-piece, but a hat decked with plumes of divers colours. With these were other persons, of various attire and visage. All this, beheld of a sudden, discomposed Don Quixote in some measure and struck terror into the heart of Sancho; but presently Don Quixote was gladdened, believing that some new and perilous adventure was being presented; and in this conceit, and with a soul disposed to encounter any danger soever, he planted himself in front of the cart, and cried out in a loud and menacing voice:

—Charioteer, driver, or devil, or what thou art! Delay not to tell me who thou art, whither thou goest, and who are the people thou art carrying in thy coach, which looks rather like the bark of Charon than the ordinary cart.

To which the Devil, stopping his cart, politely replied:

—Sir, we are players of Angulo el Malo,[1] his company, and have been acting this morning in a village which lies beyond yon hill,—for it is the Octave of Corpus Christi,—the piece of the Assembly of Death,[2] and we have to perform

[1] Angulo el Malo,—so called to distinguish him from another Angulo, his contemporary, who was a famous comic actor,—was a well-known manager of a strolling company in Cervantes' time. He is mentioned in one of Cervantes' novels, *El Colóquio de los Perros*.

[2] This would be one of the pieces called *Autos* (or *Farsas*) *Sacramentales*, which were very popular in Spain, and in fact the protoplastic drama. They were performed in the open street, generally at the great festival of the Corpus Christi—the most national, as it doubtless was the most popular, of all the celebrations of the Church. Lope de Vega himself wrote no less than four hundred of these sacred pieces, and to Calderon are attributed seventy-three, besides regular religious dramas, with which the *autos* are not to be confounded. The actors went about from town to town, just as they are here described, and commonly met with adventures not unlike that in our text. On one occasion, as we are told by the Dutchman, Somerdyk, in his *Voyage d'Espagne* (1667), the procession, including a *Tarasca* or fantastic dragon, was met by a body of muleteers, who got so frightened that they aroused the country, thinking a real monster had come amongst them. The Devil was always a prominent character in these plays; and Quevedo speaks of him as engrossing quite too large a share

this evening in that village which you see from here; and because it is close at hand, and to save ourselves the trouble of undressing and dressing again, we go attired in the costumes we play in. That youth there goes as Death; the other as an angel; that woman, who is the manager's wife, is the Queen; another one is a soldier; that one is an Emperor, and I am the Devil; and I am one of the principal characters in the play, for in this company I take the leading parts. If there is anything else your worship wishes to know about us, enquire of me, and I will be able to answer with all exactness, for, being the Devil, I am up to everything.

—By the faith of a Knight Errant, replied Don Quixote, when I saw this cart I imagined that some great adventure presented itself to me, and now I affirm that one must touch appearances with the hand to be undeceived. Go ye in God's name, good people, and hold your festival; and look ye, if you require anything wherein I may be useful to you, I will do it gladly and with a good heart, for from my boyhood I was ever a lover of masques, and in my youth had much longing for comedy.[1]

While they were thus discoursing, Fortune so willed that one of the company came up, clad in motley, hung about with many bells, who bore on the point of a wand three ox-bladders full blown; which jack-pudding approach-

of the interest, getting the best dresses, and strutting about the stage as though the theatre and all in it were his own (Quevedo, *Obras*, 1791, vol. i. p. 386).

[1] *Farándula*, which I have translated "comedy," was but one of the eight species of dramas enumerated by Agustin de Rojas (himself a comic actor and contemporary of Cervantes) in his *Viaje Entretenido*. The others were *Bululú*, *Naque*, *Gangarilla*, *Cambaleo*, *Garnacha*, *Bejiganga*, and *Compañia*. At no time and in no country did the rage for theatrical performances run so high as in Spain during the last two decades of the sixteenth and the first half of the seventeenth century. The churches themselves were deserted for the theatres, which led the priests to set up their religious plays, and retain members of their profession to write them, in self-defence. The *Carátula*, which I have translated "masque," was a species of pantomimic ballet, like our old English masque.

ing Don Quixote, began to fence with his stick and to beat the ground with his bladders, skipping about to the sound of the bells; which dreadful apparition so alarmed Rozinante that, taking the bit between his teeth so that Don Quixote had no power to stop him, he set off at a gallop across the plain, with greater speed than the bones of his anatomy ever promised. Sancho, thinking that his master was in danger of being thrown, jumped off Dapple and ran in all haste to assist him; but when he came up Don Quixote was already on the ground and Rozinante beside him, who had fallen with his master,—the usual end and upshot of his exploits and of Rozinante's gambols. But hardly had Sancho left his own beast to go to Don Quixote's help when the dancing devil with the bladders jumped upon Dapple, and slapping him with them, the terror and the racket more than the smart of the blows made him fly across country towards the village where they were going to hold the festival. Sancho, beholding the flight of Dapple and the fall of his master, knew not to which of the two calls first to attend; but at last, like a good squire and good servant, he let his love for his master prevail over his concern for his ass, though every time he saw the bladders rise in the air and descend upon the buttocks of Dapple he felt the terrors and torments of death, and he had rather that those blows fell upon the apples of his eyes than upon the least hair of his ass's tail. In this state of perplexed tribulation he came up to where Don Quixote lay, in a sorrier plight than he could wish, and helping him upon Rozinante, said:—Sir, the devil has carried away Dapple.

—What devil? asked Don Quixote.

—He with the bladders, answered Sancho.

—Then I will recover him, said Don Quixote, even if he were shut up in the deepest and darkest dungeons of hell. Follow me, Sancho, for the cart goes leisurely, and the mules shall pay for the loss of Dapple.

—There's no need to take that trouble, said Sancho; let your worship moderate your anger, for, as I see, the devil has already let Dapple go, who is coming back to his nest. —And so indeed it was, for the devil having stumbled with Dapple, in imitation of Don Quixote and Rozinante, made off on foot to the village, and the ass returned to his master.

—Nevertheless, said Don Quixote, it would be well to visit the devil's incivility upon one of those in the waggon, even though it were the Emperor himself.

—Let your worship put that out of your head, replied Sancho, and take my advice, which is never to meddle with play-actors, for they are a favoured folk. I have seen a stroller taken up for a couple of murders, and get off scot-free. Know, your worship, that they are merry people and of pleasure; everybody sides with them, everybody favours, helps, and regards them, and especially those who are of the King's companies and with a charter, who all, or mostly, in their dress and make-up look like princes.[1]

—For all that, answered Don Quixote, that player-devil shall not go off applauding himself, though he were favoured by the whole human race.

Saying this he turned to the waggon, which was very near to the village, calling out loudly as he rode:—Stay! halt! ye merry and festive crew!—for I would teach you how to treat the asses and animals which serve for the mounts of Knights Errant's squires!

So loud were Don Quixote's outcries that they were

[1] Pellicer has a long note on the actors of the period and the great popularity to which they attained. The abuses attendant on the freedom and the privileges enjoyed by the theatrical companies rose to such a height at last that, in spite of the protection extended to the stage by the highest personages at the Court, including the King himself,—especially Philip IV., who was passionately fond of the theatre,—it was found necessary to limit the number of licensed companies (*Compañias Reales y de Titulo*), which was reduced to six, whose members were nominated by the King's Council and could not perform without special licence. These six were afterwards increased to twelve.

heard and understood by the people in the waggon, and divining by the words the purpose of him who uttered them, Death in a moment leapt from the cart, and after him the Emperor, the driver-devil and the angel, nor did the Queen and the god Cupid stay behind; and they all loaded themselves with stones and placed themselves in a row, waiting to receive Don Quixote on the points of their pebbles. Don Quixote, seeing them ranged in that gallant array, their arms raised in act to discharge a formidable shower of stones, checked Rozinante's rein, and fell to considering how to encounter them with the least peril to his person. As he halted Sancho came up, and seeing him in a posture to assail that well-ordered battalion, said to him:

—It were sheer madness to attempt such an enterprise. Let your worship reflect, master dear, that against that soup from the brooks,[1] and plenty of it,[2] there is no defensive armour in the world unless you ensconce and hide yourself in a brass bell; and you should consider besides that it is rather foolhardiness than bravery for a single man to attack an army where Death is, and Emperors fight in person, and which good and bad angels help; and if this consideration does not move you to remain quiet, let it move you the knowing for certain that among all these yonder, though they look like Kings, Princes, and Emperors, there is never one Knight Errant.

—Now, indeed, said Don Quixote, thou hast hit upon the point which can and should turn me from my determination. I neither can nor should draw sword, as many a time and oft I have said to thee, against one who is not a dubbed Knight. To thee, Sancho, it pertains, if thou wouldst take vengeance for the injury which has been done to the ass, and I from here will aid thee with wise and salutary counsel.

[1] *Sopa de arroyo*—a cant name for pebbles.

[2] *Tente bonete*, usually *á*, or *hasta, tente bonete*—a familiar adverbial phrase, of uncertain origin, probably from the *Germania*.

—There is no call, Sir, said Sancho, to take vengeance on any one, for it is not the part of a good Christian to take it for wrongs, more by token that I shall persuade my ass to place his wrong into the hands of my will, which is to live peacefully all the days of life that Heaven may give me.

—Since that is thy determination, replied Don Quixote, —good Sancho, discreet Sancho, Christian Sancho, guileless Sancho,—let us leave these phantoms and return to the quest of better and more substantial adventures, for I perceive this country to be of a sort that there will not fail us many and very wonderful ones therein.

Then he turned rein, Sancho went to catch his Dapple, Death and all his flying squadron went back to their cart and pursued their journey; and thus happily ended the fearful adventure of the waggon of Death, thanks to the wholesome counsel which Sancho Panza gave his master, to whom the next day there happened another adventure with a love-stricken errant Knight, worthy of not less interest than the last.[1]

[1] According to the chart of Don Quixote's third sally as given in the Academy's edition, and in harmony with the subsequent adventures, the course of our Knight should after this be almost due south, and therefore away from the route to Zaragoza, which is north-east of El Toboso. Cervantes, perhaps, did not intend his hero to pursue any particular road, even though he had given out that his destination was Zaragoza, nor need we look for strict geographical accuracy in a work like this, any more than for chronological exactitude.

CHAPTER XII

Of the strange adventure which happened to the valorous Don Quixote with the brave Knight of the Mirrors

THE night following the day of the encounter with Death, Don Quixote and his squire passed beneath some tall and shady trees,[1] the former, at Sancho's persuasion, sitting down to eat of what was carried in Dapple's store. Whilst they were at supper, Sancho said to his master:—Sir, what a fool I should have been had I chosen for my largess the spoils of the first adventure achieved by your worship rather than the produce of the three mares! Indeed, indeed, a sparrow in the hand is better than a vulture on the wing.[2]

—Still, Sancho, answered Don Quixote, if thou hadst let me attack as I wished, there would have fallen to my share as spoil the Emperor's golden crown and Cupid's painted wings at least, for those I would have plucked off, in spite of their teeth, and put them into thy hands.

—The sceptres and crowns of play-emperors, observed Sancho, are never of real gold, but of tinsel or brass-foil.

—That is true, replied Don Quixote, for it were not right that the ornaments of comedy should be real, but

[1] Once more Cervantes speaks of tall and shady trees in a part of the country which is now almost destitute of any higher than an olive bush. It may be,—indeed, we have some evidence to show,—that in those days La Mancha was not so treeless as it is now.

[2] A proverb, three or four times used in *Don Quixote*. See note to Part I. ch. xxxi.

only counterfeit and seeming, as is comedy itself; towards which, Sancho, I would that thou wert favourably disposed, and as a consequence towards those who represent and compose them, for they are all instruments in effecting a great good to the commonwealth, holding before us at every step a mirror wherein are seen, livelily portrayed, the actions of human life; nor is there any portraiture which depicts more vividly what we are and what we should be than the drama and the players.[1] Prithee, tell me, hast thou not seen some comedy played wherein are introduced kings, emperors, pontiffs, knights, ladies, and divers other personages? One plays the bully, another the knave; one the merchant, one the soldier, others the witty fool and the foolish lover; and, the comedy ended, and their apparel put off, all the players remain equal.

—Yes, marry have I, answered Sancho.

—But the same, pursued Don Quixote, happens in the comedy and commerce of this world, wherein some play the emperors, others the pontiffs; in short, all the parts that can be introduced into a drama; but on reaching the end, which is when life is done, Death strips all of the robes which distinguished them, and they remain equal in the grave.

—A brave comparison! cried Sancho, though not so new but that I have heard it many and divers times, like that of the game of chess,—how, so long as the game lasts, each piece has its particular office, and the game being finished, they are all mixed, shuffled, and jumbled, and put away into a bag, which is much like putting away life in the grave.

—Every day, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote, thou becomest less simple and more wise.

—Yea, for some of your worship's wisdom must stick to

[1] Compare Hamlet's recommendation of the players as "the abstract and brief chronicles of the times"; and Jaques' speech on the stage in *As You Like It*.

me, answered Sancho; for lands that are of themselves dry and barren, by mucking and tilling they come to bear good fruit. I mean to say that your worship's talk has been the dung which has fallen upon the barren soil of my dry wit, the time of my service and commune with you being the tillage, and, with this, I expect to bear fruit of me, which may be a blessing such as may not disgrace me, nor slide from the paths of good breeding you have given to this parched-up understanding of mine.[1]

Don Quixote smiled at Sancho's affected phrases, and perceived that what he said about his amendment was true, for now and then Sancho spoke in a manner to surprise his master; though always, or mostly, when Sancho spoke in argument, and in a high-flown style, his speech ended by precipitating itself from the steep of his simplicity into the abyss of his ignorance. Where he showed his eloquence and his memory the most was in his use of proverbs, whether they came pat to the subject or not, as will have been seen, and must have been noted, in the course of this history.

In such conversation they spent a great part of the night, when to Sancho there came a longing to let fall the hatches of his eyes, as he was wont to say when he wanted to sleep; so, unharnessing Dapple, he left him to graze freely and abundantly. He did not take the saddle off Rozinante, for it was his master's express command that, during such time as they passed in the open country, or when they slept not under cover, Rozinante was not to be unsaddled,—it being an ancient usage established and observed by Knights Errant to take off the bridle and hang it on the saddle-bow; but take the saddle off the steed?—Never! Sancho so did, and gave him the same liberty as to Dapple, whose friendship for

[1] Note the felicity with which the author, while keeping up Sancho's character for simplicity mingled with a spice of malice, accounts for his development into a higher wit and humour in this Second Part, preparing us for the scenes in which Sancho figures singly and conspicuously.

Rozinante was so singular and so close that there is a tradition handed down from father to son that the author of this truthful history wrote some especial chapters thereon, but in order to preserve the propriety and harmony which to so heroical a story were due, he did not put them in: although sometimes he forgets this determination of his and writes that, as soon as the two animals were together, they would set to scratching one another, and how, when they were tired or contented, Rozinante would stretch his neck across Dapple's more than half a yard, and, fixing their eyes intently on the ground, the two were wont to remain in that position for three days,—or at least all the time they were left undisturbed, and until hunger compelled them to seek for food. The author, I am told, has left it recorded that he likened their friendship to that of Nisus and Euryalus, and of Pylades and Orestes; and, if this be so, it can be seen how strong must have been the friendship between the two pacific animals, for an universal wonder and for the confusion of the humankind, who can so ill preserve friendships one for another; for which reason it is said:—

Friend to friend no more is there,[1]
Playful reed is turn'd to spear.

And that other which is sung:—

From friend to friend the bug, etc.[2]

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[1] The lines quoted—

No hai amigo para amigo
Las cañas se vuelven lanzas—

are from a ballad which occurs in Hita's *Historia de los Bandos y Guerras Civiles de Granada*. The subject is a tournament held by the Moorish King of Granada in order to confirm a pact between the two great rival houses of the Zegries and the Abencerrages, the result of which was that from the mock sport of reed (*jereed*) throwing the combatants came to real fighting.

[2] *De amigo á amigo la chinche—en el ojo* understood; a proverb which seems at one time to have formed a line of a ballad; explained by Covarrubias to refer to one who, professing to be a friend to another, has something in his eye betokening a contrary disposition.

And let no one think that the author went out of his way when he compared the friendship of these animals to that of men, for from the beasts have men received many lessons, and learnt many things of value, as from storks the clyster, from dogs the vomit and gratitude, from the crane vigilance, from the ants thrift, from the elephants chastity, and from the horse loyalty.[1]

Finally, Sancho fell asleep at the foot of a cork-tree, and Don Quixote dozed under a stately oak. But a short time only had elapsed when he was awakened by a voice which he heard behind him, and, rising with a sudden start, he disposed himself to look and to listen whence the voice proceeded, when he perceived two men on horseback, one of whom, letting himself drop from the saddle, said to the other:

—Dismount, friend, and take the bridles off the horses, for methinks this spot is rich in grass for them, and in the silence and solitude which are needed for my amorous meditations.

To say this and to stretch himself on the ground was the work of a moment; and as he flung himself down the armour in which he was clad rattled—proof palpable by which Don Quixote knew him to be a Knight Errant. So going up to Sancho, who was still sleeping, he seized his squire by the arm, and arousing him with no small difficulty, said to him in a low voice:

—Brother Sancho, we have here an adventure.

—God send us a good one, answered Sancho; and where is she, dear Sir,—her Grace, madam Adventure?

—Where, Sancho? replied Don Quixote; turn thine eyes and look, and thou wilt see stretched there a Knight

[1] These instances of the useful things which men have learnt from brutes are taken from Pliny's *Natural History*,—up to that time the chief source of knowledge of all that related to the animal world. It is the sacred ibis of Egypt, not the stork, which Pliny credits with the invention of the clyster.

Errant who, as I conjecture, cannot be over cheerful, for I saw him fling from the horse and cast himself on the ground with sundry tokens of displeasure, and in falling his armour rattled.

—But how does your worship make out that this is an adventure? said Sancho.

—I would not say, answered Don Quixote, that this is wholly an adventure, but it is the commencement of one, for thus it is that adventures begin. But list!—for he appears to be tuning a lute or a viol, and by his spitting and clearing of his throat he should be preparing to sing something.

—I' faith it is so, replied Sancho, and he must be a Knight in love.

—There is none of the Errants who is not, said Don Quixote. Let us listen to him, for if he sings, by that thread we shall reach the clue[1] of his thoughts, for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.

Sancho would have replied to his master, but the voice of the Knight of the Wood, which was neither very bad nor very good, stopped him; and the two, listening attentively, heard him sing this

SONG[2]

Deign, cruel mistress, me to show
Some token of thy sovereign will,
Which as my goal I may pursue,
And keep within the boundary still.

If thou wouldst wish my suit were dead,
In death my anguish I will drown;
Or say, wouldst have me speak, I'll plead
Till Love itself the strain shall own.

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[1] *Por el hilo sacaremos el ovillo*—a proverbial saying, frequently used in this book.

[2] Like some of my predecessors, I have taken a liberty here in changing what is a sonnet in the original into a song, which in English is better for singing.

Of softest wax and diamond made,
My soul to either opposite
Is turn'd as thy command is laid,
The ordinance of love to fit.

Or soft or hard, my heart I'll lay
Within thy hands, to do with me,
To grave or print it, as you may ;
For thine it is eternally.

With a heigh-ho ! which seemed to be wrung from the bottom of his heart, the Knight of the Wood brought his singing to an end ; and after a little pause he exclaimed in a sorrowful and piteous voice :—O fairest, and most ungrateful woman upon earth ! And is it possible, serenest Casildea de Vandalia,[1] that thou sufferest this thy captive Knight to be consumed and to perish in perpetual wanderings and in harsh, unkind toils ? Is it not enough that I have caused thee to be confessed for the most beautiful in the world by all the Knights of Navarre, all of Leon, of Tartesia, of Castile, and, in fine, by all the Knights of La Mancha.

—Not so, exclaimed Don Quixote at this ; for I am of La Mancha, and have never so confessed, nor could I, nor ought I, to confess a thing so much to the prejudice of the beauty of my mistress. This Knight, as thou seest, Sancho, raveth. But let us listen ; perhaps he will declare himself further.

—Aye will he, replied Sancho, for he looks like the sort to bemoan a month at a stretch.

It was not so, however, for the Knight of the Wood, having overheard this talk so near him, proceeded no farther with his lamentation, but started to his feet, and in a loud but courteous voice called out :—Who goes there ? Who are

[1] A name composed in imitation of those borne by the ladies of romance. Vandalia is an antique form of Andalucia, so named from having been the country of the Vandals.

you? Are ye by chance of the number of the blessed or of the afflicted?

—Of the afflicted, responded Don Quixote.

—Then come hither to me, said he of the Wood, and count upon coming to very sorrow and to affliction's self.

Don Quixote, when he found that he was answered so delicately and politely, went over to him, and Sancho also. The plaintive Knight took Don Quixote by the arm and cried:—Sit ye here, Sir Knight, for to know that you are one and of the number of those who profess Errantry, it is enough for me to have found you in this spot, where solitude and the night dews keep you company,—the natural couch and proper habitation of Knights Errant.

To which Don Quixote made response:—A Knight I am of the order of which you speak, and though in my soul sorrows, miseries, and disasters hold their seat, nevertheless they have not scared away thence my compassion for the misfortunes of others. From what you were just now singing, I have gathered that yours are amorous ones,—I mean to say, born of the love you bear to that beautiful ingrate whom in your plaints you named.

While this passed they were seated together upon the hard ground in peace and good fellowship, as if they had not, at break of day, to break each other's heads.

—Perchance you also, Sir Knight, enquired he of the Wood, are in love?

—Per-mischance I am, answered Don Quixote; although the sufferings which spring of fancies well placed should rather be held as favours than misfortunes.

—That is true, replied he of the Wood, if disdain did not unsettle the reason and the understanding, for when it is excessive it looks like revenge.

—Never was I disdained of my mistress, said Don Quixote.

—No, i' faith, cried Sancho, who stood close by, for

my lady is as meek as a yearling ewe and softer than any butter.

—Is this your squire? asked he of the Wood.

—Yes, he is, answered Don Quixote.

—Never have I seen squire, replied he of the Wood, who dared to speak where his master spoke. At least, yonder is mine, who is as big as his father, and it cannot be proved that he ever opened his lips where I was speaking.

—Then, faith, cried Sancho, I have spoken and am able to speak before another as good, and even—but let it be, for it will be worse for stirring.

The Squire of the Wood took hold of Sancho by the arm and said:—Come, let us two go where we can speak in squirely fashion of all that we have a mind to, and leave these gentlemen, our masters, to butt at each other,[1] telling the stories of their amours, for I warrant me the day will catch them at it, and then they will not have done.

—So let it be, and willingly, said Sancho; and I will tell your worship who I am, that you may see whether I am in the running with your most talkative squires.

Thereupon the two squires went aside, and between them there passed a colloquy as droll as that which passed between their masters was serious.

[1] *Que se den de las astas*—a simile taken from the bullock-yard or goat-pen.

CHAPTER XIII

Wherein is continued the adventure of the Knight of the Wood, with the shrewd, novel, and delicate colloquy which passed between the two Squires

The Knights and the squires were separated into two parties,—these telling of their lives and those of their loves; but the history tells first of the conversation between the servants, and then follows that between the masters. And thus it proceeds, that he of the Wood, drawing a little apart from the others, said to Sancho:

—A toilsome life is this we lead and live, Sir, those of us who are squires to Knights Errant. We truly eat our bread in the sweat of our brows, which is one of the curses which God laid upon our first parents.

—It may be said too, Sancho added, that we eat it in the chill of our bodies, for who suffers more heat and more cold than your miserable squires of Knight Errantry? Nay, and it would not be so bad if we did eat, for woes are lesser if there's bread;[1] but sometimes it is a day or days we pass without breaking fast except it be on the wind that blows.

—All that can be borne and forborne, quoth he of the Wood, through the hope we have of reward; for unless the

[1] *Los duelos con pan son menos*—a proverb, of which another form is *duelos y serenos con pan son menos*. The Spanish proverbs usually contain a jingle or rhyme, the better to stick to the memory and the more glibly to fall from the tongue. But here as elsewhere Sancho only uses such portion of the proverb as is applicable to the situation, assuming the whole to be known to his hearers.

Knight Errant whom he serves is particularly unlucky, at the least the squire will find himself in a little rewarded with a handsome government of some Isle, or some decent countship.

—I have told my master already, said Sancho, that I am content with the governorship of some Isle, and he is so noble and so generous that he has promised it to me many and many times.

—I, replied he of the Wood, shall be satisfied with a canonry for my services ; and my master has already bespoken one for me.

—Belike, then, your worship's master, said Sancho, must be a Knight in the ecclesiastical line, and can do these favours for his good squires. Mine is merely a layman, though I recollect when there would counsel him some clever persons—though to my thinking of ill intent—to try and be made an Archbishop, but he would be none but Emperor ;[1] and I was in a trouble then lest it should come into his fancy to belong to the Church, not feeling myself sufficient to hold benefices in it ; for I would have you know that though I look like a man I am a very beast for the Church.

—Indeed, but your worship is wrong, said he of the Wood, for the reason that insulary governorships[2] are not all of a good sort ; some are crooked, some poor, some melancholic, and, indeed, the most high-flown and wholesome of them carries with it a plaguy load of cares and discomforts, which the unhappy wight to whose lot it falls has to bear on his shoulders. Far better were it that we

[1] Sancho is here a little inexact, seeing that the persons to whom he alludes, the Priest and the Barber, so far from counselling Don Quixote to become an Archbishop, advised him not to be one, but rather an Emperor (see Part I. ch. xxvi.).

[2] *Gobiernos insulanos.* The squire uses the romantic and archaic adjective *insulanos*, in place of the familiar *insulares* or *isleños*—to keep up the joke about *insula*.

who profess this cursed service should retire to our own homes, and there employ ourselves in exercises more agreeable, as who should say in hunting and fishing; for what squire is there in the world so poor as to want a hack, a couple of greyhounds, and a fishing-rod, with which to amuse him in his own village?

—For me, I lack nothing of that, answered Sancho. True, I have no hack, but I have an ass, who is worth twice as much as my master's horse. God send me a bad Easter,[1] and let it be the next that comes, if I would swap him for the other, though they gave me four bushels of barley to boot. Your worship may take for a joke the value I put on my Dapple,—for dapple is the colour of my ass. As for greyhounds, they will not be wanting, for they are overplentiful in my village, and marry that is the pleasantest hunting which is done at another's cost.

—Really and truly, Sir Squire, replied he of the Wood, I am resolved and bent upon quitting these tipsy freaks of your Knights Errant, and returning to my village, and bringing up my little ones, for it is three I have, like three Orient pearls.

—Two have I, said Sancho, whom I could present to the Pope in person; especially a girl, whom I am rearing to be a Countess, please God—though in spite of her mother.

—And what age is that lady who is being brought up for a Countess? asked he of the Wood.

—Fifteen years, more or less, answered Sancho; but she is as tall as a lance, and as fresh as an April morning, and as strong as a porter.

—Those are parts, indeed, replied he of the Wood, to fit her, not only for a Countess, but a nymph of the greenwood.

[1] To pray that one might have a good Easter was a common form of wishing one good luck, and *vice versâ*. *Buena Pascua dé Dios á Pedro*, is a proverb in Nuñez's collection.

Ah, the whoreson quean! and what thews the rogue will have![1]

To which Sancho replied somewhat testily:—Neither is she a whore, nor was her mother one, nor shall be either of them two, God willing, whilst I live; and do you keep a more civil tongue, for, considering you have been brought up among Knights Errant, who are politeness itself, methinks your words are not well chosen.

—O, how ill your worship misunderstands the turn of compliments, Sir Squire! replied he of the Wood. Why, don't you know that when any horseman gives a good thrust at a bull in the square, or when any one does a thing well, the people are wont to say:—O, the son of a bitch! and how well he has done it!—And that which is a reproach in the words is notable praise; and do you, Sir, disown the sons or daughters who do not the works which deserve for their parents the like praises.

—Aye, I disown them, retorted Sancho; and after that mode, and for the same reason, your worship may clap a whole bawdy-house at once on me, my wife and children, for all they do and say are so super-excellent as to deserve the like praise, and that I may see them again, I pray to God to deliver me from mortal sin, which is the same as to deliver me from this parlous business of squire into which I have fallen for the second time, lured and tempted by a purse with a hundred ducats in it, which I found one day in the heart of the Sierra Morena; and it is the Devil is always

[1] *O hideputa puta, y qué rejo debe de tener*;—Sancho, though he objects to the phrase, which is a sufficiently coarse one, though of very common use, as applied to his daughter, had used precisely the same of Aldonza Lorenzo, the original of Dulcinea (see Part I. ch. xxv.), using it again of another lady, as will be seen hereafter. The word *puta* was so common in use at that time as, like our English equivalent of the masculine *puto* in the mining districts, to become almost a term of endearment. So Cervantes himself tells us in one of his novels, —*El Colóquio de los Perros*,—that with the infant in swaddling-clothes almost the first word it uses to its mother or nurse is *puta*.

putting before my eyes, here, there, and everywhere, a bag full of doubloons which, methinks, at every step I am turning it with my hand, and hugging it, to carry it home, to make investments, and settle rents, and live like a Prince; and the while I think on this the toils are made easy and light to me, which I endure with this ninny of a master of mine, whom I know to be more of a madman than a Knight.

—Therefore it is that they say that covetousness bursts the bag,[1] quoth he of the Wood; and if it is them we come to talk of, there is not another greater in the world than my master, for he is one of those of whom the proverb runs: *Care for his neighbour kills the ass*;[2] for, in order that another Knight may regain the wits he has lost, he makes of himself a lunatic and goes about seeking for what, if found, may hap to hit him on the snout.

—And is he in love, by chance?

—Yes, said he of the Wood; with one Casildea of Vandalia, the rawest[3] and best-cooked lady to be found in all the world; but it is not upon the leg of the rawness that he halts, for he has other greater schemes rumbling in his bowels, and that he will speak of before many hours.

—There is no road so straight but has some rut or hollow, said Sancho. In other houses they cook beans but in mine whole coppers full:[4] folly will have more companions and messmates than wisdom; but if it be true, as commonly said, that to have company in troubles is good for their

[1] *La codicia rompe el saco*—a proverb, more than once here used.

[2] *Cuidados agenos matan al asno*—a proverb. The squire is referring to Carrasco's solicitude on behalf of Don Quixote, which, of course, Sancho does not understand.

[3] Here is a play upon the word *cruda*, meaning both "raw" and "cruel,"—which cannot be rendered in English. The squire intends to hint, as is seen in the latter part of the sentence, that the lady is an imaginary one and his master's amour feigned.

[4] *En otras casas cuecen habas y en la mia á calderadas*;—Sancho is quoting the proverb which runs thus, to signify that his own master has a full share of madness.

relief, I shall be able to console me with your worship, since you serve a master as foolish as mine.

—Foolish, but stout, replied he of the Wood; and more roguish than foolish or stout.

—That is not mine, said Sancho; I mean he has none of the rogue; rather has he a soul as clean as a pitcher.[1] He can do no harm to any one, but good to all, nor has he any malice at all; a child might persuade him it is night at noon-day; and it is for this simpleness I love him like my heart-strings, and cannot be handy at leaving him, for all the pranks he plays.

—With all that, Sir and brother, said he of the Wood, if the blind lead the blind, both are in danger of falling into the ditch. It is better for us to turn about and retire to our dens, for they who seek for adventures do not always find good ones.

Sancho kept spitting frequently, a spittle which seemed of a gluey kind and somewhat dry, which being observed and noted by the charitable squire of the Wood, he said:—Methinks our tongues have stuck to our palates with our talk, but I carry a loosener hanging from my saddle-bow, which is a pretty good one.

And getting up, he came back in a short time with a large bottle[2] of wine and a pasty half a yard long, which is no exaggeration, for it held a whole rabbit so big that Sancho in handling it took it to be a goat, nor a little one either; at sight of which he exclaimed:—And does your worship take such as this along with you, Sir?

—What then did you think? quoth the other.—Am I

[1] *Tiene un alma como un cántaro.* "To have a soul like a pitcher" is a phrase generally used in bad part, of one who is stupid with a streak of malice. It is sometimes so used in *Don Quixote*; but here, and in a subsequent passage, it is intended to signify a harmless simpleton.

[2] It is perhaps unnecessary to remark that *bota*, here as elsewhere through this book, means a bottle of leather.

perchance some bread-and-water squire?[1] I carry better provender on my horse's crupper than a general takes with him on the march.

Sancho fell to without being asked, and swallowed large lumps[2] at a mouthful in the dark, observing :—Your worship is indeed a squire trusty and loyal, right and sound,[3] magnificent and grand, as this banquet shows, which if it has not come here by enchantment, looks like it at least ; and not as I am, mean and miserable, who only carry in my wallets a bit of cheese so hard that you could brain a giant with it, and a few dozen carob beans[4] and other few filberts and nuts,—thanks to the closeness of my master and the idea he has and the rule he keeps about Knights Errant not having to maintain and feed themselves except on dry fruit and the herbs of the field.

—By my faith, replied he of the Wood, but I have no stomach made for your thistles or your choke-pears,[5] nor for roots from the forest. Let our masters have them, with their ideas and their laws of chivalry, and let them eat what they commend. For me, I carry my panniers and this leather bottle hung from my saddle-bow, when I am so disposed, and I am so strongly attached and loving to it, that few minutes pass without my giving it a thousand kisses and hugs.

And so saying he put it into Sancho's hands, who lifting it up pressed it to his mouth, and remained gazing at the

[1] *Escudero de água y lana*—literally, "a squire of water and wool,"—meaning a squire of low degree and little worth,—one who drinks nothing but water and is clothed in nothing but woollen.

[2] *Bocados de nudos de suelta*—literally, "mouthfuls as big as knots in a tether."

[3] *Moliente y corriente*—a vulgar idiomatic phrase.

[4] *Algarrobas*; the seed-pods of the locust or carob-tree, *Ceratonia siliqua*,—common in the south and east of Spain, of which the pods are used as food for cattle in Valencia and the beans themselves eaten by the poor.

[5] *A tagarninas ni á piruétanos. Tagarnina* is the perennial star-thistle, *scolymus hispanicus*,—a common weed in Spain. *Piruétano* is the wild pear-tree.

stars for a quarter of an hour.[1] Having finished his draught, he dropped his head on one side, and heaving a deep sigh, cried :—O whoreson rogue ! How catholic[2] it is !

—See there, said he of the Wood, hearing Sancho's exclamation, how you have praised this wine, calling it whoreson.

—I own, I say, answered Sancho, that I know it to be no disgrace to call a body son of a whore when you mean to praise him. But tell me, Sir, by the life you love best, is this wine of Ciudad Real ?[3]

—O rare judge ! cried he of the Wood ; in faith it is of no other growth, and has a few years of age in it.

—Let me alone for that, said Sancho ; don't think it escaped me to take note of its quality. Is it no good gift I have, Sir Squire, in having an instinct so fine and so natural in this knowing of wines, that in only giving me one to smell I can hit upon the country, the kind, the flavour, and the age ; the changes it will go through, with all other details pertaining to the wine ? But there is

[1] To drink from the *bota*, without spilling a drop of the precious liquor, is an accomplishment peculiar to the Spanish peasant,—not to be undertaken rashly by any stranger. It is amazing how long those born to the practice can manage to keep the mouth fixed to the bottle without drawing breath. The verb *empinar*, here used, "to raise on high," has, in consequence of its frequent connexion with the bottle, come to have colloquially a secondary meaning equivalent to our "boozing" or "tippling."

[2] Meaning how good,—how sound it is. *No estar muy Catolico* is colloquial for "to be not very well."

[3] The wine of Ciudad Real, the official capital of La Mancha, was held in high esteem in that age as about the best in Spain. Cervantes himself, in one of his Novels, calls it "the robing-room of the God of Laughter." It is represented in these days by Val-de-Peñas,—a good, wholesome, honest wine, as drunk in the country itself,—when fairly kept and not in tarry skins. For export it is always brandied, which destroys its aroma, flavour, and wholesomeness. An enormous quantity of red wine is now produced in La Mancha, the greater portion of which is sent to Bordeaux, to be turned into claret. Ciudad Real,—dubbed by our author *Imperial Ciudad*,—has greatly declined, and is now one of the dullest cities in Spain. The other famous wines of Spain in Cervantes' time were Madrigal, Coca, Esquivias, La Membrilla, San Martin de Val-de-iglésias, etc.

nothing to marvel at, since I had in my family on my father's side the two most excellent tasters that La Mancha has known for many long years ; for proof of which I will relate what happened to them. Some wine from a cask was given them to try, they being asked its condition, quality, goodness or defect. The one tested it with the tip of his tongue, the other did no more than lift it to his nose. The first said the wine tasted of iron ; the second that it had rather a flavour of leather. The owner declared that the cask was a clean one, and the wine had no blending whence it could have taken a taste of either iron or leather. Nevertheless, those two famous wine-tasters stuck to what they had said. Time went by ; the wine was sold ; and on clearing out the cask they found in it a small key hanging to a thong of leather. Now you may see whether one who comes of this stock is able to give an opinion in such-like cases.[1]

—Therefore say I, quoth he of the Wood, let us give up going about seeking for adventures, and seeing we have loaves let us not look for tarts, but return to our cribs, for God will find us there if He will.

—I will serve my master till he gets to Zaragoza, and after that we will come to an understanding.

In the end they talked so much and drank so much, the two good squires, that they had need of sleep to tie up their tongues and moderate their thirst, for to quench it was impossible. And so with the nearly empty bottle held between them, and their morsels half chewed in their mouths, they fell asleep ; where we will leave them for the present to relate what passed between the Knight of the Wood and him of the Rueful Feature.

[1] This story of wine-tasting, which seems to me to have a flavour of the East (is there not an old Persian legend of a similar tenour?), was introduced by Cervantes into one of his farces—*Eleccion de los Alcaldes de Daganzo*—in which one of the candidates cites his discovery of the key attached to a leather thong in a wine-jar in proof of his qualification for office.

CHAPTER XIV

Wherein is continued the adventure of the Knight of the Wood

The history tells us that among sundry speeches which passed between Don Quixote and the Knight of the Wood, he of the Wood said to Don Quixote:

—In fine, Sir Knight, I would have you know that my destiny, or to speak more precisely my choice, led me to be enamoured of the peerless Casildea, of Vandalia. I call her without peer, for none has she, either in the greatness of her stature or the excellency of her state and beauty. This said Casildea then, I am telling you, repaid my honest inclinations and my gentle desires by employing me, as his step-mother did Hercules, in many and divers perils, promising me at the end of each that, with the end of the next, I should reach the end of my hopes;[1] but my labours have gone on increasing link by link in such wise that they have passed count, nor do I know which is to be the last to initiate the accomplishment of my honourable desires. At one time she commanded me to go and challenge that famous giantess of Seville, called the

[1] Were it not that here, as elsewhere, Cervantes has been seriously taken to task by the critics and commentators for his impropriety of language, when he is deliberately and consciously putting absurd turns of speech into the mouths of his characters, it would be unnecessary to say that throughout this discourse with Don Quixote, the Knight of the Wood, or of the Mirrors, is talking in burlesque fashion,—the "chaff" being sometimes almost too audacious, as befits the character of him who has assumed the part.

Giralda,[1] who is as mighty and valiant as though made of brass, and though never stirring from one spot is the most changeable and volatile woman in the world. I came, I saw, and I conquered her ; and I forced her to be still and keep to one point (for none but north winds blew for more than a week).[2] Time was, also, when she bade me go and weigh those ancient stones, the mighty Bulls of Guisando ;[3] an undertaking fitter to be recommended to porters than to Knights. Another time she ordered me to fling myself down into the cavern of Cabra,[4]—a peril unheard-of and terrible,—and bring her back a particular account of what is contained in that obscure abyss. I arrested the motion of the Giralda ; I weighed the Bulls of Guisando ; I descended into the cavern and dragged to light what was hidden in its depths ; and still my hopes are more than ever dead ; her commands and her disdains more than ever lively. To

[1] The *Giralda* is the well-known figure of Faith which, by a wicked stroke of irony, is made to serve the purpose of a weather-cock on the top of the great tower of the Cathedral of Seville. The figure is of brass, fourteen feet high, holding in one hand a branch of palm and in the other a small square flag, which serves as a dog-vane. It was placed upon the tower in the year 1568, and therefore was a comparatively novel spectacle in the time of Cervantes. The tower itself, to which the name of *La Giralda* is often wrongly given, is a beautiful specimen of Moorish brickwork, erected towards the end of the twelfth century by one of the Emirs of the Almohade dynasty. The topmost course and the turrets were added in the fifteenth century, after the original ornaments had been destroyed by a terrible hurricane in the year 1395. The earthquake of 1884 is supposed to have seriously damaged this beautiful and interesting monument of Moorish art, though the figure of Faith still turns with every wind, as it has done during the last three hundred years.

[2] This is apparently said in a half-aside, and not directly to Don Quixote.

[3] These Bulls of Guisando are four misshapen lumps of granite, bearing some rude resemblance to the animal form, six or seven feet long, four feet high, and two feet thick, placed in a line facing the west, between Cadalso and Cebreros, in the district of Avila. There are traces of inscriptions in the plinths, which are now undecipherable. The antiquaries cannot agree as to what these figures represent or mean. There are others like them in various parts of the interior of Spain.

[4] The cavern of Cabra is in the district of Cordova—supposed to be the shaft of an ancient mine.

conclude, she has laid upon me finally her mandate to course through all the provinces of Spain and force all the Knights Errant who rove through them to confess that she is the most excellent in beauty of all who are alive this day, and that I am the most valiant and enamoured Knight on the earth ; on which commission I have already traversed the greater part of Spain, and have vanquished many Knights therein who have dared to gainsay me. But that on which I most value and pride myself is the having conquered in single combat that Knight so famous, Don Quixote of La Mancha, and made him confess that my Casildea is lovelier than his Dulcinea ; and in this one conquering I reckon that I have conquered all the Knights in the world, for the aforesaid Don Quixote has conquered all of them, and I having conquered him, his glory, his renown, and his honour have been transferred and passed on to my person.

> And still the victor's glory grows the more,
> By all the fame the vanquished had before.[1]

So the innumerable exploits of the said Don Quixote are set down to my credit and are become mine.

Don Quixote was astounded at what he heard from the Knight of the Wood, and a thousand times he was on the point of telling him that he lied, and had *thou liest* on the tip of his tongue ; but he restrained himself as well as he could, so as to make the other confess his lie out of his own mouth ; and therefore he said to him composedly :

—As to your worship, Sir Knight, having conquered most of the Knights of Spain, and even of the world, I say nothing ; but that you have conquered Don Quixote of La Mancha I take leave to doubt. It may be it was some one else who resembled him, though there are few like him.

—How, not conquered him ? replied he of the Wood ;

[1] The lines quoted in the original are from Ercilla's *La Araucana*,—slightly altered.

by the heaven which covers us, but I fought with Don Quixote, and vanquished him, and forced him to yield; and he is a man tall of stature, gaunt of visage, lanky and shrivelled of limb, grizzly-headed, the nose aquiline and a little crooked, with large moustaches, black and drooping. He takes the field under the name of the Knight of the Rueful Feature, and has for squire a labouring-man called Sancho Panza. He cumbers the loins and rules the rein of a famous steed called Rozinante; and, lastly, he has for the mistress of his affections one Dulcinea del Toboso, once known by the name of Aldonza Lorenzo,—just as mine, whose name being Casildea, and coming from Andalucia, I call Casildea de Vandalia. If all these tokens do not suffice to confirm the truth of what I say, here is my sword, which shall compel incredulity itself to give credence to it.

—Be easy, Sir Knight, said Don Quixote, and listen to what I would say to you. You have to know that this Don Quixote of whom you speak is the greatest friend I have in the world, insomuch that I can say that I regard him in the place of my very self, and by the tokens so particular and precise you have given me of him, I cannot doubt but that he is the same whom you conquered. On the other hand, I see with my eyes and feel with my hands the impossibility of his being the same; were it not that, inasmuch as he has many enemies among the enchanters,—especially one who is generally persecuting him,—some one of them may have taken his shape in order to let himself be vanquished, to defraud him of the fame which his lofty chivalric deeds have won and reaped for him over all the human earth. And for a confirmation of this, I would have you know, moreover, that no more than two days since, the said enchanters, his adversaries, transformed the shape and person of the beauteous Dulcinea del Toboso into a vile and low village girl; and in like manner they must have transformed Don Quixote. And if all this does

not suffice to convince you of the truth of what I say, here stands Don Quixote himself, who will maintain it with his arms, on foot or on horseback, or in whatever fashion shall please you.

So saying, he rose to his feet, and, grasping his sword, awaited the decision of the Knight of the Wood; who, in a voice equally composed, replied:—To the good paymaster pledges give no pain.[1] He who was once able to vanquish you, Sir Don Quixote, transformed, may well hope to overcome you in your own proper person. But seeing it is not well that Knights should perform their deeds of arms in the dark like highwaymen and bullies, let us wait for the day, so that the sun may look upon our works. And it shall be a condition of our battle that the vanquished shall be at the will of the victor, to do all that he may wish, provided that what is enjoined shall not be unbecoming a Knight.

—I am more than satisfied with that condition and agreement, replied Don Quixote.

And so saying they went to their squires, whom they found snoring, and in the same posture as when sleep overtook them. They were awakened and commanded to get the horses ready, for at sunrise the two Knights had to engage in a bloody and arduous single combat, at which intelligence Sancho was astounded and stupefied, trembling for the safety of his master, because of the prowesses he had heard the Squire of the Wood tell of his; but, without speaking, the two squires went to look for their cattle, for the three horses and Dapple had smelt each other out and were all together. On the way, he of the Wood said to Sancho:—You must know, brother, that the fighting men of Andalucia have a custom when they are godfathers[2] in

[1] *Al buen pagador no le duelen prendas*—a proverb.

[2] *Padrinos*,—that is to say, "seconds." In the age of chivalry the office of second in a duel was a very onerous and important one, of a quasi-religious character. He had to take care of his godson; to protect him from being

any battle, not to stand idle with their hands folded while their godsons are engaged. I say so to remind you that while our masters are fighting, we, too, must have a tussle and knock each other to splinters.

—That custom, Sir Squire, answered Sancho, may run and hold good out there with the bullies and fighting men you speak of, but not with the squires of Knights Errant at all. At least, I have not heard my master speak of such custom, and he knows all the rules of the Knight Errantry by heart. But, granted that I allow it to be true, and an express rule for the squires to fight while their masters are fighting, yet would I not comply with it, but rather pay such penalty as might be imposed on peaceful-minded squires like myself, for I am sure it will not be more than a couple of pounds of wax.[1] I would rather pay that, for I know it will have to come to less than the lint I shall be at the cost of in the healing of my head, which I reckon already to be cloven and split into two pieces,—more by token that fighting to me is impossible, since I have no sword nor ever in my life carried one.[2]

—For that I know an excellent remedy, said he of the Wood. I have here two linen bags of the same size ; let you take one and I the other, and we will have a bout at bag-blows with equal arms.

—So let it be and welcome, answered Sancho, for such a fight will serve rather to dust than to hurt us.

tricked in the mode of fighting ; to measure the weapons and to part the sun ; and to give help when needed.

[1] This was the ordinary penalty among the religious confraternities for a breach of the statutes,—the wax being used for candles at their feasts and high days.

[2] Sancho here is shown to be lying, for he has spoken of his sword more than once in the course of this history, though sometimes he has denied the possession of one. To explain this grave inconsistency Eximeno, in his *Apologia de Cervantes*, starts the plausible conjecture that Sancho, in conformity with the practice of squires, carried a sword in his first (Don Quixote's second) sally, but purposely left it behind him in the second, in order to avoid the temptation to fight.

—It shall not be so, replied the other, for we will put into the bags, so that the wind may not take them, some half-dozen nice smooth pebbles, of the same weight, in each; and in this fashion we shall be able to bag one another without doing any harm or hurt.

—Body of my father! cried Sancho, look what chibbal skins,[1] what balls of carded cotton, does he put in the bags so as not to bruise our skulls and crush our bones to powder! But were they filled with silkworm pods, I tell ye, my dear Sir, there's no fighting for me. Let our masters fight, and make the best of it; but let us ourselves eat and drink, for Time takes care enough to shorten our lives without our going to seek for fillips to finish them off before their time and season, for they will drop off when ripe.

—For all that, replied he of the Wood, we have to fight, if it is only for half an hour.

—Not so, said Sancho; I will not be so uncivil or so ungrateful as to have any quarrel, however small, with one with whom I have eaten and drunk. Besides, how the devil should I manage to fight in cold blood, without anger or ire?

—For that, said he of the Wood, I will provide a sufficient remedy, and it is this: before we begin the fight I will come up to your worship and give you three or four buffets which shall lay you at my feet, whereby I shall awaken your choler, though it slept sounder than a dormouse.

—Against that trick I know another, replied Sancho, which is at least as good. I will take a thick stick, and before your worship shall reach me to wake my choler, I will put yours to sleep with cudgellings in such a fashion as

[1] *Martas cebollinas*, says Sancho,—*cebollinas* (onions) for *cebellinas* (sables),—being more familiar with the former word than the latter. I have rendered the *équivoque* as best I could by the word which fits best the double meaning, or at least the double sound.

that it will not awake but in the next world, where I am known for a man who does not suffer his face to be handled by any one; and let every man mind his own bolt,[1] though the better way would be for every one to let his choler sleep, for no one knows the heart of another, and a man is wont to go for wool and come back shorn; and God blessed peace and cursed quarrels; for if a baited cat, shut in and hard pressed, turns a lion, I, who am a man, God knows what I shall turn into; and from this time forth I give you notice, Sir Squire, that I shall put to your account all the mischief and damage that may come out of our quarrel.

—'Tis well, replied he of the Wood; God send us daylight and we shall thrive.

And now a thousand kinds of little painted birds began to warble in the trees and with their varied sprightly notes seemed to welcome and salute the new-risen Aurora, who already, through the portals and balconies of the East, was showing the beauty of her face,—shaking from her locks a myriad liquid pearls, bathed in whose dulcet moisture the plants seemed also to bud and rain a shower of white small pearls; the willows distilled sweet manna, the springs laughed, the streams murmured, the woods rejoiced, and all the meadows were flushed with glory at her coming.[2]

As soon as the light of day allowed him to see and to distinguish objects, the first thing which presented itself to Sancho Panza's eyes was the nose of the Squire of the Wood, which was so large as almost to overshadow his whole body. It is told, indeed, that it was of an extra-

[1] *Cada uno mire por el virote*—a proverbial saying. *Virote* is the bolt fired from a cross-bow. The phrase is taken, says Covarrubias, from rabbit-shooting, where every man had to be careful in recovering his own shaft after it had been shot.

[2] Cervantes is particularly fond of dwelling on the charms of the opening day, at a period when descriptions of common natural phenomena were by no means the fashion among writers. Compare with this beautiful picture of the early dawn Petrarch's Sonnet, 184.

ordinary bigness, hooked in the middle, and all full of warts of a mulberry colour, like that of the egg-fruit,[1] descending two fingers' length below the mouth; whose size, colour, warts, and crookedness made up a face so hideous that Sancho, on seeing it, began to quake in all his limbs, like a child with an epilepsy, and he made up his mind to let them give him two hundred buffets sooner than his choler should be roused to fight that demon. Don Quixote surveyed his antagonist and found him with helmet already on and vizor down, so that he could not see his face, but he noted him to be a man well-limbed, though not very tall of stature. Over his arms he wore a surcoat or cassock of some stuff which looked like the finest gold, sprinkled all over with little plates of glittering looking-glass, which gave him a most gallant and splendid appearance. Above his helmet there fluttered a great bunch of green, yellow, and white plumes; his lance, which was leaning against a tree, was very long and stout, and armed with more than a hand's breadth of steel.

All this being discovered and noted by Don Quixote, he judged from what he saw and marked that the said Knight was one of great powers; nevertheless, he feared not, as Sancho Panza did, but with a graceful mien accosted the Knight of the Mirrors, saying:—If your great desire for battle, Sir Knight, hath not spent your courtesy, I would, in its name, beseech you to raise your vizor a little that I may see whether the bravery of your countenance corresponds with that of your proportions.

—Whether you come off vanquished or victor from this emprise, Sir Knight, responded he of the Mirrors, you will have time and opportunity more than enough for seeing me. If I do not comply with your request now, it is because methinks I am doing grievous wrong to the beautiful Casildea in wasting the time while I am stopping to raise

[1] *Berengena*; see note to ch. ii. (Part II.).

my vizor ere I force you to confess what you know I demand.

—But while we are mounting our steeds, said Don Quixote, you might tell me whether I am that Don Quixote you said you had vanquished.

—To that we make answer to you,[1] said he of the Mirrors, that you resemble, as one egg resembles another, the Knight whom I conquered; but as you say that enchanters persecute you I dare not affirm that you are the aforesaid.

—That suffices, said Don Quixote, to make me believe in your deception; but to deliver you from it at all points let our horses be brought, and in less time than you might waste in raising your vizor, if God, my lady, and my right arm stand me now in stead, I shall see your face, and you shall see that I am not the vanquished Don Quixote you take me to be.

Thereupon cutting short their speeches they mounted on horseback, and Don Quixote turned Rozinante's rein in order to take up the necessary ground for running a course with his adversary, while he of the Mirrors did the same; but Don Quixote had not gone away twenty paces when he heard himself called by him of the Mirrors, who said to him, each having returned half-way:—Remember, Sir Knight, that the condition of our battle is that the vanquished, as I have before said, shall remain at the discretion of the victor.

—I am aware of it, answered Don Quixote, with the proviso that what is commanded and imposed upon the vanquished shall be things such as do not transgress the bounds of chivalry.

—That is understood, replied he of the Mirrors.

At this moment the extraordinary nose of the squire

[1] *A esto vos respondemos*; this was the ancient formula in which the King's answer was given to a petition of the Castilian Cortes.

presented itself to Don Quixote's view, and he wondered to see it no less than Sancho had done; so much so as to take him for some monster or a new species of man, uncommon in the world. Sancho, when he saw his master go off to fetch a course, cared not to remain alone with the nosey one, fearing that with one flick of that nose on his own his fighting would be ended, leaving him stretched on the ground with the blow or with the fright; and so he ran after his master, holding on to one of Rozinante's stirrup-leathers, and when he thought it was time to turn about, he said:—I pray your worship, master dear, before you go back to the charge, help me to get up on that cork-tree, where I may behold more comfortably than from the earth the gallant encounter you are going to have with this Knight.

—Rather, I believe, Sancho, said Don Quixote, that thou art inclined to climb and mount the scaffold, to see the bulls without danger.

—To tell the truth, answered Sancho, the outrageous nose of that squire astounds me and fills me with dread, nor dare I stay near him.

—It is such a one, quoth Don Quixote, that were not I such as I am it would frighten me. So come; I will help thee to mount to where thou sayest.

While Don Quixote stopped to let Sancho climb into the cork-tree, the Knight of the Mirrors took as much ground as he deemed necessary, and thinking that Don Quixote had done the same, without waiting for sound of trumpet or other signal to prompt them, turned his horse's rein (who was no swifter or better-looking than Rozinante), and at the top of his speed, which was a moderate trot, rode forward to encounter his enemy; but seeing him occupied in mounting Sancho, he drew rein and halted in mid-career, for which his horse, who was unable to go, was most grateful. Don Quixote, imagining that his adversary was

coming down upon him flying, dug his spurs vigorously into Rozinante's lean flanks and made him spring forward in such style that for this once, as the history relates, was he known to have galloped a little, for at all other times it was plain trotting ;[1] and with this never-before-seen fury he came down upon him of the Mirrors where he stood driving the spurs into his horse up to the buttons, without being able to stir him one inch from the spot where he had come to a stand-still in his career. At this fair time and conjuncture did Don Quixote find his adversary, embarrassed with his horse and busied about his lance, which either he could not succeed in putting, or had not time to put, in the rest. Don Quixote, who never heeded these embarrassments, much at his ease, without any risk assailed him of the Mirrors with so much force that, despite of himself, he bore him to the ground over the horse's crupper, giving him such a fall that, not stirring hand or foot, he lay to all appearance dead. As soon as Sancho saw him unhorsed he slid down from the cork-tree and ran at the top of his speed to where his master was, who, alighting from Rozinante, stood over the Knight of the Mirrors, and unlacing his helmet to see if he were dead, and, if by chance he were living, to give him air, he saw—who shall say what he saw without begetting wonder, astonishment, and awe in the hearers ?—he saw, the history says, the very face, the very figure, the very aspect, the very physiognomy, the very effigy, the very picture, of the Bachelor Samson Carrasco.

[1] Boileau has an epigram on this momentous feat, written under a picture of Rozinante :—

Tel fut ce Roi des bons chevaux
Rocinante, la fleur des coursiers d'Iberie,
Qui trottant jour et nuit, et par monts et par vaux,
Galoppa, dit l'Histoire, une fois en sa vie.

Clemencin, at this passage, points out gravely that this is not the only time when Rozinante galloped, quoting the other occasions when he did so, and commenting on the author's careless way of writing.

As soon as he saw it he called out loudly :—Run, Sancho, and behold what thou hast to see, and not to believe. Quick, my son, and look at what magic can do,—of what the wizards and enchanters are capable.

Sancho came up, and when he saw the face of the Bachelor Carrasco, he began crossing himself a thousand times and blessing himself as many more. In all this time the prostrate Knight gave no signs of being alive, and Sancho said to Don Quixote :

—I am of opinion, my master, that in any case you should thrust and put your sword into the mouth of this one that looks like the Bachelor Samson Carrasco, and perhaps in him you will kill one of your enemies the enchanters.

—Thou sayest not amiss, quoth Don Quixote ; for of enemies the fewer the better.—Drawing his sword to put Sancho's advice and suggestion into effect, the squire of him of the Mirrors ran up, now without the nose which had made him so hideous, and cried out in a loud voice :

—Look what you do, Sir Don Quixote, for he whom you have at your feet is the Bachelor Samson Carrasco, your friend, and I am his squire.

—And the nose ? said Sancho, seeing him without his late deformity.

—I have it here in my pocket, the other replied.—And clapping his hand to his right one, he drew out a nose of pasteboard and varnish, like a mask, of the make we have described. Sancho, looking at him more and more closely, exclaimed in a loud and wondering voice :—Holy Mary and bless my soul ! Is not this Tomé Cecial, my neighbour and gossip ?

—And what if I am ? answered the now un-nosed squire. Tomé Cecial I am, gossip and friend Sancho Panza ; and I will tell you presently of the means, the tricks, and the schemes through which I am here come, and meanwhile

I pray and beseech your master not to touch, maltreat, wound, or kill the Knight of the Mirrors, whom he has at his feet, for beyond any doubt he is the venturesome and ill-advised Bachelor Samson Carrasco, our compatriot.

Hereupon he of the Mirrors came to himself, which Don Quixote seeing, he clapt the point of his naked sword to his face and said:

—You are a dead man, Knight, if you confess not that the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso surpasses in beauty your Casildea of Vandalia,[1] and more than this you have to promise, if you emerge with life out of this combat and downfall, that you will go to the city of El Toboso and present yourself before her on my behalf, in order that she may do with you what best she may please; and if you are left to your own inclination you will also return and seek for me (for the trail of my exploits shall serve as a guide to conduct you to where I shall be), and tell me of what has passed between her and you,—conditions which, in accordance with those we fixed before our combat, do not transgress the terms of Knight Errantry.

—I confess, said the fallen Knight, that the tattered and dirty shoe of the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso is better than the ill-combed though clean beard of Casildea, and I promise to go and return from her presence to yours, and give you a whole and particular account of what you ask of me.

—You have also to confess and believe, added Don

[1] Don Quixote follows here the usual and familiar rule of chivalry, confirmed by a thousand precedents in the books. Yet it must be said that his assault upon the Knight of the Mirrors was scarcely consonant with the laws of chivalry, which forbade a Knight to take any advantage of his adversary when unarmed, as the lanceless Bachelor was. But Don Quixote may very well be pardoned for having overlooked,—in his eagerness to engage in his first regular encounter with a similarly equipped Knight Errant,—so unexpected and unprecedented a circumstance as that the said Knight was unable to put his lance in rest.

Quixote, that the Knight whom you conquered was not, nor could be, Don Quixote of La Mancha, but some other who looked like him, just as I confess and believe that you, though you appear to be the Bachelor Samson Carrasco, are not he, but another like him, and that my enemies have set you before me in his shape in order that I may restrain and moderate the impetuosity of my wrath, and that I may humanely use the glory of my victory.

—I confess, hold, and think everything even as you confess, hold, and think it, answered the crippled Knight. Let me rise, I pray you, if the shock of my fall will permit, for it has got me in a sore plight.

Don Quixote helped him to rise, with his squire Tomé Cecial, off whom Sancho could not take his eyes, asking him about things, the answers to which afforded him clear proof that he was really Tomé Cecial as he said. But he was so possessed by what his master had said about the enchanters having changed the figure of the Knight of the Mirrors into that of the Bachelor Carrasco, as not to be able to give credit to the truth which his eyes beheld. In fine, both master and man remained in this delusion; and he of the Mirrors and his squire, out of humour and ill at ease, took themselves off from Don Quixote and Sancho, with the intention of looking for some place where the Knight's ribs might be plastered and strapped. Don Quixote and Sancho once more proceeded on the road to Zaragoza; where the history leaves them to tell who the Knight or the Mirrors was and who his well-nosed squire.[1]

[1] *Narigante escudero*; the adjective is an invention of the author's,—the usual form being *narigudo*.

CHAPTER XV

Wherein is told and account given of who were the Knight of the Mirrors and his Squire

RIGHT proudly, joyfully, and loftily did Don Quixote ride on, extremely well pleased with himself for having achieved a victory over a Knight so valiant as he conceived him of the Mirrors to be, on whose knightly word he waited to learn whether the enchantment of his mistress went on, for it was obligatory on the said vanquished Knight, on pain of ceasing to be one, to return and give him a report of what passed between himself and her. But Don Quixote was thinking of one thing and he of the Mirrors of another, inasmuch as just then the latter had no other thought than to find some place where he might be plastered, as has been said. For the history says that when Samson Carrasco counselled Don Quixote to return to the pursuit of his past chivalries, he had previously held a conference with the Priest and the Barber upon the measures to be taken to induce Don Quixote to stay at home quietly and peacefully, without troubling himself about his plaguy quest of adventures ; of which consultation the result was an unanimous vote, at Carrasco's special instance, that Don Quixote should be allowed to sally out, seeing that it was impossible to stop him, and that Samson should take the road as a Knight Errant, and join battle with him, nor would a pretext be wanting, and vanquish him,—which they took for an easy matter,—and

that it should be agreed and preconcerted that the conquered should be at the mercy of his conqueror. And Don Quixote, being thus vanquished, should be commanded to go back to his village and not leave it for the space of two years, or until some other command was laid upon him, with which it was certain that Don Quixote would comply, so as not to contravene and bring to naught the laws of chivalry; and it might so happen that during the period of his seclusion he would forget his vain conceits, or means might be found to procure for his madness some fitting remedy.

Carrasco undertook the task, and a neighbour and gossip of Sancho Panza's, Tomé Cecial, a merry hare-brained fellow, offered to be his squire. Samson armed himself, as has been described, and Tomé Cecial, that he might not be recognised by his gossip when seen, fitted upon his natural nose the false masking one which has been mentioned. And so they followed the same road which Don Quixote had taken, and very nearly came up with them in the adventure of the waggon of Death; and finally encountered them in the wood, where there happened the things of which he that is wise hath read. And had it not been for the extraordinary imaginations of Don Quixote, who was persuaded the Bachelor was not the Bachelor, Sir Bachelor would have been for ever incapacitated from graduating as Licentiate, all through not finding nests where he thought to find birds.[1]

Tomé Cecial, seeing how badly their schemes had turned out and what an ill end their expedition had come to, said to the Bachelor:—Sure, Master Samson Carrasco, we have met with our deserts. 'Tis easy to plan and set about an enterprise, but most times it is difficult to come well out of it. Don Quixote mad, we sane,—he comes out sound with the laugh while your worship is left sore and sorrowful. Let us know now who is the greater madman, he that is so that cannot help himself, or he that is so of his own will?

[1] *Por no haber hallado nidos donde pensó hallar pájaros*—a proverb.

To which Samson replied:—The difference there is between the two kinds of madman is, that he who is so perforce will be one for ever, and he who is so of his own will, can leave off being mad when he pleases.

—Then in that case, said Tomé Cecial, I of my own will was mad when I consented to be your worship's squire, and of the same will I wish to leave off being so and go back home.

—That you may do yourself, answered Samson, but to think that I shall return home until I have given Don Quixote a beating, is to imagine a vain thing; and it is not the desire of restoring him to his wits that will prompt me now to go in quest of him, but that of vengeance, for the sore pain in my ribs does not let me form more charitable purposes.

The two thus discoursed until they reached a town where by good luck they found a bone-setter,[1] who attended the luckless Samson. Tomé Cecial turned back and left him, brooding on his vengeance; and of him the story will speak again in its time, but now it must follow and disport itself with Don Quixote.[2]

[1] *Algebrista*,—which a modern translator boldly turns into "algebraist,"—is an old word meaning one who professes *algebra*, which Covarrubias defines as the art of setting bones which have been broken or shaken out of place. In former days, says Clemencin, it was common to see written over barbers' shops,—*algebrista y sangrador*. The connexion between the two meanings of the word *algebra*,—which is from the Arabic *al-djebr*, signifying "reduction,"—is not difficult to see.

[2] This is the shortest chapter in *Don Quixote*; but, as the reader will perceive when he gets to the end, not the least important or material to the story—which furnishes the motive for the main action and with consummate art provides for the *dénouement*. The first meeting between Don Quixote and Samson Carrasco not only affords the author an excellent opportunity of exhibiting his hero in a formal act of chivalry,—the first in which he is able to engage,—but gives him, out of Don Quixote's unexpected victory, an excuse for prolonging his knightly enterprise; while Carrasco's overthrow adds a new and potent motive which lends point and force to the final catastrophe.

CHAPTER XVI

Of what befell Don Quixote with a sensible gentleman of La Mancha

With the joy, delight, and exultation we have described, Don Quixote pursued his journey, imagining himself, by his late victory, to be the most valiant Knight which the world held in that age. He took all adventures which could happen to him henceforth to be already achieved and brought to a happy termination. He held the enchanters and their enchantments for naught; and he remembered no more the innumerable beatings which in the course of his chivalries had been given him, nor the stoning which had robbed him of half his teeth, nor the ingratitude of the galley-slaves, nor the insolence of the Yanguesans and their shower of stakes. In fine, he said to himself that if he could discover art, device, or mode how to disenchant his lady Dulcinea, he should not be envious of the best good fortune which the most fortunate Knight Errant of past ages ever attained or could attain. He was riding along all absorbed in these fancies, when Sancho said to him:

—Is it not strange, Sir, that I have still before my eyes the monstrous and beyond all measure huge nose of my gossip, Tomé Cecial?

—And dost thou believe, perchance, Sancho, that the Knight of the Mirror was the Bachelor Carrasco, and his squire Tomé Cecial, thy gossip?

—I don't know what to say to that, answered Sancho; I only know that the tokens he gave me about my home, my wife, and my children, none else but himself could give; and the face, taking the nose off, was Tomé Cecial's own, for I have seen him often in my town, for there was but a wall between his and my house; and the tone of his voice was all the same.

—Come, let us be reasonable, Sancho, said Don Quixote; how can it possibly be conceived that the Bachelor Samson Carrasco should come as a Knight Errant, armed with arms offensive and defensive, to fight with me? Have I ever, by any chance, been his enemy? Have I ever given him cause to cherish a grudge against me? Am I his rival, or does he make profession of arms that he should envy me the fame I have acquired through them?

—But, what shall we say then, Sir, answered Sancho, about that Knight, whoever he be, looking so like the Bachelor Carrasco, and his squire like my gossip, Tomé Cecial? And if that be enchantment, as your worship has said, were there not other two in the world for them to take on the likeness of?

—'Tis all artifice, responded Don Quixote, and a trick of the malignant magicians who persecute me, who, foreseeing that I was to come out victor from the conflict, provided that the vanquished Knight should disclose the countenance of my friend the Bachelor, in order that the friendship I bear him might interpose between the edge of my sword and the rigour of my arm, and temper the just indignation of my heart; and by these means he might save his life who by treachery and fraud sought to rob me of mine. For a proof of which, Sancho, thou knowest, by experience which will not let thee lie nor deceive thee, how easy it is for enchanters to change some faces into others, making the beautiful ugly and the ugly beautiful, for it is not two days since thou sawest with thine own eyes the beauty and elegance

of the peerless Dulcinea in their whole perfection and native consistence ; while I saw her in the foul and base guise of a coarse country-wench, with blear eyes and a stinking breath in the mouth. If, then, the perverse enchanter dared to effect a transformation so wicked, it is no wonder for him to have effected that of Samson Carrasco and of thy gossip, in order to snatch the glory of that victory out of my hands. Nevertheless, I am consoled, for after all, whatever may be the shape he took, I was conqueror of mine enemy.

—God knows the truth of all, observed Sancho.—For knowing as he did that the transformation of Dulcinea had been a trick and imposture of his own, his master's wild theories did not satisfy him ; but he forbore to reply, that he might not, by any word, reveal his own knavery.

They were thus discoursing when they were overtaken by a man who was coming the same road behind them, mounted on a very handsome flea-bitten mare, and dressed in a travelling-coat [1] of fine green cloth slashed with tawny velvet, with a hunting-cap of the same ; the mare's trappings were after the country fashion and for riding jennet-wise, also of murrey and green. He wore a Moorish scimitar hanging by a broad baldrick of green and gold ; his buskins [2] were of the same make as the baldrick ; his spurs were not gilt but

[1] *Gabán*,—described by Covarrubias as a coat with sleeves and hood, worn in the country and by travellers, closed before and behind.

[2] *Borceguies*,—from which the French *brodequins*. Both the word and the thing are an inheritance from the Arabs. Dozy derives the word from the Arabic *chergûi*,—sheep-skin, out of which were made the original coverings for the feet which originally distinguished the Moors. Thus in the old ballad :—

Héle héle por do viene
El Moro por la calzada,
Borzeguies Marroquies,
Espuela de oro calzada.

Borceguies have been mentioned here before, in the First Part, as worn by the Captive, Part I. ch. xxxvii. They are still used by Moors of rank as part of their outdoor costume.

green lacquered, so bright and burnished that, matching the rest of his apparel, they looked better than if they had been of pure gold.

When the traveller came up with them he saluted them courteously and, spurring his mare, would have passed on ahead ; but Don Quixote accosted him, saying :—Sir gallant, if so be that your worship is going the same road with ourselves, and haste is of no consequence to you, I should esteem it a favour that we went in company.

—In truth, replied the owner of the mare, I would not have pressed on before you were it not for fear that your horse might be disturbed by my mare's company.

—Sir, Sancho broke in here, you may safely draw rein on your mare, for our horse is the chastest and best-mannered in the world ; never has he, on such occasions, done anything rude, and the only one time he went wrong my master and I paid for it sevenfold. Again I say, that your worship can stop if it pleases you, for though they gave her to him between two plates, I engage that our horse will not look at her in the face.

The traveller drew rein, regarding with wonder the figure and the countenance of Don Quixote, who was riding without his helmet, which Sancho carried, like a valise, on the pommel of Dapple's saddle ; and if he in Green regarded Don Quixote closely, much more closely did Don Quixote regard him in Green, taking him for a man of merit.[1] His age seemed to be about fifty years ; his grey hairs few ; his countenance aquiline ; his aspect between cheerful and grave ; in fine, his dress and his appearance bespoke him a man of great endowments. What he in Green thought of Don Quixote was that he had never seen a man of that kind

[1] *Hombre de chapa*. *Chapa* is literally a thin metal plate by which any woodwork is strengthened. Metaphorically, the phrase is used to signify a man of metal and substance. So Aldonza Lorenzo had been called by Sancho, in Part I. ch. xxv., *moza de chapa*.

and shape. He was struck by the tenuity of his horse,[1] the tallness of the rider, the leanness and yellowness of his visage, his armour, his equipment, and his deportment,—a figure and picture for many long years unseen in that land. Don Quixote noted well the attention with which the traveller was regarding him, and read his thoughts in his hesitation; and being, as he was, so courteous and inclined to oblige everybody, before he could be asked the question he met it on the way by saying:

—This figure of me which your worship looks at, being so novel and so out of the common, I should not wonder if you wondered at; but you will cease to do so when I tell you, as I tell you now, that I am a Knight of those who, the folks vulgarly say, go to their adventures.[2] I have left my native country; I pledged my estate; I forsook my comfort; and delivered myself over into the arms of Fortune, to take me where she will. I wished to revive the now extinct Knight Errantry, and for some time past,—stumbling here, falling there, flung down in one place, and raised up in another,—I have been carrying out a great part of my design, in succouring widows, protecting maidens, and relieving wives, orphans, and young children,—the proper and natural office of Knights Errant; and so by my many valorous and Christian deeds I have been found worthy of being put in print among almost all, or at least most, of the nations of the earth. Thirty thousand volumes have been imprinted of my history, and it is on

[1] *Longura de su caballo*—"the length of his horse." Hartzenbusch absurdly puts *cabello* for *caballo*,—making it the length of Don Quixote's hair which was the object of the stranger's wonder. But nowhere else in the book is anything said about Don Quixote's hair, nor have we any reason to suppose that he wore it unusually long; whereas the length and thinness of Rozinante have been more than once said to have been remarkable, and might well be the first thing to strike Don Diego de Miranda with wonder. And a little further on, as we shall see, Don Quixote expressly makes his horse the first thing likely to attract the stranger's attention.

[2] See note to Part I. ch. xlix.

the road to be printed thirty thousand thousand times, if Heaven does not prevent.[1] In fine, to sum up all in a few words or in one word, I may tell you that I am Don Quixote of La Mancha, otherwise styled *The Knight of the Rueful Feature*. And though praises of one's self depreciate, I am compelled sometimes to sound my own,—it being understood when there is no one present to sound them. Therefore, gentle Sir, neither this horse, nor this lance, nor this shield, nor the squire, nor all these arms together, nor the sallowness of my face, nor my attenuated meagreness, should astonish you henceforth, being now informed who I am, and of the profession to which I belong.

So saying, Don Quixote paused, and he in the Green delayed so long answering him, that he seemed to be unable to reply; but after a while he said:

—You were right, Sir Knight, in guessing my thoughts from my amazement, but you have not succeeded in removing the wonder which the sight of you causes in me; for though you say, Sir, that to learn who you are should remove it, it has not been so but rather, now that I know, I am the more perplexed and astonished. What! Is it possible that there are Knights Errant to-day in the world, and that there are histories printed of real chivalries? I cannot persuade myself that there is any one to-day upon earth who favours widows, supports maidens, honours wives, and succours orphans, and I would not have believed it had I not seen it in your worship with my own eyes. Blessed be Heaven! for with that history which your worship speaks of as printed, of your noble and truthful chivalries, there shall be cast into oblivion the innumerable books of the feigned Knights Errant with which the world is filled, so much to the detriment

[1] Cervantes has been gravely corrected for making Don Quixote say that the number of copies of the First Part printed was 30,000; and it is pointed out that Samson Carrasco, in a previous chapter, had put the figure at 12,000. But surely Don Quixote may be allowed to exaggerate in such a matter.

of good morals, and to the damage and discredit of good stories.[1]

—There is much to be said, observed Don Quixote, on the point of whether the stories of Knights Errant are feigned or not.

—But is there any one who doubts that such histories are false? said he in Green.

—I doubt it, answered Don Quixote, but let that rest now. If our journey lasts, I hope, by God's grace, to convince your worship that you have done wrong in going with the stream of those who hold them for a certainty not to be true.

From this last remark of Don Quixote, the traveller began to have an inkling that he was some crazy fellow, and waited for something further to confirm him in that suspicion; but before they could turn to any other subject Don Quixote besought him to say who he was, since he had told him so much of his own state and way of life. To which he of the Green Coat replied:

—I, Sir Knight of the Rueful Feature, am a gentleman, native of a village where, please God, we shall go to dine to-day. I am more than moderately rich, and my name is Don Diego de Miranda. I pass my life with my wife, my children, and my friends. My pursuits are those of hunting and fishing, but I keep neither hawk nor hounds, only a quiet pointer[2] and a saucy ferret or two. I have about six

[1] Here we have a proof, one among many, of what was Cervantes' real feeling in regard to books of chivalries, which he desired to demolish, not only because they were bad in the moral part but because they were bad as literature, —usurping the credit and influence of wholesome fiction.

[2] *Manso perdigon.* *Perdigon* is literally a tame male partridge, used to decoy others of his kind; but here I am inclined to accept Clemencin's interpretation of *perdigon*, as applying not to the bird but to the dog used in its chase,—*perdigonero* or *perdiguero*. It seems absurd that a gentleman of Don Diego's substance should boast of keeping a tame partridge. And where would the hunting come in, of which he speaks, if he had but a decoy partridge and a ferret in his establishment?

dozen of books, some in our mother-tongue and some in Latin, some of history, some of devotion. Those of chivalries have never even entered the threshold of my doors. I study the profane more than the devotional, so long as they are of honest entertainment, which delight by their style and please and attract by their invention, though of these there are but very few in Spain. Sometimes I dine with my neighbours and friends, and often they are my guests; my table is clean and well set out, and nothing stinted. I have no taste for idle slander, and allow none in my presence. I peer not into my neighbours' lives nor pry into other men's business. I hear mass every day; I share my goods with the poor, without making a boast of my good works, so that I may not give entry in my bosom to hypocrisy and vain-glory, foes which subtly obtain hold of the wariest heart. I strive to make peace between those I know to be at variance; I am devoted to Our Lady, and trust ever in the infinite mercy of God Our Lord.[1]

Sancho listened very attentively to this relation of the gentleman's life and occupations, and thinking it to be a good and holy life, and that he who led it must be able to work miracles, flung himself off from Dapple, and went in all haste and eagerly laying hold of the gentleman's right stirrup, devoutly and almost with tears kissed his feet again and again.

Upon this the gentleman asked:—What doest thou, brother? Why these kisses?

—Leave me to kiss, answered Sancho, for methinks your worship is the first saint on a jennet-saddle I have seen in all the days of my life.

—I am no saint, said the gentleman, but a great sinner.

[1] This is a delightful picture of the best kind of country gentleman in Cervantes' time, which may be compared with the sketch of our own poor *hidalgo*, in the opening chapter of the First Part.

'Tis you, brother, must be a good fellow, as your simplicity betokens.

Sancho regained his saddle, after forcing a laugh out of his master's deep melancholy, and causing new wonder in Don Diego. Don Quixote then asked the gentleman how many children he had, and observed that one of the things in which the philosophers of old, who were devoid of the true knowledge of God, placed the *summum bonum*, was in the gifts of Nature, in those of Fortune, in the having many friends, and many and good children.

—I, Sir Don Quixote, answered the gentleman, have one son, and if I had him not, perhaps I should deem myself happier; and not because he is a bad one, but because he is not so good as I should wish. He is eighteen years of age, six of which he has been at Salamanca, learning the Greek and Latin languages; and when I wished him to proceed to the study of other sciences I found him so besotted with poetry (if it can be called a science), that I cannot get him to turn kindly to that of the law, which I wanted him to study, nor to that of theology, the queen of all. I would like him to be an honour to his family, for we live in an age when our Princes do highly reward virtuous and worthy letters,[1] for letters without virtue are pearls on a dunghill. All his day is passed in discussing whether Homer said well or ill in such and such verse of the *Iliad;* whether Martial was indecent or not in some epigram; whether such and such lines of Virgil are to be understood in this way or in that. In short, all his converse is with the books of the said poets, and those of Horace, Persius,

[1] Doubtless written in bitter irony; though here, as elsewhere, the irony has been lost on some critics. Few men of letters had less reason than the author of *Don Quixote* to be grateful to the liberality of Kings and Princes. What the late Professor of Modern History at Oxford meant by saying that "without the Duke of Lerma we should have had no *Don Quixote*" (Froude's *Life of Erasmus*, p. 73), I am unable to understand. No one else, native or foreign, has discovered what the Duke of Lerma did for *Don Quixote* or for Cervantes.

Juvenal, and Tibullus, for of the modern writers in Spanish he makes little account; yet for all the disrelish he seems to have for the poetry of the mother-tongue, his thoughts are now absorbed in the making of a gloss upon four lines which they have sent him from Salamanca relating, as I think, to some literary joust.[1]

To all this Don Quixote made reply:—Children, Sir, are part and parcel of their parents' bowels, and, therefore, we have to love them, be they good or bad, as we love the souls that give us life. It is the duty of their parents to conduct them from infancy along the paths of virtue, of good-breeding, and of good Christian manners, so that when grown up they may be the staff of their parents' old age and glory of their posterity. And as for forcing them to study this or that science, I hold it not prudent, although there may be no harm in persuading them; and when they have no need to study to earn their bread,—the student being so fortunate as to be endowed by Heaven with parents who save him from that,—my advice would be to leave them to pursue that science to which they seem most inclined; and, although that of poetry is less useful than it is pleasurable, it is not one of those which are wont to dishonour their votary. Poetry, gentle Sir, I may liken, methinks, to a maiden, tender and of few years, and of all perfect beauty, whom it is the study of many other maidens,—to wit, all the other sciences,—to enrich, polish, and endow; and she has to be served of all, and all have to exalt her lustre. But this maiden cares not to be handled nor trailed about the streets, nor be made public in the market corners, nor in the purlieus of palaces.[2] She is

[1] *Justa literária*,—such as was common in that age. A gloss or theme, generally of four lines, would be set, upon which the competitors had to exercise their poetic art in amplification and variation. Cervantes himself had engaged in such contests, and had come out victor more than once.

[2] A somewhat similar allegory, under which the office and attributes of true poetry are set forth, occurs in the fourth canto of the *Viage del Parnaso*; also in

formed of an alchemy of such virtue that he who knows how to treat her will transmute her into purest gold of inestimable price. He who possesses her must keep her within bounds, not letting her run into base lampoons or impious sonnets; she must be in no wise vendible,[1] unless it be in heroic poems, in doleful tragedies, or in merry and artful comedies. She must not suffer herself to be handled by mountebanks, nor by the ignorant vulgar, incapable of comprehending or of valuing the treasures which in her are enshrined. And think not, Sir, that I call the vulgar here only plebeian and humble people, for every one who is ignorant, let him be lord or prince, can and should be included in the category of the vulgar; so he who, with the qualifications I have named, shall take up and treat poetry, shall become famous, and his name be held in esteem among all the polite nations of the world. And as to what you say, Sir, of your son not appreciating the poetry of our tongue, I am persuaded he is not right there, and the reason is this: the great Homer wrote not in Latin, for he was a Greek; and Virgil wrote not in Greek, because he was a Latin.[2] In brief, all the ancient poets wrote in the tongue which they sucked in with their mothers' milk, nor did they go forth to seek for strange ones to express the greatness of their conceptions; and this being so, it should be a reason for the fashion to extend to all nations; and that the German poet should not be undervalued because he writes in his own language, nor the Castilian, nor even

Cervantes' novel of *La Gitanilla*. No one in that age had placed his ideal of the poet's functions so high, and none had maintained the dignity of the art so jealously and sedulously, amidst so many temptations and trials.

[1] By this it must be understood, not that no poems should be sold, but that those emanating from the poet's own heart and under the influence of direct inspiration or personal feeling should not be treated as marketable wares, like the more elaborate and artificial products of genius.

[2] Lope de Vega copied and repeated this passage in his *Dorotea*, printed in 1632.

the Biscayan, who writes in his. But your son, Sir, as I conceive, does not dislike the poetry of the vulgar tongue, but only the poets who are mere Spanish, who know no other tongues or other sciences to adorn and to awaken and assist their natural inspiration ; and yet even in this he may be mistaken, for, according to a true belief, the poet is born one,—that is to say, the poet by nature comes out a poet from his mother's womb ; and with that impulse that Heaven has given him, without more study or art, composes things which prove him true, as he who said : *Est deus in nobis*, etc.[1] Let me say also that the poet by nature who shall avail himself of art will be much greater and more excellent than the poet who would be one only from knowing the art. The reason is clear ; for art doth not better nature but perfects her. So nature combined with art, and art with nature, will produce the most perfect poet. To conclude my discourse, your worship, gentle Sir, should let your son go whither his star calls him, for being so good a student as he should be, and having already mounted happily the first step of the sciences, which is that of the languages, by them he will ascend of himself the summit of polite literature, which so well becomes a gentleman at ease, and adorns, honours, and exalts him as much as mitres do bishops or robes the learned jurists. Let your worship chide your son should he write lampoons to the prejudice of the characters of others, and punish him and tear them up ; but if he writes satires wherein vices in general are reprehended, after the manner of Horace, and elegantly as he did, commend him, for it is lawful to the poet to write against any and to speak harshly of the envious in his verses, and of other vices too, so that he does not designate any person withal ; though there be poets who, in exchange for the

[1] It was Ovid who said so, in his Sixth Book of the *Fasti* :—

Est deus in nobis, agitante calescimus illo.

utterance of one piece of malice, would run the risk of being banished to the Isles of Pontus.[1] If the poet is chaste in his morals, he will be chaste also in his verses. The pen is the tongue of the soul; as are the thoughts engendered there, so will be the things written. And when kings and princes behold this marvellous science of poesy in subjects wise, virtuous, and sober, they honour, esteem, and enrich them,[2] and even crown them with the leaves of the tree which the lightning doth not assail,[3] as though in token that none shall assail them who with such crowns are honoured and adorned.

He of the Green Coat was lost in amazement at Don Quixote's argument, so much so that he was for altering the opinion he had formed as to his craziness. But in the middle of this discourse, which was not much to his taste, Sancho had gone off the road to beg a little milk of some shepherds who were milking their ewes close by; and, just as the gentleman was about to renew the conversation,—being greatly pleased with Don Quixote's discernment and excellent good sense,—the Knight, lifting his head, saw, coming along the road by which they were travelling,[4] a waggon covered with the King's colours; and, imagining

[1] Meaning Ovid, who was banished, not to the islands, but to Tomi on the coast, of Pontus, and, according to his own statement, not for what his pen wrote or his tongue uttered but what his eyes saw. (*Tristia*, eleg. v.)

[2] As notably they did, in the cases of Cervantes and of Camoens.

[3] Meaning the laurel, which the ancients supposed to be proof against lightning. (Pliny, lib. xv., cap. xxx.) For this reason the Emperor Tiberius, who was very much afraid of lightning, always wore a laurel crown in a thunderstorm, according to Suetonius.

[4] The author is censured for saying that the travellers met the lions' caravan, seeing that both parties were going in the same direction,—Don Quixote to Zaragoza and the lions to Madrid, on their way from Oran, so that they were both travelling north. But in point of fact, whatever might have been Don Quixote's intention, he was now travelling, as his itinerary shows and as subsequent events prove, almost due south, or south with a little east; having turned off from the direct road to Zaragoza, probably after his adventure with the Knight of the Mirrors.

this to be some new adventure, he cried loudly to Sancho to come and give him his helmet. Sancho, hearing himself called, left the shepherds and, spurring on Dapple, came up in all haste to where his master was, to whom there befell a stupendous and fearful adventure.

CHAPTER XVII

Wherein is set forth the highest point and extreme to which the never-before-heard-of courage of Don Quixote reached or could reach; with the happily achieved adventure of the Lions

The history tells that Sancho, when Don Quixote called for his helmet, was buying some curds of the shepherds, and in his perturbation at his master's hurried call knew not what to do with them or how to carry them; so in order not to lose what he had now paid for, he bethought him of clapping them into his master's helmet, and having thus made shift he turned back to see what Don Quixote wanted, who, on his coming up, cried:—Give me that helmet, friend, for I know little of adventure or that which I descry yonder is one which should require, and does require, me to take to arms.

He of the Green Coat, hearing this, turned his eyes every way, but saw nothing but a cart which came towards them with two or three little flags, which made him think that it must be carrying the King's treasure, and so he told Don Quixote. But the Knight would not credit it, always supposing and imagining that all which happened was adventures, and still adventures; and so he replied:

—Forewarned is forearmed;[1] nothing is lost by taking precaution, for I know by experience that I have enemies

[1] *Hombre apercibido médio combatido*—a proverb.

visible and invisible, nor know I when, nor where, nor in what moment, nor in what shape I have to encounter them.

And turning to Sancho he asked for his helmet, which the squire, not having an opportunity of relieving it of the curds, was compelled to hand to him as it was. Don Quixote took it, and without giving a look to what it contained, clapped it on his head in all haste; and as the curds were squeezed and pressed, the whey began to pour over all Don Quixote's face and beard, from which he got such a fright that he said to Sancho:

—What is this, Sancho?—For methinks my skull is softening, or my brains are melting, or I sweat from feet to head. And if it is that I am sweating, truly it is not from fear. Without doubt I believe this is terrible, the adventure that now means to befall me. Give me something, if you can, with which to wipe myself, for this copious sweat doth blind my eyes.—Sancho held his tongue and gave him a cloth, and with it thanks to God that his master had not found out the truth. Don Quixote wiped himself, and took off the helmet to see what it was which seemed to chill his head, and finding the white clots within his head-piece, held them to his nose and smelling them, cried:

—By the life of my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, but these are curds thou hast put here,—thou traitor! villain! brazen-faced squire!

To which with much deliberation and command of countenance Sancho replied:

—If they are curds give them to me, your worship, and I will eat them; but let the Devil eat them, for it must be he who put them there. I to dare soil your worship's helmet! You must know who it is that's so bold. In faith, Sir, as God reads my mind, I too must have enchanters who persecute me as a creature and limb of your worship; and they will have put that nastiness there to move your

patience to anger, and make you baste my ribs as you are wont to do; but, in truth, this time they have jumped wide of the mark, for I rely on my master's good judgment, who will consider that I have neither curds nor milk about me nor anything like; and if I had I would rather put it into my stomach than in the helmet.

—It may be all so, quoth Don Quixote.—And the gentleman in the Green Coat, who noted all, was utterly amazed, especially when after Don Quixote had wiped dry his head, face, beard, and helmet, he put it on again, and settling himself firmly in his stirrups, reaching for his sword, and grasping his lance, exclaimed:

—Now come what may, for here I stand to do battle with Satan himself in person.

The cart with the flags now approached, in which was nobody but the carter upon one of the mules and a man seated in front. Planting himself before it, Don Quixote exclaimed:

—Whither go ye, my brethren; what cart is this? What do you carry therein? And what flags are these?

To which the carter replied:—The cart is mine; what go in it are two bold lions in a cage, which the General is sending from Oran to the capital as a present to his Majesty; the flags are the King's, our master, in token that something of his goes here.

—And are they large, the lions? asked Don Quixote.

—So large, answered the man at the door of the van, that none larger or so large have ever passed from Africa to Spain; and I am the lion-keeper, and have carried many, but none like these. They are male and female; the male goes in the first cage, and the female in the one behind, and they are now very hungry, for they have not eaten to-day; and so let your worship stand aside, for we must needs reach quickly the place where we are to give them their dinner.

On which said Don Quixote, with a little smile :—Lion-whelps to me ? To me, lion-whelps ? And at this time of day ?—Then by Heaven, those gentlemen who send them here shall see whether I am a man who is frightened of lions. Alight, good fellow, and since you are the lion-keeper, open these cages, and turn me out these beasts, for in the middle of this open field I will teach them to know who Don Quixote of La Mancha is, in defiance and despite of the enchanters who send them to me.

—So, so, said he of the Green Coat to himself at this ; our good knight gives us a proof of what he is ; the curds i' faith have softened his skull and mellowed his brain.

Here Sancho came up to him, and exclaimed :—For God's sake, Sir, mind that my master, Don Quixote, does not fight with these lions, for if he fights them all we here will be torn to pieces.

—But is your master so mad, the gentleman answered, that you fear and believe that he will fight with animals so fierce ?

—Not mad is he, replied Sancho, but headstrong.

—I will make him desist, said the gentleman.—And coming up to Don Quixote, who was pressing the keeper to open the cage, he said :—Sir Knight, Knights Errant have to engage in adventures which hold out some prospect of a good issue from them, and not in those that are wholly devoid of it, for the valour which enters within the bounds of temerity has more of madness than of fortitude ; moreover, these lions come not against you nor do they dream of doing so, but are going as a present to his Majesty, and it will not be right to detain them or hinder their journey.

—Get you gone, Sir Country-squire, replied Don Quixote, and look after your quiet pointer and your saucy ferret, and leave every one to do his duty ; this is mine, and I know whether they come against me or not, these

gentlemen the lions. And turning to the keeper, he said:

—I swear, Don Rascal, that if you do not open the cage at once, instantly, I will pin you to the cart with this lance.

The carter, seeing that armed phantom's determination, said to him:

—Be pleased, dear Sir, for charity, to let me unyoke the mules and place myself and them in safety before the lions are let loose, for if they are killed I shall be utterly ruined, for I have no other property but this cart and these mules.

—O man of little faith! replied Don Quixote, get down and unyoke, and do what thou wilt, for soon thou shalt see that thou toilest in vain, and mightest spare thyself these pains.

The carter alighted and in great haste unyoked, and the keeper cried in a loud voice:—Be witnesses as many as are here, how against my will and on compulsion I open the cages and let loose the lions, and that I protest to this gentleman that all the evil and damage these beasts shall do will run and go to his account, with my wages and dues besides. Let you, Sirs, make yourselves safe before I open; for myself, I am sure they will do me no harm.

Once more Don Diego entreated the Knight not to commit such an act of madness, for to engage in such a freak were a tempting of Providence, to which Don Quixote replied that he knew what he was doing. The gentleman pressed him again to look well to it, for that he was surely mistaken.

—Nay, Sir, quoth Don Quixote, if your worship would not bear witness to this, which in your opinion is about to be a tragedy, spur your grey and put yourself in safety.

Sancho, on hearing this, prayed his master with tears in his eyes to desist from such an enterprise, compared to which that of the windmills, and the fearful one of the fulling-mills,

and, in short, all the deeds his master had attempted in the course of his life were but pleasuring and junketing.[1]

—Look, Sir, quoth Sancho, here there is no enchantment or anything like it, for I have seen through the chinks and bars of the cage a claw of a real lion, and I gather from it that such a lion, to have such a claw, is bigger than a mountain.

—Fear at least, said Don Quixote, will make it seem bigger to thee than half the earth. Retire, Sancho, and leave me, and if I die here, thou knowest our old compact; thou wilt betake thee to Dulcinea—I say no more.

Other words he added to these which took away all hope of his giving up proceeding with his insane purpose. He of the Green Coat would have resisted him in it, but he saw himself unequal in arms, and judged it not wise to fight with a madman, for such he now appeared to him to be at all points. Don Quixote once more pressing the keeper and repeating his threats, caused the gentleman to urge his mare, and Sancho Dapple, and the carter his mules,—all trying to get away from the cart as far as possible before the lions broke loose. Sancho wept over the death of his master, for this time he verily believed it had come, from the lion's claws; he cursed his fortune, and called it a fatal hour when it came into his mind once more to serve Don Quixote; but for all his weeping and lamenting he did not cease from cudgelling Dapple to get him farther from the cart. The lion-keeper, seeing now that those who had fled were well away, again entreated and warned Don Quixote as he had entreated and warned him before; but the Knight replied that he heard him, and that he cared for no more warnings and entreaties, which would be fruitless, and bade him despatch. Whilst the keeper was engaged in opening the first cage, Don Quixote was considering whether it

[1] *Tortas y pan pintado*,—literally, "tarts and ginger-bread,"—a proverbial phrase several times used in the course of this story.

would be better to have the battle on foot or on horseback, and finally he decided to have it on foot, fearing lest Rozinante should be startled at the sight of the lions. Therefore, he leapt from his horse, threw away his lance, and buckling his shield and unsheathing his sword, leisurely, with a marvellous intrepidity and valiant heart, advanced to post himself in front of the cart, commending his soul to God and then to his lady Dulcinea.[1]

And it is to be known that, coming to this passage, the author of this truthful history breaks out into this exclamation, saying:

—O brave and beyond all commendation courageous Don Quixote of La Mancha! mirror wherein all the valiant may behold themselves, a second and new Don Manuel de Leon,[2] who was the honour and glory of Spanish

[1] Don Quixote, in this adventure, is imitating a common feat of the Knights Errant, which from his reading of their histories he might well suppose to be of no great danger. Palmerin de Oliva slew lions as if they had been rabbits. Once he was cast into a pit by order of the Soldan of Babylon, in which were fifteen lions, the greater part of them of the feline blood-royal, says the chronicle, which are of an abnormal fierceness. Palmerin killed them all with his sword, and came out quite cool. Palmerin of England fought with two tigers and two lions at once which guarded an enchanted spring, and conquered them and had his drink. Florambel of Lucea, in the *Insula Sumida*, fought one terrible lion as big as a horse, from out of whose mouth and nostrils came flames of fire. On killing it, the roaring was so great as to make the whole island tremble. King Perion, father of Amadis, when out hunting, slew a lion that would have robbed him of his stag. To Amadis himself, who had slain dragons, the lion trick was easy.

[2] Don Manuel Ponce de Leon, a famous Knight under Ferdinand and Isabella, distinguished in the campaign which ended with the fall of Granada, was the original hero of the adventure with a lion which Brantôme transferred to the Court of France under Francis I. As the story is told by Lopez de Haro in his *Nobiliário Genealógico* (1626), a present of some very fierce lions having come to King Ferdinand from Africa, the ladies of the Queen Isabella were looking at them from a gallery, when one whom Don Manuel "served" let her glove fall, by accident or design, into the lions' pit. He immediately, drawing his sword, opened a door, from which he entered among the lions, picked up his lady's glove, and returned it to her. There is a ballad on the subject of Don Manuel's exploit in the *Guerras de Granada* of Ginés de Hita, which is the earliest appear-

Knights! In what words shall I recount this dread exploit, or by what argument make it credible to future ages? What praises can there be unfitting and unmeet for thee, be they ever such hyperboles upon hyperboles? Thou on foot, thou alone, thou fearless, thou great-hearted; with thy simple sword, and that not one of your trenchant dog blades;[1] with a shield of no very bright and shining steel, standest watching and waiting for two of the fiercest lions that ever the African forests engendered! Let thy deeds themselves, valorous Manchegan, extol thee, for here I leave them at their height, failing words to glorify them.

ance in verse of a subject which has furnished much poetry in several languages. The piquant addition of how, regaining the glove, the Knight flung it at his lady's face, is a modern excrescence which, as I think, spoils the story. It is out of keeping with the age, with chivalry, and with good manners. That a man should jump down among lions for love is conceivable, and quite in the spirit of chivalry. That he should do it for spite is incredible and unpoetical, even if it could be true,—*pace* Schiller and Robert Browning. The notion that Don Manuel got his surname of *de Leon* from this exploit is, of course, absurd. The name Ponce de Leon is territorial and much older than the fifteenth century. Yet it is possible that, though the deed did not give the name, the name may have inspired the deed.

[1] *De las del Perrillo*; so called from the mark of a small dog (*perrillo*) stamped on the blade,—one of the marks used by a famous sword-maker of the sixteenth century, Julian del Rei, supposed to have been a Morisco, who had forges at Toledo and at Zaragoza. Toledo, from the time of the Moors, had a great celebrity all over Europe for its sword-blades, the secret for their tempering having probably been brought from the East. Bowles, in his *Introduction to the Natural History of Spain*, from which Baron Dillon, in his *Travels*, very largely borrowed, gives an interesting account of the manufactory of swords at Toledo, making special mention of those of the *Perrillo* mark, which were distinguished by their shortness and breadth of blade. They are said to have owed their excellence to being fabricated of natural steel, a deposit of which exists, or used to exist, near Mondragon in Guipuzcoa. The same thing used to be said of the famous Damascus blades. At one time there were reckoned ninety-nine sword factories in Toledo, whose wares were as much sought after in the world as those of Birmingham are now. At present the secret of sword-making in Spain is lost, though the legendary Toledo steel is still supposed to exist, for the curious and credulous. Mention of Julian del Rei's work is not uncommon in the early dramatists, under the name of *foxes* or fox-blades. Ancient Pistol says to his French prisoner (*King Henry V.*, Act iv. sc. 4): "Thou diest on point of fox."

Here the author breaks off from his apostrophe, and proceeds to take up the thread of his history, saying :—

The keeper, seeing Don Quixote fixed in his position, and that it was impossible to avoid letting loose the male lion, without falling under the resentment of the rageful and dauntless Knight, opened wide the door of the first cage where, as has been said, was the male lion, who looked to be of extraordinary size and of a hideous and terrible aspect. The first thing he did was to turn himself round in his cage, and to extend his claws and stretch himself to his full length. Then he opened his mouth and yawned very leisurely, and with about two hands'-breadth of tongue which he put out, he licked the dust from his eyes and bathed his face. This done he put his head out of the cage, and gazed all about with eyes blazing like live coals, a spectacle and attitude to instil dread into daring itself. Don Quixote alone looked at him intently, longing for him to leap out of the cart and come within reach of his hands, between which he thought to rend him to pieces.

To this height did his unheard-of madness carry him ; but the generous lion, more courteous than arrogant, taking no notice of these childish tricks and swaggerings, after having looked round about him, as has been said, turned his back and showing to Don Quixote his hinder parts, with great calmness and nonchalance flung himself down again in the cage.[1] Seeing this Don Quixote commanded the keeper to give him some blows and tease him so that he might come out.

—That I will not do, answered the keeper, for if I excite him, the first he will tear in pieces will be myself.

[1] The behaviour of the lion here has been greatly admired, and whether for picturesque effect or truth to nature is a masterpiece. The lion does precisely what he ought to do, both for his own character and that of Don Quixote ; and his conduct, however unexpected, is true both to life and to humour. Cervantes must have studied the habits of the beast in Algiers.

Let your worship, Sir Knight, be content with what has been done, which is all that one can tell of in point of valour, and seek not to tempt Fortune a second time. The lion has his door open ; it rests with him to come out or not ; but since he has not come out up to now, he will not come out all day. Your worship's greatness of heart is now made fully manifest. No champion fighter, as I take it, is bound to do more than defy his enemy and wait for him in the field ; if the opponent does not appear, the infamy rests upon him, and he who waits wins the crown of victory.

—That is true, said Don Quixote ; close the door, friend, and give in the best form thou canst a voucher of what thou hast seen me do :—to wit, how that thou didst open to the lion ; I awaited him ; he did not come out ; I waited for him again ; again he did not come out, but turned to lie down. I am bound to do no more. Enchantments avaunt ! and God prosper justice and truth and true chivalry ! Shut the door, friend, whilst I signal to the fugitive and absent to return that they may learn of this exploit from thy mouth.

The keeper did so, and Don Quixote, placing on the point of his lance the cloth with which he had wiped the shower of curds off his face, began to hail those who had never ceased retreating all in a body, looking round at every step, while driven before him by the gentleman in Green. Sancho happened to perceive the signal of the white cloth, and exclaimed :—May I die, if my master has not conquered the wild beasts, for he is calling us !

They all stopped, and seeing that it was Don Quixote who was making the signals, losing some of their fear, little by little they came nearer, until they clearly heard the voice of Don Quixote calling to them.

At length they returned to the cart, and on their approach Don Quixote said to the carter :

—Yoke your mules again, friend, and proceed on your

journey, and thou, Sancho, give him two gold crowns for himself and for the keeper, towards amends for my having detained them.

—I will give them with all my heart, answered Sancho; but what has been done with the lions? Are they dead or alive?

Then the keeper recounted minutely and at his leisure the issue of the encounter, extolling, to the best of his power and skill, the valour of Don Quixote, at sight of whom the cowed lion cared not, or durst not, to come out of his cage, though he had held the door open a good while, and that it was through his having told the Knight that it was a tempting of Providence to provoke the lion so as to force him to come out, as he wanted him to do, that he had most unwillingly and against the grain permitted him to close the door.

—What is your judgment on this, Sancho? quoth Don Quixote; are there enchantments which avail against true valour? The enchanters may be able to rob me, indeed, of fortune, but of my resolution and courage—it is impossible.

Sancho gave the gold crowns; the carter yoked up; the keeper kissed Don Quixote's hands for the largess received, and promised to relate that valorous deed to the King himself, when he should see him at Court.

—And if by chance his Majesty should ask who performed it, said Don Quixote, you shall tell him *The Knight of the Lions*, for henceforth I would that into this may be changed, altered, varied, and transferred, the name which till now I have borne, of the Knight of the Rueful Feature: and in this I follow the ancient usage of Knights Errant, who changed their names at their pleasure and according to the occasion.[1]

[1] It is sufficient to quote the precedent of Amadis, who took upon himself various names in the course of his adventures,—calling himself the *Crimson Knight*, from the colour of his armour; the *Knight of the Firm Island*, from his chief possession; of the *Green Sword*, of the *Dwarf*, *the Greek Knight*, and once the *Knight of the Lions*, from a victory over those animals.

The cart proceeded on its journey, and Don Quixote, Sancho, and he of the Green Coat continued theirs.

During all this time Don Diego de Miranda had not spoken a word, all intent to observe and note the acts and words of Don Quixote, who seemed to be at once a sane man turned mad and a madman who bordered on sanity. There had not yet come to his notice the First Part of this history, which, if he had read, his wonder at the Knight's deeds and words would have ceased, for he would have learnt of the nature of his madness. But as he did not know it, he took him now to be sane and now to be mad,—for what Don Quixote spoke was consistent, elegant, and well delivered, and what he did was fantastic, rash, and foolish; and said he to himself:—What madness can be greater than to put on a helmet full of curds and believe that enchanters had melted his brains? And what greater rashness and folly than to insist upon fighting with lions?

Don Quixote drew him out of these reflections and this soliloquy by saying:—Doubtless, Don Diego de Miranda, your worship regards me as in your opinion a man extravagant and foolish; and it would be no wonder if it were so, for my works bear witness of nothing else; but nevertheless I would have your worship take note that I am not so mad or foolish as I must have appeared to you. A fair sight it is to see a gallant cavalier, under the eyes of his King, in the midst of a great square, give a lance thrust, with happy effect, at a brave bull.[1] A fair sight, to see a Knight all

[1] In the palmy days of the pastime gentlemen of rank would enter the *plaza de toros*, and perform those feats which now are only mimicked by the professional *toreadors*, the *picadors* and *espadas*. A great number of distinguished names are mentioned in the annals of the *aficion* as of gentlemen delighting to take part in the gallant sport,—doubtless an inheritance from the Moors,—which in these days has descended to be merely a public show, with professional swordsmen as the chief actors, who perform for gain rather than for glory; from which all the chivalry has gone, where agility has taken the place of valour, and the acrobat has superseded the artist. In the time of Cervantes it was still the fashion of

armed in resplendent armour pace the lists in merry joust before the ladies; and fair it is to see all the Knights who in military exercises, or the like, entertain and cheer, and, if one may so say, honour the courts of their Princes. But above all these fairer shows a Knight Errant, who through deserts and solitudes, by cross-roads, and forests, and mountains, goes seeking for perilous adventures, with intent to give them happy and fortunate conclusion only to reap glorious and durable fame. A fairer sight, I say, is a Knight Errant succouring a widow in some lone wilderness than a courtier-knight sporting with a maiden in the cities. All Knights have their particular offices; let the courtier serve the ladies; give splendour to his King's court with his gay liveries; support poor Knights at his splendid table; arrange jousts, maintain tourneys,[1] and show himself grand, liberal, and magnificent, and a good Christian above everything; and in this wise fulfil his exact obligations; but let the Knight Errant explore the corners of the earth, penetrate the most intricate labyrinths, encounter at each step the impossible, brave in unpeopled deserts the burning rays of the sun in the midst of summer, and in winter the stern inclemency of the winds and the frosts; let not lions daunt him, nor

gentlemen to enter the bull-ring, which was usually held in the *plaza* or town square; the amphitheatre, now devoted to the *corrida de toros*, being a modern refinement.

[1] *Concierte justas, mantenga torneos,*—that is to say, manage single contests, and take a part in maintaining the field at set tournaments against the challengers. *Mantener* is used here in its technical sense, viz. to be one of the *mantenedores* or maintainers, who defend some particular cause or flag or quarrel, against all challengers or Knights Adventurers, as did Suero de Quiñones at the bridge of Orbigo. The difference between a joust and a tourney was that the former was a contest, more or less friendly, of one against one, always on horseback, and with the lance; the latter was a series of contests,—sometimes of one set of jousters at a time, sometimes a whole troop on either side, in which the combatants, when unhorsed, might fight on foot with any kind of lawful weapon. See the regulations at the *Paso Honroso* in Appendix D, vol. i.

goblins affright him, nor dragons terrify him ; for to seek these, to assail these, and to vanquish them all are his chief and true duties. I, since the lot has fallen on me to be of the number of Knights Errant, cannot cease from attempting everything which may seem to me to fall within the province of my duty ; and therefore the engaging the lions whom I now engaged strictly pertains to me, though I know it to be of excessive temerity ; for well I know what valour is—that it is a virtue which is placed between two vicious extremes, as cowardice and rashness ; but less wrong it were that he who is valiant should touch and mount the point of rashness, than touch and sink into the point of cowardice ; for as it is easier for the prodigal than for the miser to be liberal, so it is easier for the daring than for the cowardly to become truly valiant. And in regard to this matter of engaging in adventure, let your worship believe me, Sir Don Diego, that it is better to lose the game by a card too much than one too little ; for it hath a better sound in the ears of the hearers,—*this Knight is rash and impetuous*, than,—*this Knight is timid and cowardly.*

—Let me say, Sir Don Quixote, responded Don Diego, that all that your worship has said and done is adjusted by the balance of reason itself ; and that I believe that if the laws and ordinances of Knight Errantry had been lost, they would be found in your worship's bosom, as in their very repository and register. And let us press on, for it is growing late, and reach my village and house, where you may rest yourself after your recent labour, which if it has not been of the body, must have been of the mind, and this sometimes conduces to the body's weariness.

—I accept the offer as a great favour and kindness, Sir Don Diego, answered Don Quixote. And spurring on faster than before, it was about two o'clock in the afternoon when they arrived at the village and home of Don Diego, whom Don Quixote had dubbed *The Knight of the Green Coat.*

CHAPTER XVIII

Of what befell Don Quixote in the castle or house of the Knight of the Green Coat, with other extravagant things

The abode of Don Diego de Miranda Don Quixote found to be spacious, after the country fashion; with the arms, albeit of rough stone, over the street-door;[1] the buttery in the fore-yard, the cellar in the porch, several jars round about, which being of El Toboso[2] revived in him memories of his enchanted and transmogrified Dulcinea; and heaving a sigh, without minding what he said or before whom he was, he cried:—

> O pledges sweet, discovered to my woe,
> Joyous and sweet, when Heaven did will it so![3]

O Tobosan jars that have brought to my remembrance the sweet pledge of my great bitterness!

The poet-student son of Don Diego de Miranda, who,

[1] This fashion of carving the family arms over the portal was very common in the north of Spain and throughout Castile, such houses of old families being called *casas solares*. The description of Don Diego Miranda's establishment may serve for that of a well-ordered household of the higher middle class.

[2] These are large jars for holding wine, made of a porous earth (*toba*), for which El Toboso was and is famous.

[3] O dulces prendas, por mi mal halladas!
Dulces y alegres cuando Dios queria.

These two lines are a quotation from the tenth sonnet of Garcilaso de la Vega, who had imitated in them Virgil's verse:—

Dulces exuviæ, dum fata Deusque sinebant.

—*Æneid*, iv.

with his mother, had come out to receive him, heard him say this ; and mother and son stood amazed to see the strange figure of Don Quixote, who lighting from Rozinante went very civilly to beg her hands to kiss, while Don Diego exclaimed :—Madam, pray receive with your accustomed courtesy Sir Don Quixote of La Mancha, whom you have before you,—a Knight Errant, and the valiantest and wisest the world holds.

The lady, whose name was Doña Christina, greeted him with marks of much affection and great politeness, Don Quixote saluting her with a store of judicious and polite phrases, and passing the like compliments on the student, who on hearing him speak took him to be a man of wit and sense.

(Here the author paints all the details of Don Diego's house, describing in them what the home of a rich gentleman farmer might contain ; but to the translator of this history[1] it seemed good to pass over these and similar particulars in silence as not well consisting with the principal aim of the story, whose strength is rather in truth than in frigid digressions.)

They led Don Quixote into a hall, where Sancho took off his arms, leaving him in his Walloon trunks and doublet of chamois leather, all stained with the grime of armour ; his Flemish band was of the student cut, without starch or lace ; his buskins were date-coloured, and his shoes waxed.[2] His

[1] It may be necessary to remind the reader that the original author here spoken of is Cid Hamet Benengeli, the Arab, whom Cervantes, in imitation of what is said of many of the books of chivalries, makes the true author of *Don Quixote*, and himself only the translator.

[2] This is the first time that we see Don Quixote *en déshabillé* and out of his armour since he left home. The Walloon trunks were wide breeches stuffed and swollen at the top, such as the English gallants wore in the beginning of James the First's reign. The "Flemish band of the student cut" (*valona á lo estudiantil*) was a falling collar, such as gentlemen wore when not in full dress, as a change from the starched and frilled ruff which was the fashion. The Spaniards seem to have imported most of their modes of dress in that age from the Flemings.

good sword was girt on, hanging from a baldrick made of sea-wolf's skin, he having, it is believed, a long-standing weakness of the kidneys ;[1] and over all he wore a cloak of good grey cloth.[2] But first of all he had washed his head and face with five buckets of water,—or six (for as to the number of buckets there is some dispute), leaving the water still the colour of whey, thanks to the gluttony of Sancho and the purchase of those foul curds that turned his master so fair. In this said garb and with a gay and sprightly air Don Quixote walked into another hall, where the student was waiting to entertain him while the table was being laid, for Doña Christina, on the arrival of so noble a guest, wished to show that she was able and skilled to regale those who came to her house. During the time that Don Quixote was taking off his armour, Don Lorenzo (for so was Don Diego's son named) had found an opportunity of speaking to his father :—Who shall we say is this Knight whom you have brought home, Sir ? For his name, his appearance, and his calling himself Knight Errant have puzzled us, my mother and myself.

—I know not what to say to thee, son, answered Don Diego ; only this I can say, that I have seen him do the maddest things in the world, and utter speeches so wise that they blot out and efface his deeds. Speak thou to him and feel the pulse of his understanding, and as you are discreet,

For the date-coloured buskins (*borceguies datilados*), which were also worn by the Captive in the First Part, see note to ch. xvi. The shoes were not "polished," as some have it, but *encerados—i.e.* "waxed." Sancho was not likely to have carried a shoe-brush and a pot of blacking in his wallet.

[1] It is not the material of which the baldrick was made but the form of it which was good for the kidneys. The baldrick (*tahalí*), of Moorish origin, as the word denotes, was worn over the right shoulder in place of the belt round the waist.

[2] Clemencin objects that there is no mention elsewhere of this grey cloak, which could not very well be carried in Sancho's wallets, and, therefore, conjectures that it may have been lent to Don Quixote by Don Diego in order that the Knight might make a better appearance ; which is very probable.

judge of his discretion or folly, as best accords with reason; though, to tell the truth, I believe him to be more mad than sane.

Upon this, Don Lorenzo went to meet Don Quixote, as has been said, and among other talk which the two had, said Don Quixote to Don Lorenzo :—

—Sir, Don Diego de Miranda, your father, has informed me of the rare talent and subtle genius which you possess, and above all that you are a great poet.

—Poet it may be, answered Don Lorenzo, but great,—not even in thought. It is true that I am somewhat fond of poesy, and of reading great poets; but not in a degree to be able to give myself the title of great poet, as my father says.

—I mislike not this humility, answered Don Quixote; for there is no poet who is not arrogant, and does not think of himself that he is the greatest poet in the world.

—There is no rule without an exception, said Don Lorenzo; and some may be that, and yet not think so.

—Few, replied Don Quixote; but tell me, what verses are those which you now have in hand, for his worship your father has told me that they make you somewhat restless and pensive? If it is some gloss, I understand something myself of this art of glossing, and would be glad to know them; and if they are for a literary joust, endeavour to win the second prize, for the first is ever won by favour or the person's high quality; the second goes by pure merit, so that the third comes to the second, and the first third, by this reckoning, like the degrees which are given in the universities,—nevertheless the first is, in name, a great personage.[1]

[1] If Cervantes is speaking of his own experience, he is speaking with that modesty which Don Quixote refuses to allow to great poets. He had himself contended in more than one of these literary jousts. In 1595 he had won the first prize,—three silver spoons,—for a gloss he had composed in honour of San

—Until now, said Don Lorenzo to himself, I cannot take you for a fool; let us go on.

—Sir, said he, you seem to me to have frequented the schools. What science have you studied?

—That of Knight Errantry, replied Don Quixote; which is as good as that of poetry, and even two fingers' breadth better.

—I know not what that science may be, said Don Lorenzo, and till now it has never come to my notice.

—It is a science, said Don Quixote, which includes within it all or most of the world's sciences, for the reason that he who professes it must be a jurist and know the laws of justice, distributive and commutative,[1] in order to give to each one what is his own and what is due. He must be a theologian, in order to be able to give a reason for the Christian law he professes, clearly and distinctly, wheresoever it may be asked of him. He must be a physician, and especially a herbalist, in order to recognise in the midst of the wilderness and the desert the herbs which have the virtue of healing wounds; for the Knight Errant cannot at every step go looking for some one to heal him. He must be an astronomer, in order to know by the stars how many hours are passed of the night, and in what part and what clime of the world he finds himself. He must know mathematics, for at any time he will have need of them. Not reckoning that he must be adorned with all the virtues, theological and cardinal, I say, descend-

Jacinto, at a joust held at Zaragoza. In October, 1614, at a date subsequent to the writing of this chapter, he was selected as one of the poets to write an ode in honour of Teresa de Jesus upon her beatification. In that age there was a perfect fury of poetical composition and competition. Suárez de Figueroa, in his *Pasagero*, mentions that on a certain occasion, when a joust was held in honour of S. Antony of Padua, five thousand papers of verse were sent in, which were so many that after the cloisters and body of the church had been hung with them, enough remained to adorn a hundred monasteries.

[1] *Justícia distributiva y commutativa*;—Don Quixote is using the technical phraseology of the day. The former kind of justice was that which concerned the rights of persons; the latter, that which related to things.

ing to other minuter things, that he must know how to swim, as well as they say Fish Nicholas[1] swam. He must know how to shoe a horse, and mend saddle and bit. Returning to higher matters, he must keep faith with God and his lady ; he must be chaste in thought, true in word, generous in works, valiant in deeds, patient in toils, charitable to the needy, and, in fine, a maintainer of the truth, though its defence may cost him his life. Of all these parts, great and little, is the good Knight Errant composed, therefore consider, Don Lorenzo, if it is a peddling[2] science which the Knight learns who studies and professes it, and if it can be equalled by the loftiest which are taught in the schools and colleges.

—If that is so, observed Don Lorenzo, this science, I say, has the advantage over all sciences.

—How, *if* that is so ? cried Don Quixote.

—What I mean to say, replied Don Lorenzo, is that I doubt whether there have been, or are to-day, Knights Errant, and adorned with so many virtues.

—Oft-times have I said, responded Don Quixote, that which I say again now, that the greater part of people in the world are of opinion that there have never been therein Knights Errant ; and, to my seeming, unless Heaven miraculously gives them to understand the truth,—that there were and that there are,—whatever trouble I have taken must be in vain, as experience has often shown me. I could not stop now to draw you from the error which you hold with the multitude. What I propose to do is to pray Heaven to deliver you therefrom, and make you to comprehend how profitable and how necessary to the world were Knights

[1] *El peje Nicolás*, or *Pesce Cola*, a native of Catania in the fifteenth century, who was famous for his natatory powers. He was in the habit of spending most of his life in the water, passing from Sicily to the continent and back. At one of his exhibitions the King of Naples, Don Fadrique, having flung a golden cup into the pool of Charybdis, Fish Nicholas dived after it and never appeared again.

[2] *Ciéncia mocosa*—literally, as Shelton has it, "a snivelling science."

Errant in ages past, and how useful they would be in the present if they were in fashion ; but now the sins of mankind, —sloth, idleness, gluttony, and luxury,—are triumphant.

—Our guest has got loose, said Don Lorenzo to himself at this point ; but for all that, he is a brave madman, and I should be a poor fool not to think so.

Here their discourse came to an end, for they were summoned to dinner. Don Diego enquired of his son what conclusion he had formed respecting their guest's understanding, to which Don Lorenzo replied :—All the doctors and the good scribes in the world could not make a clear report of his distemper. He is a fool interlarded,[1]—full of lucid streaks.

They went to the table, the dinner being such as Don Diego had said on the road it was his wont to give to his guests,—clean, abundant, and savoury. But that which pleased Don Quixote the most was the marvellous quiet that reigned in the household, which seemed like a monastery of Carthusians. The cloth being removed, a blessing asked, and their hands washed, Don Quixote earnestly besought Don Lorenzo to recite his poem for the literary joust, to which the other replied :

—In order not to seem like those poets who when they are asked to repeat their lines refuse, and when they are not asked spew them forth, I will repeat my gloss, for which I expect no prize, seeing I have composed it merely as an exercise of wit.

—A wise friend of mine, said Don Quixote, was of opinion that no one should weary himself by glossing verses, for the reason, he was wont to say, that the gloss could never reach to the text, and that often or most times the gloss was wide of the intention and aim of that which was sought

[1] *Un entreverado loco*. *Entreverado* is generally applied to bacon, meaning fat and lean commingled. See *Donoso*, the *poeta entreverado*, in the prefatory verses to Part I.

to be glossed; furthermore, that the rules of the gloss[1] were too stringent, for they allowed no interrogations, nor *said he*, nor *shall I say*, nor the making verbs of nouns, nor the changing of the sense; with other clogs and impediments with which the glossers are tied, as you will know.

—In truth, Don Quixote, said Don Lorenzo, I should like to catch you tripping in some serious blunder, but cannot, for you slip through my hands like an eel.

—I do not understand, replied Don Quixote, what you say or mean about my slipping.

—I will explain, answered Don Lorenzo; and now pray attend to the gloss and to the theme, which run thus :—

If that my *was* should turn to *is*
Without the hope of what shall be,
Or that the time should come again
Of what hereafter is to be.

GLOSS

Kind Fortune, what to me you gave
  Is passed, as all things pass;
No more thy favours now I have,
  Which once I had, alas!
No more for me returns the bliss.
Stern Fortune, at your feet I've lain
  Through ages patiently,
In hope thy favour to regain;
  That won, how glad were I!
If that my was should turn to is.

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[1] These trivial feats in verse-making, glosses or variations on a given theme, were a favourite amusement of the age, and the laws regulating their composition were most stringent. Lope de Vega, who was one of those who attempted this as he did every other form of literary composition, declares them to be of very ancient origin and peculiar to Spain. The specimen here given explains what a gloss is better than any description can.

No other glory I desire,
  No other crown or palm ;
No honour, conquest, triumph higher
  Than once again the calm,
For lack of which grieves memory ;
If you should give me back your boon
  My fervour will be spent,
The more if you will grant it soon,
  I'll gladly be content
Without the hope of what shall be.

Idly I call the hours back,
  My suit is all in vain ;
For what is past is past, alack !
  Nor e'er will come again :
On earth there is not any power
To call back time,—it runs, it flies
  With nimble foot and wing ;
And he is wrong who hopes by cries
  The past again to bring,
Or that the time should come again.

Than breathe for aye this anguish'd breath
  'Twere better I should die ;
For hoping, fearing, this is death,
  To live in doubt, and I
Might wish 'twere death in verity ;
To end it thus I could rejoice,
  To die were bliss indeed ;
But reason comes with sober voice
  To whisper of the dread
Of what hereafter is to be.

When Don Lorenzo had finished repeating his poem, Don Quixote rose to his feet and in a loud voice, which was like a shout, seizing the young man's right hand with his own, cried :

—By the life of the highest heavens, generous youth, but it is you that are the best poet in the world, and deserve to be crowned with laurel, not by Cyprus or by Gaeta, as the poet said (whom God forgive!),[1] but by the Academies of Athens, were they still surviving, and by those that live yet of Paris, Bologna, and Salamanca. Would to God the judges who should deny you the first prize were transfixed by the darts of Phœbus, and may the Muses never darken the thresholds of their homes! Repeat to me, Sir, if you would be so good, some of your greater poems, for I would feel at all points the pulse of your admirable genius.

Is it necessary to say that Don Lorenzo was pleased at finding himself praised by Don Quixote, though for a madman he took him to be? O power of flattery! How far dost thou extend, and how wide are the bounds of thy grateful jurisdiction! To this truth Don Lorenzo did homage, for he complied with the request and demand of Don Quixote, repeating to him this sonnet on the fable of Pyramus and Thisbe:—

SONNET

The beauteous maid the envious wall doth break,
  Which oped had Pyramus the gallant heart;
  Straight from his Cyprian home doth Cupid start,
To see the wondrous rift which love did make.
There where no voice dare enter silence spake;
  For souls like tongues may not be kept apart,
  These speak though dumb, for love hath still an art
His way through thickest barriers to take.
Ill fares the passion of the imprudent maid,
  For Death, not Love, responded to her wooing.
  The luckless pair at once, strange history!
Are both in common doom together laid;

[1] Here is some allusion, of which the point is lost, probably to some absurd line in some bad poet of the time.

Them slays, them holds, their fame is still renewing,
One sword, one tomb, one immortality ![1]

—Blessed be God ! cried Don Quixote, on hearing Don Lorenzo's sonnet, that among the infinite number of consumed poets I have seen one consummate[2] poet, for that you are, dear Sir, as the structure of this sonnet informs me.

For four days was Don Quixote very well regaled in Don Diego's house ; at the end of which he besought leave to go upon his way, saying that he thanked his host for the favour and good cheer he had received in his house ; but because it was not beseeming to Knights Errant to give many hours to ease and luxury, he desired to go and fulfil his duty, seeking adventures, in which he was told that the land abounded, wherein he hoped to employ the time till the arrival of the day of the jousts at Zaragoza, which was his direct route ; and that he had first to enter the Cave of Montesinos, of which they told so many and such wonderful things in those parts, and also to investigate and learn the origin and the sources of the seven lagoons commonly called of Ruidera.[3] Don Diego and his son commended his honourable resolution, and bade him take from their house and farm all that he had a fancy to, for they would serve him with all possible goodwill, being bound thereto by his personal worth as well as his honoured profession. The day of parting came at last, as joyful for Don Quixote as it was sad and unlucky for Sancho

[1] A specimen—more or less burlesque—of Cervantes' latter period, abounding in inflated and far-fetched conceits, in the style of Góngora. Clemencin, as usual, takes the lines, which are absurd enough, as serious, and judges them harshly.

[2] *Consumido,—consumado* ; Don Quixote plays upon the words.

[3] Here we see that Don Quixote, though intending to go to Zaragoza, had turned off from the direct road thither with a new object ; which explains his meeting with the lions' van in the last chapter. From El Toboso to the lagoons of Ruidera is a course about south-east, whereas Zaragoza would lie to the north-east. That Don Quixote should not be pursuing a straight course and that he did not know the shortest road, are both theories probable enough, without accusing the author of blundering or of ignorance of geography.

Panza, who had fared very well on the plenty of Don Diego's house, and grudged returning to the scarcity which prevails in forests and deserts, and to the slenderness of his ill-furnished wallets. Nevertheless he filled and stored them with all that he thought he needed. On taking leave, Don Quixote said to Don Lorenzo :

—I know not whether I have said to your worship, and if I have I will say to you again, that if you wish to abridge travels and toils in order to reach the inaccessible top of the temple of Fame, you have nothing else to do than to leave on one side the somewhat strait road of poesy and take the straitest of all, which is of Knight Errantry, which is sufficient to raise you to be Emperor in a twinkling.

With these words Don Quixote settled the question of his madness, and still more when he added, saying :

—God knows I would take Don Lorenzo with me to instruct him how to spare the humble and to subdue and trample upon the proud, accomplishments pertaining to the profession to which I belong. But since his tender age doth not demand it, nor his commendable exercises desire it, I content myself with advising you that as a poet you will be able to acquire fame, if you are guided more by others' opinion than by your own. For there is no father or mother to whom his children seem ugly ; and this delusion runs more strongly with the children of the brain.

Father and son were amazed afresh at the mingled words of Don Quixote, now wise and now foolish ; and at the obstinacy which he showed in running through the gamut of his luckless adventures, which he made the aim and end of his desires. They repeated their offers and their compliments ; and taking leave of the lady of the castle, Don Quixote and Sancho departed upon Rozinante and the ass.

CHAPTER XIX

Wherein is related the adventure of the enamoured Shepherd, with other truly pleasant incidents

Don Quixote had not travelled far from Don Diego's village when he encountered[1] two who seemed to be priests or students, with two peasants, who were riding on four asses. One of the students carried, as in a valise, wrapped up in a piece of green buckram, what seemed like a piece of fair scarlet cloth[2] with two pairs of corded stockings; the other bore nothing else than two new fencing foils,[3] with their

[1] Clemencin, who is more than usually captious in this chapter, professes not to know how Don Quixote could encounter the students and the peasants, seeing that both parties were going the same road, and the four asses were faster than Rozinante and Dapple. It is scarcely worth while to observe that the students, belonging as they did to the village, and not supposed to be on any long journey, as appears by the scantiness of their luggage, might have come into the road along which the others were travelling by a by-path.

[2] I have translated *grana blanca* by "fair scarlet cloth"; for it is difficult to know what else the words can mean. Clemencin does not understand them. Shelton makes it "a piece of white cloth for scarlet," which seems to be a contradiction in terms. The other translators are content to evade the difficulty, most of them making *grana blanca* "a bundle of linen," and Viardot, "*quelques hardes*"; but this does not account for *grana*, which can be nothing else than scarlet, originally applied to the cochineal insect (*coccus cacti*), and then used for the cloth it dyes. Corchuelo and his friend, the fencer, were most likely engaged to take part in some of the masques, hereafter described, at Camacho's wedding festival, which would account for the former carrying a bundle of scarlet cloth. Probably the text is vitiated, and for *blanca* we should read some word like *pura* or *fina*. Hartzenbusch, usually so ready with his corrections, gives us no help here.

[3] *Espadas negras de esgrima.* The swords used for fencing were called *negras*,

buttons. The peasants were laden with things which signified that they came from some large town where they had been making their purchases, and were taking them to their village; and both students and peasants were seized with the same amazement as were all who saw Don Quixote for the first time, and were dying to know what man was this, so unlike the manner of other men. Having saluted them and learnt which way they were taking, which was the same as his own, Don Quixote offered them his company, praying them to slacken their pace, for their ass-fillies travelled faster than his horse; and to oblige them he told them briefly who he was and his office and profession, which was that of a Knight Errant, who went in quest of adventures in all parts of the earth, saying he had for his proper name Don Quixote of La Mancha, and for an appellative *The Knight of the Lions.*

All this to the peasants was like speaking in Greek or gibberish,[1] but not so to the students, who at once perceived the infirmity in the Knight's brain. Nevertheless, they looked at him with wonder and respect, and one of them said to him:—If your worship, Sir Knight, takes no fixed road, as they who seek adventure are not wont to take, come with us; you shall see one of the finest and richest weddings which up to this day have been celebrated in La Mancha or for many leagues round.—Don Quixote asked if it was of some Prince, that they so rated it.

—It is not, answered the student, but of a farmer and a

as being of darkened steel, without polish, to distinguish them from those for use and fighting, which were called *blancas.*

[1] *Gerigonza*,—explained by Clemencin curtly to be "the mysterious language which the evil-lived gentry use to conceal their evil deeds." Its abbreviative is *gerga*, from which doubtless the French and English *jargon*. *Gerigonza* in Spanish is as old as the thirteenth century. Originally, it meant any kind of unintelligible gabble. Afterwards, it was the thieves' language, and is used by Quevedo as a synonym for *Germania*,—the tongue of the picaresque folk, the gipsies, and the adepts in the school of Monipodio.

farmer's daughter,—he the richest in all this country, and she the greatest beauty that men have seen. The preparations to be made are novel and extraordinary, for the nuptials are to be celebrated in a meadow which adjoins the village of the bride, whom they call, by way of distinction, Quitéria the fair, and the bridegroom is named Camacho the rich,—she eighteen years of age and he two-and-twenty,—a couple well matched, although the curious, who have by heart the genealogies of all the world, would say that the family of the beautiful Quitéria is better than Camacho's; but we do not look to that nowadays, for riches can solder a great many flaws. In effect, this Camacho is liberal-minded, and has taken the fancy to have the whole of the meadow covered with boughs, and shaded a-top in such a way as that the sun will have to take some trouble if he wants to get in to visit the green grass with which the soil is covered. He has got up dances also, both of swords and of little bells, for there are in the village they who can jingle and shake to perfection; of the shoe-clatterers [1] I say nothing, for they whom he has summoned are a legion. But none of the things aforementioned, nor of the many things I have omitted to reckon, will make this wedding more memorable than those which I suspect the desperate Basilio will do there. This Basilio

[1] These concerted dances were in old Spain in the provinces very curious and elaborate, retaining so grave and serious a spirit as to justify the theory that they were originally religious rites. The sword dance was very popular among the peasants of Castile, as it still is in the north. It is a solemn and intricate business, to which these dancers strip to their shirts, with a great variety of figures. It is supposed to be a legacy from the Carthaginians. The dance of bells (*cascabeles*) was so called from the performer having the upper part of his legs encircled with strings of sheep-bells (Fr. *grelots*), which he jingled in unison with the instruments. It is a very ancient Oriental usage with professional dancers. The shoe-clatterers (*zapateadores*) were those who in dancing beat the floor with their shoes and the soles of their shoes with the palms of their hands,—a performance much in vogue among peasants of all countries, similar to the negro clog-dancing. The student here speaking was probably, from his words, about to take a part himself in the last of these gambols.

is a swain of Quitéria's own village, who has a house adjoining that of her parents, whence Cupid took occasion to revive for the world the now forgotten loves of Pyramus and Thisbe, for Basilio was enamoured of Quitéria from his first tender years, and she was responsive to his wishes with a thousand innocent favours, so much so that the loves of the two children, Basilio and Quitéria, were an entertainment to the whole village. Growing up in years, the father of Quitéria decided to forbid Basilio his accustomed access to his house, and to relieve himself of the pangs of suspicion and the pains of mistrust, he arranged that his daughter should marry the rich Camacho, not deeming it good to espouse her to Basilio, who had not as many endowments of fortune as of nature; since, if I must speak the truth without envy, he is the most active lad we know, a great pitcher of the bar, a first-rate wrestler, a capital ball player; he runs like a deer, jumps like a goat, and bowls down the nine-pins[1] as though by witchcraft; sings like a lark, and touches a guitar to make it speak; and, above all, plays a sword like the best of them.

—For this one accomplishment alone, here broke in Don Quixote, that youth deserves to marry not only the fair Quitéria, but Queen Guinevere herself, were she alive to-day, despite of Lancelot and of all who should thwart it.

—Tell that to my wife, said Sancho Panza,—who till then had been listening in silence,—who likes not that any should marry but with his equal, sticking to the proverb which says, *Every ewe with its mate*.[2] What I would like is, that this good Basilio, for whom I have taken a fancy, should marry with that Lady Quitéria, and eternal salvation may they have and good repose (I was going to say the

[1] *Birla á los bolos*. *Bolos* was a common game, similar to our nine-pins. *Birlar* is technically to knock all the pins down with one throw.

[2] *Cada oveja con su pareja*—a proverb.

opposite) who hinder folks from marrying those they love well.

—If all who love one another well were to marry, said Don Quixote, the choice and the right would be taken away from parents to marry their children with whom and when they should ; and if it lay in the pleasure of daughters to choose their husbands, there would be one choosing her father's groom and one some passer-by in the street, whom she fancies to be a brave and proud gentleman, though he were some good-for-nothing swashbuckler. For love and fancy easily blind the eyes of the understanding, which are so necessary for the choosing of one's estate ; and that of matrimony runs a great risk of a mistake, and much circumspection and the particular favour of Heaven are needed to choose right. He who wishes to enter upon a long journey, if he is prudent, before taking the road, looks for a safe and agreeable companion with whom to travel ; then why should he not do the same who has to travel all the days of his life to the resting-place of death, more especially if the companion has to consort with him in bed and in board, and everywhere, like the woman with her husband ? The companionship of one's own wife is no merchandise which, once bought, can be returned, or bartered, or exchanged ; for it is a condition inseparable, which lasts as long as life endures. It is a noose which, once put on the neck, becomes a Gordian knot which, if the scythe of Death cuts not, there is no untying. Much more could I say on this matter if I were not prevented by the desire I feel to know whether Sir Licentiate has anything more to tell us concerning the story of Basilio ?

To which the student or bachelor, or licentiate, as Don Quixote called him, replied :

—There remains no more to say at all, but that from the time when Basilio learnt that the fair Quitéria was to marry Camacho the rich, never more have they seen him smile or

talk naturally ; and he goes about ever thoughtful and sad, speaking to himself, thereby giving sure and clear token that he has lost his wits. He eats little and sleeps little ; and what he eats are fruits, and where he sleeps, if he sleeps at all, is in the fields, upon the hard ground, like a brute beast. He gazes from time to time at the sky, and again he nails his eyes to the earth in such distraction that he seems no more than a clothed statue, whose garments the wind blows about. Indeed, he shows such signs of a heart absorbed by passion, that all we who know him believe that the uttering of *Yes* by the fair Quitéria to-morrow will be his death sentence.

—God will send it better, cried Sancho ; for God, who gives the sore, gives the plaster. Nobody knows what is to come. From this to to-morrow are many hours, and in one,—nay, in a minute,—the house falls ; and I have seen it rain and be sunshine all at the same minute. One goes to bed sound at night, and he cannot move next day. Tell me, is there any one who, perchance, flatters himself that he has put a spoke in the wheel of Fortune? No, surely ; and between the *Yes* and the *No* of a woman I would not venture to put a pin's point, for there would not be room. Let them prove to me that Quitéria loves Basilio with a good heart and free will, and I will give him a bag full of good luck ; for love, as I have heard say, looks through spectacles which make copper seem gold, poverty riches, and tear-drops pearls.

—Where art thou going to stop, Sancho? a curse on thee! exclaimed Don Quixote ; when thou beginnest threading thy proverbs and old tales only Judas himself—may he take thee !—can follow. Tell me, animal, what knowest thou of spokes or of wheels, or of anything whatever?

—Oh, if you don't follow me, retorted Sancho, 'tis no marvel that my opinions are taken for nonsense—but no matter. I understand myself, and know that I have not

uttered many foolish things in what I have said, only your worship, my master, is always an incenser[1] of my sayings and eke of my doings.

—*Censor*, thou shouldst say, quoth Don Quixote, and not incenser,—perverter of good language, God confound thee!

—Be not your worship so sour with me, pleaded Sancho, for you know I was not brought up at the Court, nor have I studied at Salamanca, to learn if I put on or take off a letter of my words. Bless me! you must not expect the Sayagan to speak like the Toledan;[2] and it may be there are Toledans who are not so pat in the matter of speaking polite.

—That is true, said the licentiate, for they who are bred in the tan-pits and in Zocodover[3] cannot speak so well as those who loiter all the day in the cloisters of the cathedral, and yet all are Toledans. The pure dialect, the proper, the elegant, and clear, is to be found among the intelligent people of the Court, though they may have been born in Majalahonda.[4] I have said intelligent, for there are many who are not so, and good sense is the grammar of good language, if it is associated with practice. I, gentlemen, for my sins, have studied the canons at Salamanca, and pique

[1] *Friscal*, says Sancho, making one of his blunders, in place of *fiscal*, of which the secondary meaning is a "censurer," a "critic." I have turned it as best I could. Motteux rings the change on *critic* and *cricket*.

[2] The people of Toledo have been always supposed to speak the purest Castilian. At the Cortes held in that city in 1253 Alfonso X. ordered that should there be any doubt as to the meaning of any Castilian word, reference should be made to the standard of Toledo. Sayago is a wild district near Ledesma, between Zamora and Ciudad Rodrigo, the inhabitants of which enjoyed a proverbial reputation for being as rude in speech as in apparel,—wearing only one garment, the *sayo*, from which their name is popularly derived. Specimens of their dialect are quoted by Pellicer in his note to this chapter and to ch. xxxii. following.

[3] For Zocodover, the old square of Toledo, see note to Part I. ch. xxii. The tanneries were situated close to the river, in the lowest part of the city.

[4] Majalahonda is a small village, six or seven miles from Madrid, on the north-east.

myself somewhat on expressing my sense in clear, plain, and forcible words.

—If you had not piqued yourself more on the management of the foils you carry than of your tongue, cried the student, you would have been head of your degrees, whereas now you are the tail.

—Look ye, bachelor, responded the licentiate, you have the most erroneous opinion in the world respecting dexterity in the use of the sword, if you hold it to be useless.

—It is no opinion of mine, retorted Corchuelo, but a well-established truth ; and if you wish me to show you by experiment, you carry the swords ; there is every convenience ; I have muscles and strength, which, with a spirit which is not little, shall make you confess that I am not wrong. Dismount, and make use of your measured steps, your circles, your angles and science, for I hope to make you see stars at noonday with my raw and clumsy art, wherein I hope, after God, the man is to be born who shall make me turn my back, for there is no one on earth whom I will not force to give ground.

—In the matter of turning back or not, replied the fencer, I do not meddle, though it might happen that on the spot where you first plant your foot there shall open your grave,—I mean that there you will be left for dead by the art you despise.

—That shall now be seen, answered Corchuelo.—And alighting briskly from his ass, he snatched one of the foils which the licentiate carried on his.

—It must not be thus, here cried Don Quixote, for I will be umpire of this fence and the judge of this oft-undecided controversy.

And dismounting from Rozinante, and grasping his lance, he planted himself in the middle of the road at the moment that the licentiate advanced against Corchuelo in a

graceful posture and with balanced steps; while the other rushed at him, darting fire from his eyes, as they say. The two peasants of the company, without getting off their asses, looked on as spectators of the mortal tragedy. The slashes, lunges, down-strokes, back-strokes, and double strokes [1] which Corchuelo dealt were innumerable, thicker than hail. He made his rush like an angry lion, but there met him full tilt a touch on the mouth from the button of the licentiate's foil, which stopped him in the midst of his fury, and he was made to kiss it as though it were a relic, though not with as much devotion as relics ought, and are wont, to be kissed. The licentiate ended by counting with his lunges all the buttons of a short cassock [2] which the student wore, tearing the skirts into strips like the arms of a cuttle-fish. Twice he struck off the other's hat, and so worried him that, in his vexation, rage, and madness, he seized his sword by the hilt and flung it into the air with so much force that one of the peasants standing by, who was a scrivener, and went for it, made deposition afterwards that it went about three-quarters of a league off from him,—which testimony hath served and still serves to show and to prove of a verity how that brute force is conquered by art. Corchuelo having sat down exhausted, Sancho went up to him and said:

[1] *Cuchilladas*, *estocadas*, *altibajos*, *revéses y mandobles*,—these were various kinds of strokes given in sword-play. The *cuchillada* was a general name for any kind of sword blow. The *estocada* was the "lunge"; the *altibajo*, as the word expresses, a downward blow on the head. The *revés* is a side blow from left to right; the *mandoble*, a stroke given by the sword taken in both hands. Most of these strokes, it will be seen, are proper only to cutting blades, not to fencing foils; but it is Corchuelo who resorts to them, being ignorant of fencing, as the novice hard pressed is wont to do,—using the foil as a single-stick. The art of fencing had been brought to great perfection in Cervantes' time, its chief professor, and, indeed, the founder of the Spanish school, being the famous Gerónimo de Carranza, who published his book, *La Filosofia de las Armas*, at Sanlucar, in 1582. Cervantes celebrated him in the *Canto de Caliope*, under the name of *El Gran Carranza*.

[2] "The very butcher of a silk button."

—*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii. sc. 4.

—My faith, Sir Bachelor, if you will take my advice, from this day forth you must not challenge any one to fence but to wrestle or to pitch the bar, for you have the strength and the age for that; for of those they call masters of fence I have heard it said that they will put you the point of a sword through the eye of a needle.

—I am content, replied Corchuelo, to have tumbled from my ass,[1] and to have had experience to show me the truth of which I was so ignorant.—And getting up he embraced the licentiate, and they remained better friends than before. They were not inclined to wait for the scrivener, who had gone for the sword, for they thought it would delay them too much, so they resolved to push on to arrive in good time at Quitéria's village, to which they all belonged. During the remainder of the journey the licentiate held forth on the excellences of the sword with so many conclusive arguments and so many figures and mathematical demonstrations that they all became convinced of the goodness of the same, and Corchuelo cured of his obstinacy.

It was nightfall, but before they reached the village it seemed to all that about it was a sky filled with innumerable shining stars. They heard also sweet, confused sounds of divers instruments, as flutes, tambourines, psalteries, cymbals, tabors, and timbrels; and when they were come near they saw that a bower of trees which had been raised by hand at the entrance of the village was all filled with lights, which the wind harmed not, for it blew so softly that it hardly had strength to stir the leaves in the bushes. The musicians were the merry-makers at the wedding, who went about that pleasant scene in bands, some dancing, others singing, and others playing on a variety of instruments. Indeed, it seemed as though in all that meadow mirth and gladness were leaping and dancing. Many others were occupied in raising

[1] *De haber caido de mi burra*—a proverbial phrase, explained by Covarrubias to mean, to be thrown out from one's opinion or fancy,—to be undeceived.

platforms,—whence the plays and dances to be performed the next day could be seen with greater convenience,—in the spot dedicated to the celebration of the nuptials of the rich Camacho and the obsequies of the poor Basilio. Don Quixote declined to enter the village, although the peasant and the bachelor pressed him to do so; giving reasons very sufficient in his opinion, for that it was the custom of Knights Errant to sleep in the fields and forests rather than in populated places, although it might be under gilded roofs; and, therefore, he went a little aside from the road, much against the will of Sancho, in whose memory there lingered the good lodgment he had received in the castle or house of Don Diego.

CHAPTER XX

Wherein is described the wedding of Camacho the rich; together with the adventure of Basilio the poor

SCARCELY had lily-white Aurora given time to shining Apollo with the fervour of his hot rays to dry up the liquid pearls of her golden hair[1] when Don Quixote, shaking sloth from his limbs, rose to his feet and called to his squire Sancho, who still lay snoring. On seeing this Don Quixote, before awaking him, thus delivered himself:

—O thou fortunate above all who dwell on the face of earth, since, without envying or being envied, thou sleepest with tranquil spirit; neither do enchanters harass nor enchantments scare thee. Sleep, I say again, and a hundred times,—for no jealousy of thy lady holds thee in ceaseless vigil, nor cogitations of how to discharge the debts thou owest keep thee awake; nor of what thou must do to feed next day thyself and thy small straitened family. Ambition disquiets thee not, nor the vain pomps of the world worry thee, since the limits of thy desires extend no farther than care for thine ass, for that of thy person thou hast laid on

[1] These and many similar openings to the chapters in *Don Quixote* are meant to burlesque the fantastic phrases with which the books of chivalries are plentifully sprinkled throughout. Here the pompous and poetical beginning of the sentence, with the shining Apollo drying the golden locks (Clemencin insists they should be silver locks) of Aurora, is in rare contrast with the picture, at the end, of the snoring Sancho.

my shoulders; a burthen and counterpoise imposed by nature and custom on masters. The servant sleeps, and his lord watches; thinking how to sustain him, to better him, and render him favours. Not the anguish of seeing the sky turn to brass, without shedding on the earth the needful dew, afflicts the servant, but the master, who has to sustain in barrenness and famine him by whom he is served in fertility and abundance.

To all this Sancho made no response, for he was sleeping; nor would he have waked so soon as he did, had not Don Quixote, with the butt-end of his lance, made him come to himself. He awoke at length, drowsy and languid, and turning his face round, exclaimed:

—If I mistake not there comes from out of yonder bower a steam and a smell more full of broiled rashers than of thyme and rushes.[1] A wedding which begins with these odours should be, by my halidome, plenteous and generous.

—Have done, glutton, said Don Quixote; come, let us go and look on these espousals, and see what the rejected Basilio does.

—Even let him do what he will, answered Sancho; nay, he would be poor, and he would marry him with Quitéria. To have never a farthing, and to want to marry in the clouds? I' faith, Sir, I am thinking that the poor man should be content with what he can find, and not look

[1] Hartzenbusch, adopting a suggestion of Clemencin, converts *juncos*, "rushes," into *júncias* (sweet *cyperus* or galangale), on the ground that the context requires a sweet-smelling herb to match with thyme, whereas *juncos* do not smell as *júncias* do. But the passage quoted by Bowle from *El Viage Entretenido* of Agustin Rojas, in which he speaks of the ground strewn with *junquillos* in connexion with *tomillos* (thyme), and "other sweet-smelling herbs, which gave forth the sweetest odours," is conclusive as to rushes being used for such a purpose and producing such an effect. Newly-cut rushes have as decided and as pleasant an odour as new-mown hay. And Sancho was likely to be more familiar with rushes than with galangale.

for dainties in the sea.[1] I would bet my hand Camacho could cover Basilio with *reals;* and if it is so, as it must be, Quitéria were a rare fool to throw away the jewels and gauds which Camacho must have given and can give her, to choose the bar-pitching and the foil-play of Basilio. They won't give a pint of wine in the tavern upon a good cast of the bar, or the cleverest trick of the foil. Parts and graces which are not saleable, better let Count Dirlos have 'em;[2] but when such talents fall to one who has good money, let my life be like to theirs. Upon a good foundation you can raise a good house, and the best foundation and bottom in the world is money.[3]

—In God's name, Sancho, here cried Don Quixote, conclude thy harangue, for I believe that if they left thee to follow those you commence at every pass, thou wouldst have no time left to eat or to sleep, for all would be spent in talking.

—Had your worship a good memory, replied Sancho, you would remember the articles of our agreement before we left home this last time; one of them was that you

[1] *Cotufas en el golfo*—a proverbial saying, more than once used in the course of this story. See note to ch. xxx. Part I.

[2] Count Dirlos was one of the ballad-heroes,—brother to Durandarte. There is no reason for citing him in particular for his accomplishments, though the ballad, which is an unusually dull and tedious one, makes him out "the best Knight in the world." The references to him in the mouth of Sancho show how familiar the peasantry of Spain in that time were with the Carlovingian heroes as sung in the ballads.

[3] Sancho has adopted the opinion of that reverend reprobate, the Archpriest of Hita, who has a poem on the power of money, of which the burden is:

Do son muchos dineros es mucha bendicion.

An excellent translation of this is a little out of place in Mr. J. Y. Gibson's collection of *The Cid Ballads.* A modern and very common rhyme in Spain is:—

Poderoso caballero
Es Don Dinero—
Dios es omnipotente
Y el dinero es su teniente.

had to let me talk as much as I pleased provided it was not against my neighbour nor your worship's authority; and till now methinks I have made no breach of this article.

—I remember not any such article, Sancho, said Don Quixote; and supposing it were so, it is now my will that thou shouldst hold thy tongue and come with me, for now the instruments we heard last night are gladdening the valleys again, and doubtless the espousals will be celebrated in the freshness of the morning and not in the heat of the afternoon.

Sancho did as his master commanded, and placing the saddle on Rozinante and the pannel on the ass, the two mounted and rode leisurely towards the bower of trees. The first thing which presented itself to Sancho's eyes was a whole steer spitted on a spit made of a whole elm-tree, and on the fire whereon it was roasting there was burning half a mountain of wood, and six earthen pots which stood round the blaze, not made in the common mould of ordinary pots, for they were six middle-sized wine-jars,[1] each one of which would hold a butcher's shop of meat. Whole sheep were swallowed up and contained in them unseen, as if they had been pigeons. The hares ready skinned and the chickens plucked, which were ranged about the trees for burial in the pots, were without number; countless were the birds and game of all kinds hanging from the branches that the air might cool them. Sancho reckoned more than sixty wine-skins of more than eight gallons each, and all full, as afterwards appeared, of generous wines. There were also rows of loaves of the whitest, ranged like heaps of wheat on the threshing-floor; the cheeses, heaped up like bricks, formed a wall; and two cauldrons of oil, larger than

[1] *Tinajas*,—of the earthenware of El Toboso, six or seven feet high, and as many wide, whose use in place of the conventional *ollas* sufficiently marks the bounty of Camacho.

dyers' vats, were ready for the frying of the dough-ware, which with two mighty shovels they drew out fried and plunged into another cauldron of prepared honey which stood at hand. The cooks and the scullions were more than fifty ; all clean, all busy, and all blithesome. In the distended belly of the ox were twelve delicate little sucking-pigs, which, sewed up within, served to make it savoury and tender. The spices of various sorts appeared to have been bought, not by the pound but by the quarter, and were all displayed to view in a great chest. In fine, the preparations for the wedding, though rustic, were abundant enough to maintain an army.[1]

All this Sancho Panza beheld, all this he inspected, and with all he was in love. The first to captivate him and make his soul prisoner were the flesh-pots, from which he would have taken, with the greatest good-will, a fair dish of stew. Then the wine-skins took his fancy ; and lastly the fruitage of the pan,[2] if those swollen cauldrons could be called pans ; and so, not being able to bear it any longer, he went up to one of the busy cooks and in words courteous and hungry prayed him for leave to moisten a crust of bread in one of those pots. To which the cook made answer :— Brother, this day is not one of those over which hunger has sway, thanks to Camacho the rich. Dismount and look if there is a ladle about, and skim off a hen or two ; and much good may they do you.

[1] This description of the feast at Camacho's wedding may vie with the most famous in literature,—with the plenteous banquets in Homer and the Gargantuan feeding in Rabelais. Cervantes, like other great writers, ancient and modern, had a very fine taste in good eating and drinking, and speaks with a gusto such as, we fear, owed but little to experience. The spread at Camacho's nuptials has become proverbial in several languages, and doubtless was copied from real life,—from some scene at which Cervantes himself probably assisted, while a resident in La Mancha.

[2] *Las frutas de sartén*,—a burlesque phrase for the *fritura*,—the pancakes, the *tortillas*, the *buñuelos*, etc., in which the Spanish *cuisine* is so rich.

—I see none, said Sancho.

—Wait, cried the cook; sinner o' me, but you are a dainty one and a faint heart!—And so saying, he laid hold of a kettle, and dipping it into one of the jars, drew out in it three pullets and a couple of geese, saying to Sancho:

—Eat, friend, and break your fast on these skimmings, till the dinner time comes.

—I have nothing to put it in, said Sancho.

—Then take kettle and all, said the cook, for the wealth and the kindness of Camacho are good for everything.

Whilst Sancho was thus engaged, Don Quixote was looking on through one side of the bowered space at the entry of some dozen peasants, mounted each upon a most beautiful nag, richly and showily caparisoned, with a number of bells hung from their breast-plates, and all clothed in holiday apparel, who, in a marshalled troop, ran not one but many courses over the meadow, with joyous huzzas and shouts, crying:—Long live Camacho and Quitéria, he is as rich as she is fair, and she the fairest in the world!

Seeing this, Don Quixote said to himself:—It is easy to see that these men have not seen my Dulcinea del Toboso, for had they seen her they would have been more moderate in their praises of their Quitéria.

A little while after, there began to enter by several ways into that leafy space, various companies of dancers, among which was one of sword-dancers, about four-and-twenty youths, of gallant mien and bearing, all attired in the finest and whitest linen, with head-dresses of divers colours worked in fine silk. One of those who rode on the nags enquired of him who led them, a nimble youth, if any of the dancers had hurt himself.

—At present, God be thanked, said he, none of us are hurt; we are all sound.—And presently he began to twist himself about among his companions, with so many turns and so much dexterity, that although Don Quixote had seen

similar dances, he thought none had been so good as that. Another also pleased him well, of twelve most beautiful maidens, none of whom seemed to be under fourteen or above eighteen years of age, clad all in a green stuff, their locks partly plaited and partly loosed, but all so golden red that they might compete with those of the sun himself, upon which they wore garlands of jasmines, roses, amaranth, and honeysuckle.[1] They were led by a venerable old man and an ancient matron, though more active and nimble than their years promised. A Zamora bagpipe made music for them, and with modesty in their faces and in their eyes and nimbleness in their feet, they showed themselves the best dancers in the world. Behind this there came in another company of set dancers, such as they call a masque or speaking dance. It was made up of eight nymphs, ranged in two rows; of the one row *Love* was leader, and of the other *Interest*,—the first decked with wings, bow, quiver, and arrows; the second clad in rich parti-coloured hues of gold and silk. The nymphs who followed *Love* bore on their shoulders their names written on white parchment and in large letters. *Poetry* was the title of the first; of the second *Good Sense;* of the third *Good Lineage;* of the fourth *Valour*. In the same way were distinguished those who followed *Interest*. The badge of the first proclaimed *Liberality;* of the second *Largess;* of the third *Treasure;* of the fourth *Peaceful Possession*. In front of them all there came a castle of wood drawn by four savages, clad in ivy and hemp dyed green, so much after

[1] It has been objected that, the date of Camacho's wedding being the 12th of October, according to the reckoning of Vicente de los Rios, these flowers could not all be in bloom,—jasmines, roses, and honeysuckle belonging to spring or early summer. But the same objection, and with equal propriety and force, has been made to Milton's famous enumeration of the flowers in *Lycidas*, where the primrose and the daffodil are used to "strew the laureat hearse where Lycid lies,"—together with the musk-rose and the amaranth. In the painfully accurate Tennyson, also, we have the foxglove made contemporary with the laburnum. What is a licence allowed to the poet may surely be conceded to Cervantes.

nature that for a little while Sancho was frightened. On the front of the castle, and on each of its four sides, was inscribed :—*The Castle of Good Heed.* Four skilful players on the tambourine and flute striking up, Cupid began the dance, and after executing two figures, he lifted his eyes and bent his bow against a maiden who was placed among the turrets of the castle, whom he thus addressed :—

I am the potent god
  Who earth and heaven compel,
The seas bend to my nod ;
  I rule the powers of hell.

No fear can me dismay ;
  All that I would I can ;
And none can say me nay ;
  I give, take, bid, and ban.

The couplet ended, *Love* discharged an arrow over the top of the castle, and retired to his station. Then came *Interest* and made two turns in the dance, and the music ceasing, he cried :—

I'm he who's more than Love,
  Though Love my guide may be,
My strain comes from above,
  Of high antiquity.

I'm Interest, who's kind to few,
  And 'gainst whom are fewer ;
Such as I am, to thee I am true
  For ever and evermore.

Then *Interest* retired, and *Poetry* put herself forward, who, having performed her figures like the others, said, fixing her eyes on the lady of the castle :—

I, lady, am sweet Poesy,
In sweet conceits most apt,
And my heart I send to thee
In a thousand sonnets wrapt.

Should I mayhap not vex
Thee when I importune,
Thy fortune, envied of thy sex,
I'll raise above the moon.

Poetry went aside, and from the side of *Interest* there came forth *Liberality*, and after having performed her figures, said :—

Liberality they call
The gift which comes between
What's rash and prodigal
And what is poor and mean.

But I for thy dear love
A prodigal would be ;
If sin it is by gifts to move,
I'll gladly sin for thee.

In this manner appeared and retired all the personages of the two bands, and each one went through his motions and repeated his verses, some elegant and some ridiculous, though Don Quixote retained in his memory (and he had a good one) only those which have been quoted. Presently they all mingled, making and unmaking circles with gay, unconstrained grace, and when *Love* passed in front of the castle he shot his arrows aloft, but *Interest* broke upon it gilded balls.[1] Finally, after having danced a good while, *Interest* drew out a large purse, made out of a brindled cat-skin,

[1] *Alcancias doradas*; *alcancia* is Arabic,—the word, as well as the thing,—signifying originally a treasure-box. The word was applied to the balls of clay, about the bigness of an orange, which were thrown about in equestrian games.

which seemed to be full of coin; and, flinging it at the castle, with the blow the boards were disjointed and fell to pieces, leaving the damsel exposed and defenceless. *Interest* came up with the characters of his faction, and throwing a golden chain round her neck, made a show of taking her and leading her away prisoner. This being seen by *Love* and his partisans, they tried to rescue her, all their motions being to the sound of the tambourines, they and the musicians playing and dancing in concert. The savages made peace between them, building up again and enclosing the walls of the castle with much dexterity, and leaving the damsel ensconced in it anew; and with this the masque ended to the great delight of the spectators.

—Don Quixote enquired of one of the nymphs, who had composed and directed it? And she answered that it was a priest of that village, who had a great faculty for such inventions.

—I would wager, cried Don Quixote, that he is a friend of Camacho rather than of Basilio, this said bachelor, or clergyman; and has a better hand at satire than at vespers. He has cleverly introduced into the masque the accomplishments of Basilio and the riches of Camacho.

Sancho Panza, who was listening to all, said:—The king is my cock;[1] I hold for Camacho!

—Indeed, it appears, said Don Quixote, thou art a bumpkin—one of those who cry, *Long life to the conqueror!*

—I know not of what sort I am, answered Sancho, but well I know that never from the flesh-pots of Basilio shall I draw such elegant scum as this which I have drawn from Camacho's.—And showing his kettle full of geese and pullets, he took hold of one, and began to eat with great zest and appetite, saying:

[1] *El Rei es mi gallo*—a phrase taken obviously from the cock-pit. In the dialect of *Germania*, the fighting-cock was called *el Rei*.

—A fig for the accomplishments of Basilio! You are worth as much as you have, and as much as you have so much you are worth. There are two families in the world, my grandmother used to say, which are the *Have* and the *Have-not*;[1] and she ever stuck to the *Haves*; and in these days, my lord Don Quixote, they rather feel the pulse of *have* than of *know*. An ass covered with gold looks better than a pannelled horse. So once more I say I hold to Camacho, from whose pots the bountiful skimmings are geese and chickens, hares and rabbits; and from those of Basilio, if they come to hand or to the foot, may be only dish-scourings.[2]

—Hast finished thy harangue, Sancho? asked Don Quixote.

—I'll get it finished, answered Sancho, for I see your worship receives it in bad part, for though if this had not come through the middle of it, there had been work cut out for three days.

—Please God, Sancho, said Don Quixote, that I may see thee dumb before I die.

—At the pace we are going, responded Sancho, before your worship dies I shall be chewing clay, and then mayhap I may be so dumb that I shall speak never a word till the end of the world or at least till the Day of Judgment.

—Even though it should so happen, O Sancho! cried Don Quixote, never will thy silence come up to what thou hast spoken, speakest, and hast to speak during thy life; and the more because it is only natural and reasonable that the day of my death shall come before thine; and so I never

[1] This famous saying, which from Sancho's wit has become the wisdom of many, was probably older than Cervantes. Bowle quotes a phrase almost identical from Guardiola, who wrote a treatise on the nobility and the titles of Spain in 1591. In the *Picara Justina*, published in 1605, is the same sentiment, almost in the same words.

[2] *Aguachirle*— literally, the liquor made of the refuse of grape-skins by the addition of water.

hope to see thee mute, not even when drinking or sleeping, and that is as high as I can put it.

—In good faith, master, answered Sancho, there is no trusting the fleshless one, I mean Death, who takes the lamb as well as the sheep; and our priest I have heard say that with equal feet he tramples on the tall towers of kings as on the lowly huts of the poor.[1] This dame is more potent than dainty; she is nothing squeamish; she eats of all, and does for all, and fills her wallets with many sorts of folk, age, and quality. She is no reaper that takes siestas, for at all hours she reaps, and cuts both the dry and the green grass; and she does not seem to chew, but gobbles and bolts all is put before her, for she has a dog's hunger which is never filled; and, though she has no belly, she seems to have the dropsy, and is thirsty to drink all the lives of them that live, as one drinks a jar of cold water.

—No more of that, Sancho, Don Quixote exclaimed at this; stop thee in thy fine words, and don't risk a fall, for of a truth what thou hast said of death in thy home-spun terms is what a good preacher might say. I tell thee, Sancho, that if thou hadst discretion as thou hast a good natural wit, thou couldst take to the pulpit and go preaching thy pretty things through the world.

—He preaches well who lives well, responded Sancho; and I know no other of your thologies.[2]

—Nor hast thou need of them, said Don Quixote; but I have not yet understood or mastered how it is that the fear of God being the beginning of wisdom, thou, who fearest a lizard more than Him, knowest so much.

—Let your worship judge of your chivalries, answered Sancho, and not meddle with the fears or the fancies of

[1] The well-known sentiment of Horace:—

Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres.

[2] *Tologias*, for *teologias* (theologies), says Sancho.

others, for I have as proper a fear of God as any neighbour's son ; and leave me to wipe up these skimmings, for the rest is all idle words, which we have to give account of in another life.

And so saying, he began a fresh assault upon his kettle with such good vigour that it aroused that of Don Quixote ; and doubtless his master would have helped him if he had not been prevented, by something which must be told further on.

CHAPTER XXI

Wherein is continued the story of Camacho's wedding; with other delectable adventures

While Don Quixote and Sancho were engaged in the conversation reported in the previous chapter, they heard loud shouts and a great uproar, raised by those mounted on the nags, who, galloping and shouting, went to receive the bride and bridegroom, who, surrounded by a thousand kinds of musical instruments and festive devices, were approaching, accompanied by the priest and the kinsfolk of both, the most distinguished people from the neighbouring village, all dressed in their holiday attire. And when Sancho saw the bride he cried:

—In good faith she comes draped not as a farmer's daughter but some fine court lady! Ecod, as I make out, the patines[1] she has on are rich corals, and in place of green Cuenca stuff,[2] thirty-pile velvet;[3] indeed, and the trimming of white linsey,

[1] *Patenas;* originally, thin round plates of gold or silver, worn by the peasant women of some of the provinces of Spain, hanging from the neck. Doña Ximena wore, on the day of her wedding with the Cid—

Un collar de ocho patenas
Con un S. Miguel colgando.

In the present day these *patenas* are worn chiefly by gipsies, and are generally of silver.

[2] *Palmilla verde de Cuenca*—a green stuff woven at Cuenca, called *palmilla*, says Covarrubias,—who was a canon of that city,—because originally bordered with little palms by way of a mark.

[3] *Treinta pelos*,—of course an exaggeration, as there is no velvet of more than three pile.

I vow it is of satin! Then look at her hands, bedizened with—hoops of jet, is it? May I never thrive if they are not rings of gold!—and very much of gold, and set with pearls,[1] white as a curd, which every one must be worth an eye of my head. O, the whoreson jade![2] and what tresses! —which, if they are not false, I have never seen longer nor redder in all my life. Then see if the figure and air she carries, as she moves, is not to be compared to a palm-tree, loaded with bunches of dates!—for like this they look the trinkets she wears, hanging from her hair and her throat. I swear on my soul she is a lass of mettle,[3] and may pass the banks of Flanders.[4]

Don Quixote smiled at the rustic eulogies of Sancho Panza; but he thought that, saving his lady Dulcinea del Toboso, he had never seen a woman more beautiful. The fair Quitéria looked a little pallid, which might have been from the bad night which brides always pass, in preparing themselves for the day of the wedding to come. They marched up to a theatre which had been set up on one side of the meadow, decked with branches and carpets, where the

[1] *Pelras*, says Sancho, in his enthusiasm, instead of *perlas*,—a common form of transposition in the mouths of rustics.

[2] *O hideputa!* cries Sancho, using precisely the word, to give vent to his high appreciation of the bride, which he had rebuked Tomé Cecial for applying to his daughter Sanchica in ch. xiii.

[3] *Una chapada moza*, or *moza de chapa*. See note to ch. xxv. Part I.

[4] *Los bancos de Flandes*,—meaning the shoals along the Flemish and Dutch coasts, which in old days were a great terror to navigators, and an eternal source of danger and of trouble to the Spaniards in their attempts to command the sea bordering on the Low Countries. In the old ballad of the Conde Arnaldos, a mariner, addressing his galley, prays that God may preserve it—

De los llanos de Almería,
Estrecho de Gibraltar,
Y del golfo de Venécia,
Y de los bancos de Flandes.

Hence to pass the banks of Flanders came to mean, to overcome any great difficulty, and one who could pass those banks was a synonym for one well endowed by nature.

espousals were to be celebrated; and at the moment they arrived at the spot, they heard a loud outcry in the rear and a voice which said:

—Stay for a little, ye thoughtless and hasty people!—At these cries and words they all turned their heads, and saw him who uttered them—a man clothed in a black coat, garnished with flame-like patches of crimson. He was crowned, as they presently saw, with a chaplet of funereal cypress, and carried in his hand a large staff. On coming nearer, he was recognised by all as the gallant Basilio, and all waited in suspense to see what might be the issue of his cries and words, fearing some evil might happen from his appearance at such a season. He came up at last, wearied and breathless, and posting himself in front of the bride and bridegroom, and thrusting his staff, which was pointed with steel, into the ground, with a changing colour and with his eyes fixed on Quitéria, he spake these words in a hoarse and tremulous voice:

—Well knowest thou, ungrateful Quitéria, that by the sacred law which binds us, while I am alive thou canst take no husband. Neither art thou ignorant that while I waited for time and my industry to improve the condition of my fortune, I did not fail to observe the respect due to thy honour. But thou, casting behind thee all the obligations thou hast to my love, wouldst make another lord of that which is mine, whose wealth to him is not only good fortune but very good happiness.[1] And that he may have it in full measure (not because I think he deserves it, but because Heaven has given it to him), I, by my own hand, will remove the obstacle by getting rid of myself. Long live the rich Camacho with the ungrateful Quitéria many and happy years; and let the poor

[1] *No solo de buena fortuna sino de bonísima ventura.* Basilio plays on the double meaning of *fortuna*, which signifies, as in English "fortune,"—riches as well as good luck. Clemencin reproves Basilio for his language, as being inappropriate to his situation; but the reader will see, before he gets to the end of the chapter, the injustice of this criticism.

Basilio die, whose poverty has clipped the wings of his happiness and brought him to the grave!

And, so saying, he seized hold of the staff which he had stuck in the earth, and breaking it in half against the ground, showed it to serve as a sheath to a medium-sized dirk within concealed; and planting what might be called the hilt in the soil, with a nimble spring and resolute purpose he threw himself upon it, and in an instant the bloody point appeared at his back with half of the steely knife—the unhappy wretch remaining stretched on the ground, bathed in blood, transfixed by his own weapon. His friends ran up at once to succour him, bewailing his unhappiness and piteous lot; and Don Quixote, quitting Rozinante, ran also to help, and taking him in his arms found that he was still breathing. They would have drawn out the dirk; but the priest, who was present, was of opinion they should not draw it before he had confessed him, for if they drew it out he would expire at once. Coming a little to himself, in a faint and doleful voice he exclaimed:

—If, cruel Quitéria, in this my last and fatal agony, thou wouldst give me thy hand as my betrothed, I would even think that my rashness could be pardoned, since thereby I attained the bliss of being thine own.

Hearing this the priest said that he should attend to the saving of his soul rather than to the appetites of the body, and that, indeed, he should ask pardon of God for his sins and for his rash deed. To which Basilio replied that he could in no wise confess, if Quitéria did not first give him her hand to be his spouse; for that boon would strengthen his heart and give him breath for confession. Don Quixote, hearing the wounded man's petition, cried in a loud voice that Basilio asked for a thing very just and based on reason, and moreover, very practicable, and that Sir Camacho would be as honoured in receiving the lady Quitéria, widow of the valorous Basilio, as if he received her from the side of her father.

—There is no need here, said he, of more than a *Yes*, and no other effect from the pronouncing of it can follow, for the nuptial bed of this marriage must be the grave.

All this Camacho listened to, bewildered and confused, not knowing what to do or to say ; but the voices of Basilio's friends were so urgent, beseeching him to consent that Quitéria should give Basilio her hand as wife,—so that his soul should not be lost, parting so rashly from his life,—that they moved, nay, compelled him to say that if Quitéria was willing he was content, for the fulfilment of his wishes would only be delayed for a moment. Then they all ran up to Quitéria and, some with prayers and some with tears, and others with persuasive arguments, pressed her to give her hand to poor Basilio ; but she, harder than marble and more immovable than a statue, looked as if she could not and would not answer a word ; nor would she have answered had not the priest told her to make up her mind quickly what she would do, for now Basilio had his soul in his teeth, with no time to wait for wavering minds.

Then the fair Quitéria, without answering any word, seemingly troubled, care-worn, and melancholy, advanced to where Basilio lay, with eyes now upturned and breathing short and painfully, murmuring between his teeth the name of Quitéria, giving signs of dying like a heathen and no Christian. Coming up to him, and kneeling, she besought his hand, rather by signs than by words. Basilio opened his eyes, and regarding her intently said :

—O Quitéria ! who hast come to be pitiful at the time when thy pity must serve as the knife which cuts short my life, for now I have no strength to bear the honour thou conferrest on me by choosing me for thine, nor to relieve the pain which is so rapidly covering my eyes with the dread shadow of death ! What I beseech of thee, O thou my fatal star ! is that the hand thou seekest and wouldst give me, is not out of complaisance nor to deceive me anew, but that thou

shouldst confess and say that without doing violence to thy will thou givest and deliverest it to me as thy lawful husband, for ill it were to deceive me in a state like this, or to use deceptions with me who have dealt so truly with thee!

With these words he swooned in a way which made the bystanders think that every paroxysm would carry his soul away. Quitéria, all modest and bashful, taking hold of Basilio's right hand with her own, exclaimed:—No force would suffice to compel my will; and thus with the freest I have I give thee the hand of thy lawful wife, and accept thine, if so be that thou givest it of thy free will, untroubled and unaltered by the calamity into which thy hasty act has plunged thee.

—Yes, I give it, being neither troubled nor altered, but with a clear understanding, such as Heaven has granted me, and thus do I give and engage myself for thy husband.

—And I for thy wife, responded Quitéria, whether thou livest long years or whether they take thee from my arms to the tomb.

—For one so grievously wounded, here Sancho observed, this youth talks a great deal. Let them make him give up his love-tales and attend to his soul, for to my thinking he has more of it on his tongue than in his teeth.[1]

Basilio and Quitéria being thus joined by the hands, the priest tenderly and tearfully bestowed on them his blessing, and prayed Heaven to give good repose to the soul of the new-espoused; who, the instant he had received the benediction, rose nimbly to his feet and with an unlooked-for dexterity drew out the dirk which was sheathed in his body. All the bystanders were astounded, and some of them, more simple than inquisitive, began to cry loudly, *a miracle! a miracle!*—But Basilio replied:—No miracle, no miracle; but stratagem, stratagem!—The priest, perplexed and amazed,

[1] Referring to what the priest had said a little before, that Basilio had "his soul in his teeth" (*el alma en los dientes*).

ran up with both his hands to feel the wound, and found that the knife had passed not through the flesh and ribs of Basilio, but through a hollow tube of iron which had been fitted to the place, filled with blood so prepared, as they afterwards learnt, as not to congeal. In short, the priest and Camacho, with all the bystanders, found themselves tricked and duped. The bride showed no signs of displeasure at the jest, but rather, on hearing them saying that the marriage would not be valid as being fraudulent, declared that she confirmed it afresh, whence they all concluded that the affair had been planned by the privity and connivance of them both ; whereupon Camacho and his supporters were so incensed that they applied themselves to vengeance, and unsheathing many swords rushed at Basilio, in whose interest in an instant were unsheathed almost as many others, while Don Quixote, leading the van on horseback with his lance on his arm, well covered by his shield, made them all give way. Sancho, to whom such doings never gave pleasure or comfort, took refuge among the flesh-pots, whence he had extracted his grateful skimmings, regarding that as a sacred spot which had to be respected. Don Quixote cried with a loud voice :—Hold, Sirs, hold ! We have no right to exact vengeance for the injuries which love does us ; and mark, that love and war are the same thing ; and as in war it is lawful and customary to use artifices and stratagems in order to conquer the enemy, so in amours, contests, and rivalries, trickeries and plots hold good which are practised to attain the desired end, so long as they are not to the injury and dishonour of the object loved. Quitéria belonged to Basilio and Basilio to Quitéria, by the just and auspicious dispensation of the powers above. Camacho is rich, and can purchase his pleasure when, where, and how he will. Basilio has no more than this ewe-lamb, and no one shall deprive him of it, however powerful he be, for the two whom God joins man shall not put asunder ; and he who attempts it has first to pass by the point of this lance.

And with this he brandished it so stoutly and dexterously that he struck terror into all who did not know him. So deeply did Quitéria's disdain fix itself in Camacho's fancy that he blotted her from his mind on the instant ; and so the persuasions of the priest, who was a man of prudence and well meaning, prevailed upon him, and left him and those of his party appeased and satisfied. In token of which they put up their swords, finding fault rather with the easiness of Quitéria than the artifice of Basilio—Camacho reasoning with himself that if Quitéria loved Basilio as maiden, she would love him also as wife, and that he ought to thank Heaven more for the losing than the getting of her. Camacho and those of his side being consoled and pacified, all of Basilio's following were quieted ; and the rich Camacho, to show that he felt no resentment for the joke nor thought anything of it, desired that the festivities should proceed as if he were really being married. Neither Basilio, however, nor his spouse nor his followers would take part in them, but went away to Basilio's village ; for even the poor, if virtuous and sensible, have those who follow, honour, and assist them, as the rich have their flatterers and minions. They took Don Quixote with them, esteeming him for a man of worth and of mettle. Sancho alone was filled with gloom in his soul with not being able to attend the splendid feeding and festival of Camacho, which lasted till nightfall ; and dejected and sad he followed his master, who went with Basilio's party, leaving behind him the flesh-pots of Egypt though he carried them in his heart ; their skimmings in the kettle, though now almost consumed and ended, representing the glory and plenty of the boon he had lost. And so, pensive and sulky though hungerless, without dismounting from Dapple, he followed on the heels of Rozinante.

CHAPTER XXII

Wherein is recounted the grand adventure of the Cave of Montesinos, in the heart of La Mancha, which the valorous Don Quixote of La Mancha brought to a happy conclusion

MANY and great were the compliments which the newly-married couple lavished on Don Quixote, being bounden to him for the tokens of good-will he had shown them in defending their cause; gauging his wit by his valour, and taking him for a Cid in arms and a Cicero in eloquence. The good Sancho was for three days entertained at the cost of the pair, from whom he learnt that the fictitious wounding was no trick prearranged with the fair Quitéria, but a scheme of Basilio's, from which he looked for the very result which they had seen. It is true, he confessed that he had imparted his design to some of his friends in order that they might, at the necessary moment, support his plot and back up his deception.

Deceptions, they could not and should not be called, which aim at virtuous ends, Don Quixote said; the marrying of true lovers was an end of the highest excellence:—warning them, however, that the greatest enemies of love are hunger and penury; for love is all gaiety, pleasure, and happiness, the more when the lover is in possession of the object loved, against whom want and poverty are set and declared enemies; and that all this he said with the in-

tention of prevailing upon Basilio to give up the practice of the accomplishments in which he was skilled, which, though they might bring him fame, would bring him no money, and to apply himself to the getting of a living by lawful and industrious means, such as are never wanting to those who have prudence and application. The poor, honourable man, he said (if it is possible for the poor man to be honourable),[1] in possessing a beautiful wife possesses a jewel which, if they take from him, they take his honour and slay it. The beautiful and honourable wife, whose husband is poor, deserves to be crowned with laurels and palms of victory and triumph. Beauty itself alone attracts the desires of all who look upon and recognise it, and the royal eagles and high-soaring birds swoop down upon it as a dainty lure ; but if to this beauty are joined want and straitened means, even the crows, the kites, and other birds of prey assail it, and she who remains steadfast through these many trials well merits to be called a crown to her husband.[2]

—Look ye, discreet Basilio, added Don Quixote, it was the opinion I know not of what wise man that there was never in the world but one good woman, and he advised every one to think and believe that she, this only good one, was his wife, and so he shall live content. I am myself not married, nor till now has it come into my thoughts to be so ;[3] nevertheless, I would be so bold as to give counsel to him who may ask it of me, as to the mode in which he should seek the woman he would marry. The first thing I would advise him is, to look more to reputation than to fortune, for the good woman gets not good report solely

[1] The same piece of irony appeared before in ch. vii. of the First Part.

[2] Quoting Solomon : *Mulier diligens corona est viro suo.*

[3] A speech which, says Clemencin, is scarcely to be reconciled with Don Quixote's attentions to Dulcinea, and therefore a lapse of memory on the part of the Knight or of his creator—which is a capital sample of that most learned and unhumorous commentator.

by being good, but by appearing so; for looseness and public freedoms hurt the honour of women more than private misdeeds. If thou bringest a good woman to thy house, it were an easy thing to keep her and even better her in that goodness; but if thou bringest a bad one, she shall set thee to toil in amending her, for it is not very practicable to pass from one extreme to another. I say not that it is impossible, but I hold it to be difficult.

To all this Sancho listened, saying to himself:—This master of mine, when I speak things of pith and substance, is wont to tell me that I am to take pulpit in hand and go me out through the world preaching pretty things; and I say of him that when he begins to thread sentences and give counsels, not only can he take a pulpit in hand, but two in each finger, and go forth through the market-place with, *What do ye lack?*[1] The devil have thee for a Knight Errant, but how many things thou knowest!—I was thinking in my heart that he only knew what belonged to his chivalries, but there is nothing he doesn't peck at nor dip his spoon in.

Sancho was muttering this to himself somewhat aloud, when his master overheard him, and asked:

—What art thou murmuring at, Sancho?

—I am saying nothing and murmuring nothing, answered Sancho; I was only saying to myself that I wish I had heard what your worship has said just now before I was married, for perhaps I might say now that the loosed ox licks himself well.[2]

[1] *Andarse por esas plazas á qué quieres boca*; the sense is clear enough, though the phrase is idiomatic and the expression elliptical. *Qué quieres boca?* is the cry of the vendor in the market, equivalent to our "Who'll buy—buy—buy?"—still extant among the butchers of Whitechapel. Shelton is the only translator who seems to have understood what Sancho meant, making it: "Who buys my wares?" Motteux turns it into: "He has a finger in every pie," which is nonsense. Some of the others pass it by altogether; which is the safer course.

[2] *El buei suelto bien se lame*—a proverb.

—Is thy Theresa so bad, then, Sancho? said Don Quixote.

—She is not very bad, answered Sancho; but she is not very good; at least, she is not so good as I would have her.

—Thou doest ill, Sancho, said Don Quixote, in speaking so ill of thy wife, who indeed is the mother of thy children.

—We owe each other nothing, answered Sancho, for she speaks ill of me also when she is vexed, especially when she is jealous; and then let Satan himself put up with her.

Three days they remained with this new-married couple, during which they were regaled and treated like kings. Don Quixote asked the fencer-licentiate to give him a guide to conduct them to the Cave of Montesinos,[1] for he had a great desire to explore it and to see with his own eyes if the wonders reported in those regions respecting it were true. The licentiate said that he would give him a cousin of his own, a famous scholar, and much addicted to the reading of books of chivalries, who would very gladly take him to the mouth of the cave itself, and show him the lagoons of Ruidera, which were also famous throughout La Mancha, nay, throughout Spain; adding that Don Quixote would find much entertainment in him, for he was a youth who knew how to make books and to dedicate them to princes.

The cousin appeared by-and-by mounted on a she-ass, big with foal, whose pack saddle was covered with a rag or sackcloth of many colours. Sancho saddled Rozinante, pannelled his Dapple, and filled his wallets, with which those of the cousin kept company, also well furnished; and commending themselves to God and bidding farewell to all, they set out on their journey, taking the road to the famous Cave of Montesinos. Upon the road Don Quixote asked of the cousin of what kind and character were his pursuits, his profession and studies. To which the other replied that his

[1] Don Quixote's design of visiting the cave of Montesinos had been already announced in ch. xviii., where he took leave of Don Diego de Miranda.

profession was that of a humanist; his pursuits and studies, to compose books for the press, all of great profit and no less entertainment to the State; that one of them was entitled the *Book of Liveries*, wherein he described seven hundred and three liveries, with their colours, mottoes, and cyphers, wherefrom might be gathered and taken, in time of festivals and revels, whatever the gentlemen of the Court might fancy, without having to beg them from anybody, nor teasing the brain, as they say, in order to get them appropriate to their wishes and meanings; for, said he, I give to the jealous, the disdained, the forgotten, and the absent the badges which become them, which shall fit them more straight than sinful.[1] Another book I have also, which I mean to call *Metamorphoses; or the Spanish Ovid*, of new and rare invention, for in it, in burlesque imitation of Ovid, I describe who was the Giralda of Seville and who the Angel of the Magdalen;[2] what was the Gutter of Vecinguerra at Cordova;[3] what were the Bulls of Guisando;[4] the Sierra Morena; the fountains of Leganitos and Lavapiés in Madrid,[5] not forgetting that of the Piojo, that of the Golden Gutter, and that of the Priora;[6] and all this, with their allegories, metaphors, and changes, in such wise that

[1] *Mas justas que pecadoras.* There is here a play upon the word *justas*, which has the double meaning of "appropriate" and of "just," in opposition to "sinful,"—such as is necessarily lost in English. Nearly all the translators have evaded the difficulty by omitting the words.

[2] For the *Giralda* of Seville, see note in ch. xiv of this Part. The Angel of the Magdalen was a similar figure, which did duty as a weather-cock on the top of the church of the Magdalene at Salamanca.

[3] The Gutter of Vecinguerra was the open sewer through which the overflow water from the fountain called *El Potro*, or *The Colt*, of Cordova, ran into the Guadalquivir. It was famous for its filth and evil odours.

[4] For the Bulls of Guisando, see note in ch. xiv.

[5] The fountains of Leganitos and of Lavapiés at Madrid were famous in that age for the purity and sweetness of their water,—an article in which the Spaniards, natives of a thirsty region, are great connoisseurs.

[6] *El Piojo* (the Louse), *El Caño Dorado*, and *La Priora*, were fountains so called in the Prado at Madrid, now lost to sight or built over.

they shall delight, amaze, and instruct at one and the same time. Another book I have, which I call *The Supplement to Polydore Virgil*,[1] which treats of the invention of things, which is one of great learning and research, because the things of great importance of which Polydore omitted to speak, these I elucidate and verify in an elegant style. Virgil forgot to tell us who was the first who brought catarrh into the world, and the first who took unguents to cure him of the French pox; but I elucidate it accurately, and verify it by more than five-and-twenty authorities. Judge, then, whether I have laboured well, and whether this book will be useful to the whole world.

Sancho, who had been very attentive to the student's narrative, said to him:—Tell me, Sir, so may God give you good luck in the printing of your books, can you inform me,—and, of course, you can, for you know everything,—who was the first man who scratched his head?—For my part I hold to it it was our father Adam.

—Yes, it should be so, answered the cousin, for there is no doubt but Adam had a head and hair; and it being thus, and he being the first man in the world, sometimes he would need to scratch himself.

—So I think, too, answered Sancho, but tell me now who was the first tumbler in the world?

—In truth, brother, the student answered, that I am not able to resolve for the present, as far as I have gone in my studies; I will look into the matter when I return to where I keep my books, and I will satisfy you when I see you again, for this must not be the last time.

—But look ye, Sir, replied Sancho, don't take any trouble about this, for now I have hit upon the matter of which I

[1] Polidoro Virgilio was a learned Italian of the sixteenth century, born at Urbino, author of a work very popular in its time, and often translated, entitled *De Inventoribus Rerum*. He came to England and obtained from our King Henry VIII. a benefice at Wells, but quarrelled with Wolsey and had to leave.

asked you. The first tumbler in the world, you must know, was Lucifer, when they put or pitched him out of heaven, for he came tumbling into the gulf of hell.

—You are right, friend, said the cousin.

—That question and answer, said Don Quixote, are not thine, Sancho ; you have heard some one tell them.

—Hold, Sir, replied Sancho, for i' faith, if I take to questioning and answering I will not end till morning,—nay, for to ask foolish things and make silly answers, I have no call to go looking for help from my neighbours.

—Thou hast said more, Sancho, than thou knowest of, cried Don Quixote ; for there are some who tire themselves in learning and proving things which, after being learnt and proved, do not concern either the understanding or the memory one whit.

In these and other pleasant discourses the day passed with them, and at night they took up their lodging at a little village.[1] Thence the cousin told Don Quixote that the distance to the Cave of Montesinos was no more than two leagues, and that, if he held to his purpose of entering it, he had need to provide ropes with which to tie himself and to let himself down into its depths. Don Quixote answered that, though hell itself were reached, he must see to the bottom. And so they bought some hundred fathoms of rope, and the next day at two of the afternoon they arrived at the cave, whose mouth is wide and spacious, but full of box-thorns and wild fig-trees, with brambles and briars, so thick and interlaced that they covered and concealed it entirely.[2] When they found it, the cousin, Don Quixote,

[1] This, by the description of the road they were taking, should be the village of Ruidera, whence to the Cave of Montesinos is about six miles over a wild, barren, stony tract of country, scant of verdure beyond wild rosemary, furze, and briar.

[2] This description of the Cave of Montesinos, though worked up artistically to suit the fable and to lead to the adventure of which it is the scene, has so much local colour and truth as to prove that Cervantes must have visited the

and Sancho dismounted, and the two presently bound Don Quixote very firmly with the cords, and, while they were binding and girding him, said Sancho:

—Take care, your worship, what you do; don't bury yourself alive, nor put yourself where you will be like a flask, let down into a well to cool; nay, it is no affair or concern of yours to pry into what may prove to be worse than a dungeon.

—Tie me and be silent, answered Don Quixote, for such an enterprise as this, friend Sancho, was reserved for me.[1]

Then said the guide:—I pray you, Sir Don Quixote, that you look well and examine with a hundred eyes into that which is there within; perhaps there may be things which I may put into the book of my transformations.

—The drum is in hands which well know how to beat it,[2] said Sancho.

This said, and Don Quixote's fastenings being completed, —which went not over his armour but about his doublet,— Don Quixote remarked:

spot, which seems marked by nature to be the scene of romance. The weird and lonely landscape, the sombre and desolate rocks, the ruined walls of the neighbouring castle of Rochafrida—legendary abode of the damsel Rosaflorida—the name of Montesinos, which seems to have been borne by the cave from a remote antiquity,—are all calculated to stimulate the imagination and to revive the memories of the old Carlovingian romance which Cervantes has woven so artfully into the texture of his story. At the present day the entrance is no longer obstructed by brambles and briars, the cave being used apparently by shepherds as a refuge for themselves and their animals.

[1] The adventure, in these unchivalric days, is no very daring one. The descent is steep and slippery, but no ropes are needed. After going down about forty yards from the mouth, one reaches a deep pool of water stretching away into the dark recesses of the cavern. This is popularly supposed to have some connexion underground with the lagoons of Ruidera and the feeders of the Guadiana. Cervantes, for the purposes of his story, has exaggerated the difficulties of the enterprise, as he has done the depth of the cave, which some believe to be an ancient Roman or Carthaginian mine.

[2] *En manos está el pandero que le sabrán bien tañer*—a proverb.

—We have been neglectful in not providing ourselves with a little bell, to be attached close to me on this rope, by whose sounding you might know that I was still descending and was alive; but since that is not possible, let it be in the hand of God to guide me.

Thereupon he went down on his knees and offered a prayer to Heaven in a low voice, beseeching God to aid him and give him good success in that seemingly perilous and novel adventure, and then exclaimed aloud:

—O, mistress of my actions and movements, most illustrious and peerless Dulcinea del Toboso! If it be possible that to thine ears may reach the prayers and supplications of this thy venturesome lover, by thine incomparable loveliness I beseech thee to list to them, for they are but to petition thee that thou shouldst deny me not thy favour and countenance now when I so much need them. I go to precipitate myself —to engulf and bury myself in the abyss which here yawns, solely that the world may learn that if thou favourest me there is no impossibility which I may not encounter and achieve.

So saying, he drew near to the cavern, when, seeing it was not possible to let himself down nor make an entry unless by force of arms or by cutting a passage, he drew his sword and began to cleave and hew down the briars which grew at the cave's mouth, at which noise and clatter there flew out of it an infinite number of great crows and jackdaws, so thickly and with such a rush that they threw Don Quixote to the ground, and had he been as superstitious as he was good Catholic, he would have taken it for an ill omen, and have declined being immured in such a place. At length he rose, and seeing that there came out no more crows nor any night-birds, such as bats, which also had flown out with the crows, the cousin and Sancho gave him rope and let him down to the bottom of the frightful cave. And as he entered, Sancho gave him his blessing and made a thousand signs of the cross over him, saying:

—May God guide thee, together with the Rock of France and the Trinity of Gaeta,[1] flower, cream, and skimming[2] of Knights Errant! There thou goest, bully of the world, heart of steel, arm of brass! God guide thee once more, and return thee safe, whole, and without harm to the light of this life which thou quittest to bury thee in that darkness thou seekest!

Nearly the same prayers and entreaties did the cousin offer. Don Quixote went down, calling out for rope, more rope; and they gave it to him little by little; and when his words, which came out of the mouth of the cave as through a funnel, ceased to be heard, they had already let down the hundred fathoms of cord. They had a mind to hoist up Don Quixote again, seeing that they could give him no more rope. They waited, however, for about half an hour, when they began to gather in the rope, which came with great ease and without any weight, a sign which made them believe that Don Quixote was left below; and Sancho, in this belief, began to weep bitterly, hauling away with much haste in order to learn the truth. But when they came to what seemed a little more than eighty fathoms they felt a weight, at which they were exceeding glad. Finally, at ten fathoms they saw Don Quixote distinctly, to whom Sancho called, saying:—You are very welcome back, your worship, my master; for we were thinking that you had stayed there for a breed.

[1] The Rock of France (Peña de Francia) was the name given to a wooded eminence near the village of Alberca, fourteen miles from Ciudad Rodrigo, on the top of which a miraculous image of the Virgin Mary was found by a devout Frenchman in 1434. In course of time the site became a holy shrine, much visited by pilgrims, on which a monastery was built. The Trinity of Gaeta was an abbey church built by King Ferdinand of Aragon on the Neapolitan coast, which, conspicuous from afar at sea, was a frequent subject of mariners' invocations.

[2] *Espuma*,—a word naturally associated in Sancho's mind, fresh from the recollection of Camacho's wedding, with visions of all that was good and glorious.

But Don Quixote answered not a word; and when he was wholly lifted out they saw that his eyes were closed like one asleep. They laid him on the grass, and untied him; and with all that he awoke not. But they turned him over and about, and stirred and shook him, so that after a while he came to himself, yawning and stretching himself out as if he had awaked from some heavy and deep sleep. Gazing round him from one side to the other, like one scared, he cried:

—God pardon you, friends, who have robbed me of the sweetest and most delightful existence and vision that any human being enjoyed or beheld! Now, indeed, I have come to know that all the pleasures of this life pass away like dreams and shadows or fade like the flowers of the field. O unhappy Montesinos! O sore wounded Durandarte! O luckless Belerma! O tearful Guadiana, and ye others the hapless daughters of Ruidera,[1] who show in your floods what your lovely eyes do weep!

The cousin and Sancho listened with great attention to the words of Don Quixote, who uttered them as though they were dragged from his bowels with immense suffering. They besought him to explain what he said, and to tell them of what he had seen in that hell below.

—Hell, do ye call it? said Don Quixote; but do not give it that name, which it does not merit, as ye shall presently see.

He prayed them to give him something to eat, for he had a great hunger. They laid out the canvas packcloth upon the green turf and made haste to empty the wallets, and all three, seated in good love and fellowship, made their luncheon and supper all in one. The cloth being removed, Don Quixote of La Mancha exclaimed:

[1] Of these, the names of the heroes and heroines suggested by this adventure, more particular mention will be made in the next chapter, where their stories are told at length.

—Let no one rise; and, my sons, be ye all attentive.[1]

[1] This episode of Don Quixote's descent into the Cave of Montesinos has been rightly compared by the critics to those passages in the classic poets which the author doubtless intended at once to imitate and to burlesque,—to the grotto of the Cumæan Sibyl in the *Æneid*, and the cave of Melissa in the *Orlando Furioso*. It is the privilege of genius to give immortality to scenes the most barren and commonplace. While *Don Quixote* has breathed a new life into the expiring legends of Carlovingian romance, it has given a perennial interest to all that dull and gloomy region of which the Cave of Montesinos is naturally the centre and the crown. No site more appropriate to such an adventure or more stimulating to an imagination filled with the romances of chivalry could be found in all Spain, or perhaps in all Europe. The dismal, desolate, and unlovely country around the Cave of Montesinos, untrodden save by the foot of the belated shepherd, or the rare pilgrim moved by devotion or curiosity to visit the scenes of Cervantes' story, seems the very home of wild adventure.

CHAPTER XXIII

Of the wonderful things which the consummate Don Quixote told of having seen in the deep Cave of Montesinos, whose immensity and improbability make this adventure to be held as apocryphal

It was about four of the afternoon when the sun, obscured by clouds, with diminished light and tempered beams, gave an opportunity to Don Quixote so that without heat and distress he might recount to the two illustrious auditors what he had seen in the Cave of Montesinos ; and he began in the following manner :—

About twelve or fourteen fathoms down in the depth of this dungeon, on the right hand, there is a concavity and space capable of containing within it a large cart with its team of mules.[1] A thin ray of light coming from afar off, enters it through some chinks and holes, opening to the earth's surface. This concavity and space saw I, what time I went wearily and sadly, through finding myself pendent and dangling in the air by a rope, journeying through that obscure region below, without taking any known or assured road ; so I determined to enter there and rest a little. I called out to ask you not to let out more rope till I told

[1] There is actually such a recess or ledge, where the descent becomes much steeper, a few paces from the opening of the cave. This may have been wider in Cervantes' time.

you ; but you could not have heard me. I gathered up the rope you sent down and making a coil or heap of it, sat me down thereupon all thoughtful, considering what I ought to do to reach the bottom, having nothing to support me. Being in this meditation and perplexity, of a sudden and without seeking it, a profound sleep fell upon me, and when least I recked of it, without knowing how or why, I awoke, and found myself in the middle of the most beautiful, serene, and delicious meadow which nature could fashion or the liveliest human imagination conceive. I opened my eyes and rubbed them, and found that I was not asleep, but really wide awake. Thereupon I felt my head and my bosom, to satisfy myself whether I, my very self, was there, or some empty and counterfeit phantom ; but the touch, the feeling, the coherent discourse I held with myself, certified to me that I was myself then there who now am here. Presently there appeared before me a royal and sumptuous palace or castle, whose walls and battlements seemed to be made of clear, transparent crystal, whereof two great doors opening, I saw come out through them and approach me a venerable grey-beard, clothed in a mantle of murrey serge, which trailed on the ground. His shoulders and breast were girt with a collegian's tippet[1] of green velvet. A black Milan cap covered his head, and a snow-white beard descended to his waist. He bore no arms whatever, only a rosary of beads in his hand larger than walnuts—yea, every tenth one like an ordinary ostrich's egg. His mien, his gait, his gravity, and his ample presence, each by itself and all combined, filled me with wonder and admiration. He came up to me, and the first thing he did was to embrace me closely ; then said he to me :

—Long ages it is, valorous Knight Don Quixote of La Mancha, that we who dwell in these enchanted solitudes

[1] *Una beca de colegial* ; the *beca* was a fillet or band worn for distinction by members of a university.

have waited to see thee, that thou mayst inform the world of what is buried and contained in the deep cavern which thou hast entered, called the Cave of Montesinos; an exploit reserved for achievement by thine invincible hand and thy stupendous courage. Come with me, illustrious Sir, for I would show you the marvels which this shining palace enshrouds, whereof I am the governor and perpetual chief warder, for I am Montesinos himself, after whom the cave is named.[1]

Scarce had he said that he was Montesinos when I asked him if it were true what in the world up here is reported, that he had cut the heart of his great friend Durandarte out of his bosom with a little dagger, and carried it to the lady Belerma, as Durandarte had directed him, when at the point of death.[2] He answered that in all they spoke the truth, except in the matter of the dagger, for it was neither dagger nor small, but a bright poniard sharper than an awl.[3]

[1] Montesinos,—so called because his mother gave birth to him while on a tramp with her husband among mountain fastnesses,—was the son of the Count Grimaltos, one of the Paladins of Charlemagne's court, who, being falsely accused of treason by Tomillas, was deprived of all his fortune and exiled. He was brought up by a hermit and lived in retirement till he was fifteen years old, when he went to Paris, and encountering the traitor Tomillas, slew him in the presence of the King, by whom, the father's innocence being recognised, the family were restored to favour. After a time, the damsel Rosaflorida, lady of the castle of Rochafrida, fell in love with Montesinos upon the report of his beauty, and sent for him to marry her; and they lived happily many years in the castle of Rochafrida, whose ruins are still to be seen under that name, near the Cave of Montesinos. There are some half-a-dozen ballads in the Carlovingian series relating to this hero, which seem by their rudeness of language, the simplicity of the manners, and the *naïveté* of the sentiments, to be of high antiquity.

[2] Durandarte was a cousin of Montesinos and brother to Count Dirlos, another of the Carlovingian heroes. He was slain at the battle of Roncesvalles, and, according to the ballad here quoted, when lying at the point of death besought his cousin Montesinos to cut out his heart and carry it to his mistress Belerma. There are a dozen ballads relating to this tragic incident in the *Romancero General* of Duran.

[3] *Un puñal buido*,—the *puñal* was so called because it was small enough to be

—That same poniard should be, here put in Sancho, one by Ramon de Hoces the Sevillian.[1]

—I know not, pursued Don Quixote; but it could not be that poniard-maker, for Ramon de Hoces was of yesterday, and the affair of Roncesvalles, where this disaster happened, is of many years ago. But this is an enquiry of no importance; nor doth it disturb or alter the truth and the structure of the story.

—You are right, said the cousin; let your worship proceed, Sir Don Quixote, for I am listening to you with the greatest pleasure in the world.

—With no less do I tell my tale, said Don Quixote; and so I say that the venerable Montesinos conducted me to the crystalline palace, where, in a lower hall of an extreme coolness and all of alabaster, stood a marble sepulchre, wrought with consummate art, on top of which I saw a Knight laid at full length, not of bronze nor of marble nor of carved jasper, as usual on other tombs, but of pure flesh and bone. He had his right hand (which to my seeing was somewhat hairy and sinewy, signifying that its owner was of great strength) placed upon the region of his heart; and before I could put a question to Montesinos, he, seeing me amazed and wondering at him on the sepulchre, said to me:—This is my friend Durandarte, flower and mirror of the true lovers and valiant Knights of his time. He is kept here enchanted, as are myself and many of either sex, by Merlin, that French enchanter,[2] who, they say, was

contained in the fist (*puño*). Clemencin thinks it worth while gravely to correct Montesinos' statement here, seeing that the ballad expressly says—

Con una pequeña daga
Sacábale el corazon;

and that a sharp-pointed *puñal*, though good for a deep wound, would be unfitted for such an operation as the cutting out of a heart.

[1] Ramon de Hoces was probably a celebrated maker of such instruments; of which in these days the chief manufactory is at Albacete, in Murcia.

[2] Montesinos is here mistaken, for Merlin was no Frenchman but a Welsh-

the son of the Devil; but what I believe is, that he is no Devil's son, but knew, as the saying is, a point more than the Devil.[1] Of the how and the why he enchanted us no one knows, but that will be told in the process of time, and that time is not very far off, as I imagine. What I wonder at is that I should know, as surely as that it is now day, that Durandarte ended his life in my arms, and that after his death I took out his heart with my own hands; and in truth it must have weighed a couple of pounds, and according to the natural philosophers he who has the large heart is endued with greater courage than he who has the small.[2] But this being so, and this Knight having really died, how is it that he now ever and anon moans and complains, as though he were living?

At the word the wretched Durandarte, in a loud voice, cried out:—

O my cousin Montesinos!
Hearken to my last behest;
When the throes of death are o'er me—
Fled the soul from out my breast,—
To Belerma haste thee, cousin,
With my heart to my ador'd,
Pluck'd from out my faithful bosom,
With thy dagger or thy sword.[3]

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man; the mistake arising, doubtless, from his being said in the romances to have been born in *Galia*,—which is not France, however, but *Gales*,—Wales. See Appendix A at the end of this volume.

[1] *Saber un punto mas que el diablo*, is a proverbial saying, signifying the extreme of cleverness.

[2] This is not the opinion of Pliny who says expressly that animals which have large hearts are timid, like the hare, the ass, and the mouse; while, conversely, they who have small hearts are brave, like the lion.

[3] Cervantes quotes the lines from memory, mixing up passages from two of the ballads, one of which begins:—

Por el rastro de la sangre;

and the other:—

O Belerma! O Belerma!—

adding the last two lines of his own composition.

On hearing this the venerable Montesinos threw himself on his knees before the unhappy Knight and with tears in his eyes exclaimed:—Long since, Sir Durandarte, my dearest cousin—long since have I done what you bade me on the fatal day of our perdition. I plucked from you as best I could your heart, without leaving the least piece of it in your bosom; I wiped it with a kerchief of point lace; I departed with it on the road to France, having first deposited you in the bosom of earth with tears so many as sufficed to bathe my hands and wash therewith the blood which they had got through travelling in thy bowels; and more by token, cousin of my soul, at the first place I got to after leaving Roncesvalles I threw a little salt on your heart so that it might not smell ill, and come if not fresh, at least dry and sweet into the presence of the lady Belerma, whom with you and me, and Guadiana, your squire, and Mistress Ruidera and her seven daughters and two nieces, and many others of your acquaintances and friends, Merlin the magician keeps here enchanted, it is now many years; and though five hundred have passed none of us is dead, only Ruidera, her daughters, and nieces are lacking, whom, for their tears, through the compassion he must have had for them, Merlin turned into as many lagoons, which now in the world of the living and in the province of La Mancha they call the *Lagoons of Ruidera*;[1] seven belong to the kings of Spain,

[1] The Lagoons of Ruidera, consisting of a chain of small lakes flowing one into the other, form a striking feature in the landscape of higher La Mancha, to which they furnish the two rare elements of verdure and water. The number of these lagoons is variously given by the authorities. Cervantes himself speaks of them in one place as seven, and here as ten. Pellicer makes them, on the authority of Villanueva, thirteen. Clemencin avers there are two more. Ford, in his *Handbook*, reckons them as eleven. The reason of this discrepancy, it may be, is that in a dry season these water-holes,—for some are little else,—shrink up, and the smaller ones disappear. Each of them has a separate name. The largest is called *La Colgada*, which is about two miles long, and about a quarter of a mile wide. They vary very much in depth, the deepest being some twenty-five fathoms in winter. They all abound in fish, in aquatic birds and plants.

and the two nieces to the Knights of a very holy order, called of S. John.[1] Guadiana, your squire, also bewailing your unhappy fate, was turned into a river called by his name, who, when he reached the surface of the earth and saw the sun of another sky, felt so keenly the grief of finding he was leaving you that he plunged into the bowels of the earth; but since it is not possible to cease running his natural course, from time to time he comes out and shows himself where the sun and mankind may see him.[2] The lagoons I have mentioned supply him with their waters, with which, and many others which reach him, he enters proudly and grandly into Portugal. Nevertheless, wherever he goes he betrays his grief and melancholy, nor takes any pride in breeding in his waters fish which are savoury and esteemed, but those that are coarse and tasteless, very different from those of the golden Tagus.[3] And this that I now tell you, O cousin mine, I have told you oft-times, and since you make no response, I fancy that you

That they are connected with the river system of the Guadiana is undoubted; but there is something mysterious about the connection as about the rise and course of that strange, sullen river, as Cervantes here notes,—skilfully weaving the romance of the scene into the web of his story.

[1] The Order had much property in La Mancha, the village of Ruidera being included in its possessions. Cervantes himself, who seems to have had some ancestral interest in the Grand Priory of San Juan, was employed in the collection of rents and dues on behalf of the Order in this district; and it was doubtless in connexion with this office that he acquired so intimate a knowledge of the country and people of La Mancha.

[2] The Guadiana, mysterious in its origin, runs an uncertain and devious course. After passing Argamasilla it dives into the earth, and flowing underground for over twenty miles, comes to the surface again between Villarrúbia and Daimiel in the shape of two lagoons called *Los Ojos de Guadiana*. Between these two points it is crossed by the main road from Madrid to Cordova, which gave an opportunity to the ambassador (Rui González de Clavijo) sent by King Enrique III. to Tamerlane to boast that his master had in his dominions a bridge forty miles wide, on the top of which two hundred thousand head of cattle could graze.

[3] The fish caught in the Guadiana have always had the reputation of being unsavoury and unwholesome.

either do not believe or you do not hear me, which greatly pains me, as God knows. Some news I will give you now, which, though it may not serve to assuage your sorrow, will in no wise augment it. Know that you have here in your presence (open your eyes and see!) that great Knight of whom the sage Merlin has prophesied so many things; that Don Quixote of La Mancha, I say, who newly, and to greater advantage than in past ages, has resuscitated in the present the almost forgotten Knight Errantry; through whose mediation and favour it may be that we ourselves may be disenchanted, since great deeds are reserved for great men.

—And should it not be so, responded the pitiful Durandarte, in a weak and fainting voice; should it not be so, O cousin, say I—patience and shuffle the cards.[1]—And turning on his side he relapsed into his accustomed silence without speaking another word.

At this moment were heard loud sounds and cries, accompanied by deep groans and painful sobbings. I turned my head and saw through the walls of crystal, that through another hall there passed a procession of two files of most beautiful damsels all clad in mourning, with white turbans on their heads after the Turkish fashion. Behind, in the rear of the files, walked a lady, as by her gravity she seemed, also clothed in black, with a white veil so ample and long that it kissed the earth. Her turban was twice as large as the largest of any of the others; she was beetle-browed, her nose somewhat flat, her mouth large, but the lips red; her teeth, which sometimes she showed, appeared to be rare, and not well set, though as white as peeled almonds. She bore in her hands a fine handkerchief, and within it, as well as could be made out, a mummified heart; it was dry and shrivelled. Montesinos told me how that all

[1] *Paciencia y barajar*—a proverb, with which those unlucky at cards are wont to console themselves.

of the procession were servants of Durandarte and Belerma, who were enchanted there together with their master and mistress, and that the last one, she who bore the heart wrapped up in the handkerchief, was the lady Belerma, who with her diamonds went four days in the week in that procession, and sang, or rather wept, her doleful dirges over the body of the piteous heart of his cousin ; and that if she appeared to me somewhat ill-favoured, and not so beautiful as fame reported, it was because of the bad nights and the worse days she passed in that enchantment, as might be seen in the great circles round her eyes and her sallow complexion. Nor do her sallowness and her livid eyes spring from the periodical ailment common to women, said he, for it is many months and even years since it has appeared by her gates ; but from the grief which her heart feels for that which continually she holds in her hands, which ever renews and brings to her remembrance the disaster of her ill-starred lover. Were it not for this, scarce would the great Dulcinea del Toboso, so celebrated in all these parts, yea in all the world, equal her in beauty, grace, and spirit.

—Softly,[1] Sir Don Montesinos, here quoth I,—tell your story as you should ; for you know that all comparison is odious, nor is there any occasion to compare one with any other. The peerless Dulcinea del Toboso is what she is, and Mistress Doña Belerma is what she is, and what she has been, and there let it rest.

To which he replied :—Pardon me, Sir Don Quixote, for I confess that I was wrong, and spoke not well in saying that hardly would the lady Dulcinea del Toboso equal the lady Belerma ; for it was sufficient for me to learn, I know not by what indications, that you are her Knight to make me bite my tongue before comparing her to aught but heaven itself.

[1] *Cepos quedos*—a familiar phrase,—meaning "no more of that,"—of uncertain origin.

—With this satisfaction which the great Montesinos gave me, my heart was quieted of the shock received by hearing them compare my mistress to Belerma.

—And yet I marvel, cried Sancho, how your worship did not fall upon the old dotard and maul his bones with kicks, and tear out his beard, without leaving a hair on his chin.

—Nay, friend Sancho, replied Don Quixote, it was not seemly in me to do so, for we are all bound to show respect to the aged, although they be no Knights, and the more to those who are under enchantment. I know that I was left nothing in his debt on the other many questions and answers which passed between us.

The cousin here observed:—I know not, Sir Don Quixote, how your worship, in so short a space of time that you were down below, should have seen so many things and spoken and answered so much.

—How long was I below? asked Don Quixote.

—A little more than an hour, replied Sancho.

—That cannot be, said Don Quixote, for I passed the night and morning there, and again a night and a morning three times, so that by my reckoning I have been three days in those parts, remote and hidden from your sight.

—My master should be speaking the truth, said Sancho, for since all the things which have happened to him are by enchantment, mayhap what to us seems one hour should be three days and nights down there.

—It will be so, said Don Quixote.

—And did your worship eat anything all that time, dear Sir? asked the cousin.

—I have not broken fast by a mouthful, answered Don Quixote; nor indeed was I hungry, even in imagination.

—And do the enchanted ones eat? asked the cousin.

—They eat not, answered Don Quixote, nor defecate; although it is held that their nails grow, and their hair and beard.

—And, Sir, do they sleep, maybe, the enchanted? asked Sancho.

—No, surely, answered Don Quixote; at least in those three days I have been with them no one closed an eye, nor I either.

—Here the proverb well fits in, quoth Sancho: *tell me with whom you go I will tell thee who you are.* Your worship was going with the enchanted fasting and waking ones,—what wonder, then, that you neither ate nor slept whilst you were in their company? But forgive me, your worship, master mine, if I tell you that of all you have said, God love me,—I was going to say the devil,—if I believe a word.

—How, not believe? cried the cousin; is it for Sir Don Quixote to lie? Even if he would, he has not had leisure to compose and invent such a heap of lies.

—I do not believe my master lies, replied Sancho.

—If not, what dost thou believe? Don Quixote asked.

—I believe, answered Sancho, that this Merlin, or these enchanters who enchanted the whole nest of those your worship says you saw and conversed with down below, has crammed into your head or your memory all that stuff which you have told us, and all that which remains to tell.

—That could be so; but it is not so, Sancho, replied Don Quixote; for what I have recounted I saw with mine own eyes and touched with mine own hands. But what wilt thou say when I tell thee now, among other infinite wonders and things which Montesinos showed me (which at leisure and in their time I shall proceed to tell thee in the course of our journey, for they are not all opportune here), he showed me three peasant girls who were skipping and frisking like she-goats about those delightful fields, and hardly had I looked on them when I knew one to be the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, and the other two those same peasant wenches which went along with her, whom we spoke

to on coming out of Toboso. I enquired of Montesinos if he knew them. He answered, *No;* but thought they must be some enchanted ladies of quality, for it was but a few days since they had appeared in those fields; and that I had not to wonder at this, for many other ladies of past and present ages were there enchanted, in divers and strange figures; among whom he had recognised Queen Guinevere and her duenna Quintañona, who poured out the wine for Lancelot when from Britain he came.[1]

When Sancho Panza heard his master say this he was like to have gone out of his wits or to die with laughter, for knowing the truth about the feigned enchanting of Dulcinea, and that he had been her enchanter and the concocter of the story, he came to the certain conclusion that his master was out of his mind and mad at all points. And so he said to him:

—In an evil conjuncture and a worse season and on a bitter day, dear patron mine,[2] went your worship below to the other world, and in an unlucky moment met you with Sir Montesinos, who has so changed you for us! You were well up here with your wits whole, such as God had given you, speaking maxims and giving counsels at every hour, and not as you are now, telling the greatest fooleries that can be imagined.

—As I know thee, Sancho, answered Don Quixote, I take no heed of thy words.

—Nor I either of yours, replied Sancho, though you should beat me or kill me for those I have spoken or for those I mean to speak, if you do not mend and correct your own. But tell me, now that we are in peace—how or by what did you know the lady our mistress, and if you spoke to her, what she said and what you answered?

—I knew her, replied Don Quixote, by that she wore

[1] Quoting from the ballad twice referred to in Part I., chs. ii. and xiii.

[2] *Caro patron mio*—an Italianism, carelessly put into Sancho's mouth.

the same clothes which she had on when thou didst show her to me. I spoke to her, but she answered me not a word, only turned her back on me and fled ; fleeing with such swiftness that an arrow would not have outsped her. I wished to follow her, and would have done so if Montesinos had not counselled me not to tire myself in so doing, for it would be in vain, the more as the hour was now come when it was necessary for me to return from out of the cavern. He told me, moreover, that in process of time he would advise me how he and Belerma and Durandarte, with all those who were there, should be disenchanted. But what gave me the most pain of the things I saw and noted there was that, while Montesinos was speaking these words to me, there approached me on one side, without my seeing her come, one of the two companions of the luckless Dulcinea, and with her eyes full of tears, in a low, troubled voice she said to me :

—My lady Dulcinea del Toboso kisses your worship's hands, and beseeches you to let her know how you are, and being in a great necessity, moreover, begs you, with all possible earnestness, to be so good as to lend her upon this new dimity petticoat I have here, half-a-dozen *reals*, or as many as your worship may have about you, which she promises to repay in a very short time.—Such a message astounded and perplexed me, and turning to Montesinos I asked him :—Is it possible, Sir Montesinos, that the enchanted of quality suffer from want ?—To which he answered :—Believe me, Sir Don Quixote, that this they call want is in fashion everywhere, extends throughout all and reaches to all, and even spares not the enchanted. And since the lady Dulcinea del Toboso sends to borrow those six *reals*, and the security seems to be good, there is nothing for it but to give them to her, for doubtless she must be in some sore strait.

—A pledge I will not take, said I, nor can I give her what she wants, for I have but four *reals ;* which I gave her

(they were those which thou, Sancho, gavest me the other day for the dispensing of alms to the poor we encountered on the roads), and I said :—Friend, tell your mistress that her troubles grieve me to the soul, and that I would I were a Fugger,[1] in order to relieve them, and that I would have her know that I cannot be, nor ought to be, in health, lacking her agreeable sight and sensible converse; and that I beseech her grace with all possible earnestness to be so good as to be seen and entertained by this her captive servant and way-worn cavalier. You will say to her also that when she least expects it she will hear that I have made oath and vow, like that which the Marquess of Mantua made to avenge his nephew Baldovinos when he found him expiring on the mountain, which was not to eat bread at table (with other trifles he added) till he had obtained his revenge.[2] And so shall I do; to rest not, and to traverse the seven portions of the earth with greater

[1] The Fuggers,—in Spanish *Fucares*,—were the Rothschilds of the period. Originally from Switzerland, they established themselves at Augsburg about the middle of the fifteenth century, in which city they rose to great eminence and influence as bankers and financiers. Like the Medici, they were early distinguished for their liberal patronage of the arts and of literature. Raymond Fugger was a friend and correspondent of Erasmus. They helped Charles V. in his wars, and were by him invited to extend a branch of their house in Spain, where the management of the national finances was entrusted to one of the family. In Spain they rose to high rank, and added to their great wealth, holding many lucrative offices, and being endowed with several important monopolies, such as that of the silver mines of Hornachos and Guadalcanal. They farmed the quicksilver deposits of Almaden from 1563 to 1623. Some of the Fuggers were even soldiers, such as Maximilian, who fought at Lepanto. But the two most famous of the name in Spain were Marcos and Cristóval Fucar, who died in 1614 and 1615, from whom is named a street in Madrid. Bayle, in his Dictionary, has a long article dedicated to Henri Fugger; and there is an elaborate history of the family, with a hundred and twenty-seven portraits, entitled *Fuggerorum et Fuggerarum, etc., quot extant ære expressæ imagines*, published in Augsburg in 1618. From them came the proverbial saying, *ser un Fucar*, meaning to be a Crœsus. They are not infrequently mentioned in the English dramatists.

[2] See note in Part I. ch. v.

diligence than did Don Pedro of Portugal,[1] until I have freed her from enchantment.

—All that and more should your worship do for my mistress, the damsel made reply to me.—And, taking the four *reals*, instead of making me a courtesy, she cut a caper which raised her two yards high, by measure, in the air.

—Holy God! here broke in Sancho, lifting high his voice; is it possible that such can be in the world, and that enchanters and enchantments have so much power therein as to change the good wit of my master into this monstrous madness? O Sir, Sir, in Heaven's name, look to yourself and come back, for your honour's sake, and not give credit to these bubbles, which have unhinged and destroyed your senses.

—It is because thou lovest me well, Sancho, that thou speakest in that manner, said Don Quixote, and because thou art not experienced in the affairs of the world all things which have in them some point of difficulty appear to thee impossible.[2] But the time will come, as I have

[1] This was Dom Pedro, brother of Enrique the Navigator, and son of King Joam I. by his English wife Philippa of Lancaster. He started on his travels in 1424, and spent four years visiting all the famous countries of the East. A history of his travels was translated into Spanish in 1595.

[2] In this chapter we are able to see the process by which Sancho, who began by yielding an implicit credence to his master,—believing in spite of himself, because carried away by the force of Don Quixote's superior nature as exhibited even in his delusions, by his earnestness, his veracity, and his sense of honour,—begins to assert himself, while taking a more accurate measure of his master's weakness. Hitherto Don Quixote's delusions have been born of his own fancy, and bred upon his reading of the romances. Now, for the first time, he borrows from an invention of Sancho's, working into his dream of Durandarte and Montesinos the story of the enchanting of Dulcinea, which Sancho recognises for a lie of his own. Convinced, by Don Quixote's ready adoption of his tale about Dulcinea, of the easiness with which his master may be duped, and even doubting,—as by his vulgar nature he would be inclined to do,—whether Don Quixote was not consciously lying, Sancho henceforwards lends but a hesitating allegiance to his master's word, being shaken in his belief even in his master's sincerity, faith in which had hitherto sustained him against the evidence of his

before said, when I shall tell thee of some of the things I have seen below which shall make thee believe what I have now related, whose verity admits of neither reply nor dispute.

senses and of common experience. Hitherto it has been Don Quixote who imposed his delusions on Sancho. But the enchantment of Dulcinea,—which becomes henceforth the leading delusion and motive with Don Quixote,—has been suggested by Sancho himself, who is encouraged by the success of his trick to take further liberties with his master and to assume a more prominent *rôle* in the story.

CHAPTER XXIV

Wherein are recounted a thousand trifles, both impertinent and necessary to the true understanding of this great history

He who translated this great history from the original written by its first author, Cid Hamet Benengeli, says that when he came to the adventure of the Cave of Montesinos, in the margin thereof he found written in the hand of Hamet himself these very words :—

I am unable to understand or to convince myself that there happened to the valorous Don Quixote literally all that in the preceding chapter is written. The reason is, because all the adventures which have happened till the present have been practicable and probable ; but as to this one of the cave, I find no way of taking it as true, seeing it goes beyond all reasonable bounds. But for me to think that Don Quixote lied, he being the truest gentleman and the noblest Knight of the times, is not possible ; for he could not tell a lie though he were riddled with arrows. On the other hand, I note that he has told and narrated it with all the details mentioned, and that he could not have fabricated, in so short a time, so great a mass of absurdities ; and, if this adventure seems apocryphal, it is not I who am to blame ; and so, without pronouncing it to be either false or true, I write it down. Thou, reader, as thou art wise, judge as it seemeth best to thee, for I cannot, and ought not to do more. One thing is certain, that at his ending, and on his death-bed, he

retracted it, declaring that he had invented it from an idea that it fitted and squared well with the adventures he had read of in his histories. And then the author proceeds, saying:—

The student-cousin was amazed, not less at the audacity of Sancho Panza than at the forbearance of his master, and concluded that of the pleasure he had enjoyed at seeing his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, even though enchanted, was engendered that bland temper he showed; for were it not so, the speeches and arguments of Sancho should have got him a beating, for verily, thought he, the man had been a little too saucy with his master, whom he thus addressed:

—I, Sir Don Quixote of La Mancha, reckon as very well spent the day I have passed with your worship, for therein I have gained four things; the first, the making of your acquaintance, which I regard as great happiness; the second, the knowledge of what is contained in this Cave of Montesinos, with the transformations of Guadiana and the lagoons of Ruidera, which shall do duty in the *Spanish Ovid* I have in hand; the third, the discovery of the antiquity of cards, which were in use at least in the time of the Emperor Charlemagne, as may be gathered from the words which your worship repeats as having been uttered by Durandarte, when at the finish of the great talk Montesinos had with him he woke up and said: *Patience and shuffle the cards*; nor could the enchanted one have learnt this phrase and form of speech except when he was in France, in the time of the said Emperor Charlemagne. And this discovery comes opportunely for the other book I am composing, which is the *Supplement to Polydore Virgil on the Invention of Antiquities*; and I believe that in this he has not remembered to put in that of cards as I now shall put it in, which is of much importance,—the more for that the deponent authority is one so solid and truthful as Sir Durandarte. The fourth thing is that I have learnt of a certainty

the origin of the river Guadiana, till now unknown of men.

—You are right, said Don Quixote; but I would desire to know, if by God's favour they should grant you a licence to print these books,—which I doubt,—to whom you propose to dedicate them.

—There are lords and grandees in Spain, quoth the cousin, to whom they may be dedicated.

—Not many, responded Don Quixote; and not because they are not deserving of the honour, but they do not like to receive it that they may not be bound to make the acknowledgment which may seem to be due to the labour and the courtesy of the authors. One Prince I know[1] who can supply the defects of all the rest in such bountiful measure that, if I decided to mention it, perhaps I should awaken the jealousy of more than one generous soul; but let this matter rest for a more convenient season, and let us go in quest of where we may lodge this night.

—Not far from here, said the student, is a hermitage wherein a hermit has made his dwelling, who, they say, has been a soldier, and is reputed to be a good Christian, and very wise and charitable likewise. Near his retreat he has a small cottage which he has built at his own cost; but, though small, it is capable of receiving guests.

—Does this hermit by any chance keep chickens? asked Sancho.

—Few hermits are without them, answered Don Quixote; for those who are now in fashion are not like those of the Egyptian deserts, who clothed themselves in palm-leaves and

[1] This, without doubt, is an allusion to the Conde de Lemos, to whom this Second Part of *Don Quixote* is dedicated, as the *Novelas Exemplares* had been. The Count's bounty does not appear to have taken any very substantial shape; and it is probable that the guerdon fell short of the gratitude. Small as it was, however, the favour extended to Cervantes by this patron was enough to arouse the jealousy of some of his friends and rivals, such as the brothers Argensola.

ate roots of the earth. And it is not to be understood that because I speak well of these I reflect on the others ; I mean only to say that to the rigour and austerity of those times the penances of ours do not reach. Yet none the less are all of them good,—at least I take them to be good ; and, taking them at the worst, the hypocrite who feigns well does less evil than the public sinner.

As they were talking they saw a man on foot coming towards them, walking in haste and giving blows with a stick to a mule which was laden with lances and halberds. When he came up he saluted them, and passed on. Don Quixote cried :—Stop, good fellow ! for it seems that you go faster than the mule wants to.

—I cannot stay, Sir, answered the man, for the weapons you see me carrying here have to be used to-morrow, and so I am forced not to delay ; so God be with you. But if you would learn why I am carrying them, I mean to lodge at the inn which is below the hermitage, and, if you are going the same road, there you will find me, where I will tell you wonders ; so good-bye again.

He then pricked on his mule at such a rate that Don Quixote had no time to ask him what wonders were those he spoke of telling them ; and as the Knight was somewhat inquisitive, and ever possessed with the desire to learn new things, he determined that they should press on that moment and go to spend the night at the inn, without touching at the hermitage, where the student had wished them to stop. So all three mounted and took the straight road to the inn, at which they arrived a little before nightfall. The student was for calling at the hermitage to drink a mouthful, hearing which Sancho Panza steered Dapple that way, Don Quixote and the student doing the same. But as Sancho's ill-luck would have it the hermit was not at home ; so said his deputy,[1] whom they found in the hermitage. Asking her

[1] *Sota-ermitaño*, the "under-hermit,"—who, we see from the context, was a

for some of the good stuff,[1] she answered that her master did not keep it, but if they would have cheap water she would give them some with all her heart.

—If it had been a water-thirst, replied Sancho, there are wells on the road where I could have quenched it. O the wedding of Camacho! The plenty in Don Diego's house! How often do I miss you!

Thereupon they left the hermitage and pushed on to the inn, and a little farther they fell in with a stripling, who was walking in front of them at no great pace, so that they overtook him. He carried a sword upon his shoulder, and slung on it a bundle or package of his clothes, as it seemed, which might be breeches and a cloak and a shirt, for he had on nothing but a short jacket of velvet, which showed glimpses of satin[2] and his shirt hanging out. His stockings were of silk, and the shoes squared after the court fashion.[3] He was about eighteen or nineteen years of age, with a merry face and, to all appearance, active of body. He went along singing scraps of songs to enliven the tedium of the road. When they came up to him he had just ended one, which the cousin took down in his memory, and it went thus:—

To the wars I go for want of pence;
Had I a penny I wouldn't go hence.

Don Quixote was the first to accost him, saying:—You

she,—an appanage of hermitages in those days no more uncommon than nieces in priests' houses, justifying Don Quixote's remark that the lives of the hermits of his day (the profession was a very popular one, and much overdone) did not reach to the rigour and austerity of those in the Egyptian desert.

[1] *Pidiéronle de lo caro.* *Lo caro* was used commonly to signify the "dear wine," meaning the good wine as distinguished from the common sort. From Sancho's query it would appear that he had a shrewd notion of what liquor was sometimes kept in the hermit's cellar.

[2] That is to say, a jacket which was frayed by use, so that the nap of the velvet was worn smooth and shiny, like satin.

[3] Square-toed shoes were introduced, it is said, by the Duke of Lerma, who was troubled with corns.

travel very airily, Sir Gallant; and whither bound i' faith? Let us know, if it please you to tell us.

To which the youth made answer:—My travelling so airily is through the heat and my poverty; and the whither I go is to the wars.

—How poverty? asked Don Quixote; for through heat it may well be.

—Sir, replied the lad, I carry in this bundle a pair of velvet breeches, the fellows to this jacket. If I spoil them on the road I shall not be able to cut a figure in the city, and I have nothing with which to buy others. And so I go in this fashion to air myself, until I catch up some companies of infantry, which are not a dozen leagues from here, with whom I shall enlist, and there will not be wanting baggage waggons in which to travel thence to the port of embarcation, which is said to be Carthagena, and I would rather have the king for my lord and master and serve him in the war than some scrubby fellow[1] in the Court.

—And do you get, perchance, a bounty?[2] asked the scholar.

—If I had served some grandee of Spain or some high personage, answered the youth, I warrant I would get one, for that is how the good ones are treated, which from the servants' hall are wont to mount up to be ensigns and captains, or to get some good appointment. But I, unhappy me, have

[1] *Pelon*—a cant term for one out at elbows, with "neither beard to shave nor money to spend," as Cervantes has it elsewhere, in his novel of *El Casamiento Engañoso*. Clemencin says the word comes from *pelo* (hair); a *pelon* being one *que no tiene pelo*,—who has not a hair. *Gente de pelo* is applied to people who are well off.

[2] *Ventaja*—that is, something over and above the ordinary pay, such as Cervantes himself received to the extent of three crowns a month, through the favour of Don Juan of Austria, for his distinguished service at Lepanto. The common soldier's daily pay was a mere pittance; and it seems, from Don Quixote's question and the reply, that it was customary for youths of decent family who enlisted to receive some additional allowance, either from the State, through the favour of some patron, or directly from the patron himself.

always served fortune-hunters [1] and vagabond fellows on pay and rations,[2]—so mean and moneyless that they spend half on the starching of their ruffs, and it would indeed be a miracle were a page-adventurer [3] to come to any reasonable good luck whatever.

—But tell me, on thy life, friend, enquired Don Quixote, is it possible that in the years you served you were never able to get to a livery?

—They have given me two, answered the page, but as he who leaves a religious house before making profession is stripped of his habit and has his own clothes returned to him, so my masters gave me back my own, for, the business which brought them to the Court being ended, they returned to their homes, and took back the liveries they had given only for show.

—A notable *spilorceria!* [4] as the Italians have it, said Don Quixote; but, nevertheless, you are fortunate in coming away from the Court with so worthy a purpose, for there is nothing on earth more honourable or profitable than first to serve God, and then your king and natural lord, especially in the profession of arms, through which is won, if not more

[1] *Catariberas*,—literally "bank-scourers,"—a term originally applied to the attendant on a hawking party, whose duty it was to mark the quarry and recover the falcons. It came to be used of the needy gentry about the Court,—the *caballeros de capa y espada*—the parasites and panders who served great lords in expectation of preferment. The South Sea "beach-comber" has an origin and signification almost equivalent, except that he looks for preferment to blind fortune.

[2] *Gente advenediza*—meaning the people who hung about the Court without a permanent abode,—wayfarers, who came but in quest of some office or emolument, or who cherished a grievance,—returning home when the business was finished. The race is by no means extinct in Spain.

[3] Cervantes here speaks from experience of his own earlier days, he himself having been a page-adventurer,—a cadet of fortune, in the household of the Cardinal Acquaviva.

[4] *Spilorceria*,—"meanness," "stinginess." In making Don Quixote break out into Italian, Cervantes, perhaps unconsciously, betrays some early feeling of his own at some like experience in Italy.

riches, at least more honour than by letters, as I have said many a time. For, though letters may have founded more estates than arms, still the soldiers have an I know not what of advantage over men of letters, with an I know not what of lustre in them surpassing all. And that which now I say bear you in mind, for it will be much to your profit and comfort in your toils ; and it is that you should dismiss from your mind the thoughts of what adverse things may happen to you, for the worst of them all is death, and when it is an honourable one the best of all things is to die. They enquired of Julius Cæsar, that valiant Emperor of Rome, which was the best death. He answered, that which was not thought of, the sudden and the unforeseen ;[1] and though the answer was that of a heathen and one without the knowledge of the true God, nevertheless he said well, for the sparing of human feeling ; and say that they kill you in the first engagement and skirmish, either by a shot from a cannon or the springing of a mine, what matters ? It is all dying, and the business is ended. And, according to Terence, better looks the soldier dead in battle than alive and whole in flight ;[2] and by as much as he renders obedience to his captains and commanders, by so much higher does the good soldier rise in fame. Mark, my son, that to the soldier more grateful is the smell of gunpowder than of civet ; and when old age overtakes you in this honourable profession, though you may be full of wounds, crippled, and lame, at least it will not find you without honour, and that such as poverty shall not be able to lessen ; especially as it is now being ordered that old and crippled soldiers shall be maintained and relieved,[3] for it is not well

[1] So Suetonius reports in his *Life of Cæsar*, cap. 87.

[2] Cervantes' memory here plays him a trick. There is no such saying in Terence. The maxim, worthy of Cervantes' noble character and gallant life, was used by him almost in the same words in the Prologue to this Second Part. In *Persiles and Sigismunda* one of the characters, having to write a sentence in an album, writes : *Mas hermoso parece el soldado muerto en la batalla que sano en la huida.*

[3] Words of bitter irony, which stand in everlasting rebuke of the age. No

that they should treat them like those who emancipate and release their negroes when they are old and unable to work, and, thrusting them from their home with the name of freemen, make them slaves of hunger, from which they cannot hope to be freed but by death. For the present I will say no more to you, but get up on the haunches of this my steed till we come to the inn, and there you shall sup with me, and to-morrow follow your road, and may God give you as good as your desires merit.

The page did not accept the invitation to the crupper, although he did to the supper at the inn; and here Sancho is said to have muttered to himself:—God bless thee for a master! And is it possible that a man who can say such and so many good things as he has said now should tell of having seen the impossible absurdities which he reports about the Cave of Montesinos?—Well, well, time will show.

And now, about nightfall, they arrived at the inn, and not without pleasure to Sancho, for he saw that his master took it for a real inn, and not for a castle, as he was wont to do. They had hardly entered when Don Quixote enquired of the innkeeper after the man with the lances and halberds, who answered that he was tending his mule in the stable; which was what the student and Sancho did for their cattle,

such pension for the maintenance and relief of old soldiers was ever in use in Spain, until at least a century and a half after Cervantes' death. Spain, during the reigns of Philip II. and of his son, was overrun with poor discharged soldiers, old and maimed, who were turned out pensionless to such an extent as to be both a public scandal and a danger to the State. In vain had the Doctor Cristóval de Herrera, Physician-General of the Spanish Galleys, presented, in 1598, a petition to the Prince of Asturias, soon afterwards Philip III., pointing out the evils of the existing system, and the hardships suffered by those who had been wounded and maimed in their country's service; recommending that a hospital should be established for the maintenance of poor, disabled soldiers, and explaining the means by which this could be done without serious expense to the State. Probably it was with reference to Herrera's wise and humane proposal,—then under discussion, which the Cortes more than once urged upon the King without avail,—that Cervantes wrote the sentences in the text.

giving Rozinante the best rack and the best stall in the stable.[1]

[1] This is the third of the *ventas* visited by Don Quixote; and the first which is not taken for a castle. Every inn, as every innkeeper, has an individual character in the story. Here we have a landlord who is as different from the surly Juan de Palomeque as he was from the jovial host who dubbed Don Quixote a Knight.

CHAPTER XXV

Wherein is set down the adventure of the Braying and the diverting one of the Puppet-showman, with the memorable divinations of the divining Ape

The loaf did not bake for Don Quixote,[1] as the saying is, till he had heard and learnt of the wonders promised by the man who carried the arms. He went out to look for him where the innkeeper said he was, and when he had found him, prayed him to tell at once what he had to say about the matter of which he had been asked in the road.

—The tale of my wonders, said the man, must be told not standing but more leisurely. Let me finish feeding my beast, good Sir ; then I will tell you things that will astonish you.

—Let it not wait for that, replied Don Quixote, for I will help you to do everything.

And so he did, sifting the barley and cleaning out the rack, a complaisance which made the man tell him willingly that which he wanted to hear.

Seating himself on a bench, with Don Quixote by him, and having for senate and auditory the student, the page, Sancho Panza, and the innkeeper, he began as follows :—

Your worship must know that in a town about four and

[1] *No se le cocia el pan*—a proverbial expression to denote impatience, of frequent use among the writers of the period.

a half leagues from this inn,[1] it came to pass that an alderman,[2] through the artifice and trickery of a servant girl of his (it is a long story to tell), lost an ass, and though that alderman used all possible efforts to find him, he could not. A fortnight had gone by, as public fame and report go, since the ass was missing, when as the alderman-loser was in the market-place, another alderman of the same town said to him: — Give me largess, gossip, for your ass has appeared.— That I will, and heartily, gossip, replied the other, but let us know where it has appeared.—On the mountain,[3] answered the finder. I saw him this morning without pannel or gear of any kind, and so lean that it was a pity to see him. I wanted to catch him and bring him to you, but he is now so wild and so shy that when I approached him he ran galloping off, and went into the thick of the wood. If you wish, we will go again to look for him; let me put up this she-ass at home, and I will come back immediately.—You will do me a great kindness, said he of the ass; and I will try to repay you in the same coin.—With all these particulars, and in this very manner as I am telling you, do they, who are well informed of the truth, tell of the matter. To be brief, the two aldermen on foot, and hand in hand, went away to the mountain, and arriving at the place and spot where they thought to find the ass, they did not find him, nor did he show himself anywhere in those parts, in spite of all their searching. Finding then that he did not appear, said the alderman who had seen him to the other:—Look, gossip, a plan has come into my head,

[1] Señor Guerra y Orbe, in his *Algunos Datos Nuevos para Ilustrar el Quijote* (p. 38), believes he has identified the braying village with El Peral, now Peraleja, between which and its neighbour, Villanueva de la Jara, there was some quarrel, with ludicrous incidents, in the fifteenth century.

[2] *Regidor*—literally, one of those appointed to inspect and regulate the accounts of the village.

[3] *Monte*, in Spanish, means commonly a wooded height or forest, implying wildness and leafiness rather than altitude.

by which without any doubt we shall discover this animal, although he may have hidden himself in the bowels of the earth, not to say of the mountain; and it is this: I can bray something marvellously, and if you can do a little in that line, why the thing is as good as done.—A little, do ye say, gossip? cried the other. 'Fore God I will take odds from none, not even from the asses themselves.—That we shall see anon, said the second alderman, for I have arranged that you shall go in on one side of the wood and I on the other, so as to round and compass it wholly, and at certain distances you shall bray and I will bray, and it cannot be but that the ass will hear us and answer to us if he is on the mountain. To which the owner of the ass replied:—Gossip, let me tell you, your device is excellent and worthy of your great genius. And the two separating according to agreement, it fell out that almost at the same moment they both brayed, and each, deceived by the bray of the other, ran up to look for him, believing the ass had turned up. On coming in sight of each other the loser exclaimed:—Is it possible, gossip, that it was not my ass who brayed?—It was not, but myself, answered the other.—Then let me tell you, gossip, said the owner, that between you and an ass there is not any difference, as far as the braying goes, for in my life I never saw or heard anything more natural.—These praises and compliments, replied the author of the device, better become and touch you than me, gossip; for by the God who made me, but you can give the odds of two brays to the greatest and most skilled brayer in the world, for your key is loud, the pitch of the voice in tune and compass, your cadences thick and fast; and, in fine, I own myself vanquished and yield you the palm and give you the colours in this rare accomplishment.—Now let me say, answered the owner, that I will set and regard myself the higher from henceforth, and think I know something, since I have a talent, and though I thought I brayed well, I never under-

stood that I reached to the height you speak of.—I will say this, too, now, responded the second one, that there are precious accomplishments which are lost in this world, and ill bestowed on those who know not how to profit by them. —Ours, said the ass-owner, except in cases like this we have on our hands, are not of much service to us ; and even in this may God send they bring us profit. This said, they again separated and resumed their braying, and at every turn they deceived themselves, and were coming together again, until they gave each other a countersign that, in order that they might understand it was one of them and not the ass, they should bray two brayings, one after another. With this double braying at every step they made the circuit of the mountain without any response, even by signs, from the lost ass. But how could the poor, undone one respond, seeing they found him in the thickest of the wood eaten by wolves? Seeing him, his owner exclaimed :—Indeed, I wondered he did not answer, for were he alive, he would have brayed had he heard us, or he'd have been no ass. But I am repaid for the trouble I have had in looking for him, even though I found him dead, by hearing you bray with so much grace, gossip.—There are a pair of us, replied the other, for if the abbot sings well, the shaveling is not far behind him.[1] With this they returned, disconsolate and hoarse, to their town, where they recounted to their friends, neighbours, and acquaintances all that had happened in the quest of the ass, each extolling the gift of the other in the matter of braying ; all which spread and became known throughout the adjacent villages. And the Devil, who never sleeps,—as he is fond of sowing and scattering heart-burnings and discords everywhere, raising calumnies in the wind and grand chimeras out of nothing,—so ordered and

[1] *Si bien canta el abad, no le va en zaga el monacillo*—a proverb of which Covarrubias gives many versions. *Como canta el abad responde el sacristan*, is the usual reading.

caused it that the people of the other villages fell to braying at sight of one of our village, as if to throw in our teeth the braying of our aldermen. The boys took to it, which was as if it had fallen into the hands and the mouths of all the devils in hell, and the braying went spreading from one village to another to such an extent that the natives of the braying village are known and distinguished like blacks from whites. And the unlucky jest has been carried so far that several times the bemocked ones have sallied out with arms in their hands and regular array to do battle with the mockers, without King or Rook[1] or fear or shame being able to prevent it. To-morrow or the day after I imagine the men of my village, which are they of the braying, intend to take the field against another village, which is two leagues from ours,—one of those which annoys us most,—and that we may go well provided I have brought those lances and halberds which you have seen. And these are the wonders I said I had to tell you of, and if they don't appear so to you, I know no other.—And with this the good man brought his speech to an end.

Just then there entered at the inn door a man clad all in chamois-hose, breeches, and doublet, and called out in a loud voice:—Mr. Landlord, have you room? For here comes the fortune-telling monkey, and the show of the Releasing of Melisendra.

—Body o' me! cried the host, here is Master Peter! We have a rare night before us.

(I have forgotten to mention that the said Master Peter had his left eye and half the cheek covered with a patch of green taffety, a token that something ailed all that side of his face.)

—Your worship is welcome, Master Peter, the host went on to say. Where are the ape and the show, for I see them not?

[1] *Ni Rey ni Roque*; see note to ch. ii.

—They are here at hand, answered he in the chamois-skin. I have come on in advance to know if there is lodging.

—I would turn out the Duke of Alva himself to give room for Master Peter, said the innkeeper. Bring up the ape and the show, for there are folk here this night in the inn who will pay for seeing them and the monkey's talents.

—Be it so and well, replied he of the patch ; and I will lower the price, and deem myself well paid with only the expenses. I'll go back and bring in the cart in which the monkey and the puppets are travelling.—And he went out of the inn. Then Don Quixote enquired of the innkeeper what that Master Peter was, and what show and what ape he had with him ? To which the innkeeper replied :

—This is a famous puppet player who has gone about this Mancha of Aragon[1] now a good while, exhibiting the show of Melisendra delivered by the famous Don Gaiferos, which is one of the rarest and best played stories which have been seen in this part of the kingdom for many a year. He has also with him an ape of the rarest talent ever seen among apes, or it is thought among men either. For if they ask him anything, he attends to what is asked, and straight leaping on his master's shoulders and reaching down to his ear, tells him the answer to the question ; and Master Peter then straight declares it, and of things past he says much more than of those which are to come. And though he does not always hit it in all things, mostly he makes no mistake, so that he inclines us to believe he has the Devil in his inside. He takes two *reals* for every question if the monkey answers,—that is to say, if his master answers for him, after being told in the ear. And so it is thought that this same Master Peter is very rich, and a

[1] *La Mancha de Aragon*,—the easternmost part of La Mancha, anciently called *La Mancha de Monte Aragon*,—is now included in the province of Cuenca.

gallant man, as they say in Italy, and a boon companion,[1] and leads the best life in the world—talks more than six, drinks more than a dozen—all at the cost of his tongue, his ape, and his show.

Here Master Peter returned, and in a cart came the show, and the ape,—big, tailless, with buttocks like felt, but not a bad countenance. As soon as Don Quixote saw him he questioned him:

—Tell me, you sir Diviner, what fish do we catch?[2] And what we are to come to? And lo, here are my two *reals*.

He bade Sancho give them to Master Peter, who answered for the ape:

—Sir, this animal does not answer or give information of the things which are to come. Of those past, he knows something, and of the present a little.

—By Rus,[3] cried Sancho, I would not give a doit for them to tell me what has passed for me, for who can know it better than I myself? And for me to pay that they may tell me what I know, would be mighty foolish. But seeing he knows things present, here are my two *reals;* come, tell me, Mr. Monkey, what my wife, Theresa Panza, is doing now, and how she is amusing herself?

Master Peter would not take the money, saying:—I do

[1] *Hombre galante, como dicen en Italia, y bon compaño;* this is innkeeper's Italian for *galantuomo* and *buon compagno.* Clemencin censures the author for putting Italian in the mouth of an innkeeper, but such Italian as this is surely not of the author, who knew Italian fairly well. Considering that a great part of Italy, at this period, was under the Spanish dominion, and the frequent intercourse between the two countries, there is nothing improbable in a Manchegan innkeeper picking up a few words of broken Italian.

[2] *Que peje pillamo?* (*Che pesce pigliamo?*) It is Don Quixote here who talks bad Italian.

[3] *Voto arrus,*—corrected by Pellicer into *voto á Rus.* No one knows who or what *Rus* is by whom or which Sancho swears. Pellicer quotes an example of the oath in *Selvagia,* an old comedy. The English translator may fairly give up what has puzzled all the Spanish commentators.

not wish to receive the payment till the service is first rendered.—And giving two slaps on his left shoulder with his right hand, with one spring the ape leaped thereupon, and putting his mouth to his master's ear began to chatter his teeth rapidly, and having kept up this performance for the space of a *credo* with another spring he came to the ground, when on the same instant Master Peter threw himself hurriedly on his knees before Don Quixote, and embracing his feet, exclaimed:—These feet I embrace, just as though I were embracing the two Pillars of Hercules! O illustrious resuscitator of the now-almost-consigned-to-oblivion Knight Errantry! O never-as-he-ought-to-be-extolled Knight, Don Quixote of La Mancha, courage of the fainting, buttress of those about to fall, arm of the fallen, staff and solace of the unfortunate!

Don Quixote was stupefied; Sancho dumbfounded; the student wonderstruck; the page astonished; he of the braying befooled; the innkeeper perplexed; and, in short, all amazed who heard the words of the puppet-showman; who went on to say:

—And thou, good Sancho Panza, best squire to the best Knight in the world, be of good cheer, for thy good wife Theresa is well; and this is the hour in which she is combing a pound of flax, and more by token she has on her left hand a broken-lipped pitcher in which is contained a good something[1] of wine, with which she cheers herself at her work.

—That I well believe, said Sancho, for she is a blessed one; and were she not so jealous I would not change her for the giantess Andandona,[2] who, according to my master,

[1] *Un buén porqué de vino*—literally, "a good what for" of wine; a colloquialism used before in Part I. ch. xviii.

[2] Andandona is a giantess in *Amadis*, sister of Madarque, Lord of the Sad Island. She had hair so crisp that it could not be combed, and was so big that no horse or other beast could carry her. Withal, she was a great enemy to Christians. Her head was cut off at last by squire Gandalin.

was a very clever and witty woman; and my Theresa is one of those who let themselves want for nothing though their heirs should pay for it.

—Now, say I, exclaimed Don Quixote, that he who reads much and travels much, sees much and learns much. This I say because what amount of persuasion would suffice to convince me that there are apes in the world that can divine, as now I have seen with my own eyes? For I am the very Don Quixote of La Mancha whom this honest animal has mentioned, though he has expatiated a little too much in my praises. But whatever I may be, I thank Heaven which hath endowed me with a tender and feeling heart, ever inclined to do good to all and ill to none.

—If I had the money, quoth the page, I would ask of Master Ape what will happen to me in the expedition I am making.

To which Master Peter, who had raised himself from Don Quixote's feet, replied:—I have already said that this little beast does not answer for the future, and if he could, the not having money would not signify, for to oblige Don Quixote, who is present, I would give up all the profits in the world. And now, because I am in his debt,[1] and to give him pleasure, I will set up my puppet-show and entertain all who are in the inn, without any charge.

On hearing this the innkeeper was delighted beyond measure, and pointed out the place where the show might be set up, which was done in a moment. Don Quixote was not very well satisfied with the ape's divinations, for he did not think it proper that an ape should divine either things of the future or of the past; and so whilst Master Peter was arranging his show, he retired with Sancho to a corner of the stable, where, out of hearing of the rest, he said to him:

[1] The allusion, unintelligible to the people of the inn, is clear to the reader, when he shall discover, as he will by-and-by, who Master Peter is.

—Hark ye, Sancho, I have well pondered the extraordinary talent of this ape, and by my reckoning, I find that without doubt this Master Peter must have made a pact, tacit or express, with the Devil.

—If the pack is exposed[1] and the Devil's, doubtless it will be a very dirty pack, but what good is it to Master Peter to have these packs?

—Thou dost not comprehend me, Sancho; I mean only to say that he has made some bargain with the Devil, from whom proceeds this talent into the ape, with which he may gain his living; and when he is rich he will hand over to him his soul, for this is what that universal enemy of mankind aims at. And what inclines me to this belief is the finding that the ape doth not respond except for things past or present, and the knowledge of the Devil extends no farther, for what is to come he knows only by conjecture, and not always that, for to God alone is reserved the knowing of the times and the moments,[2] and for Him is neither past nor future for all is present. This being so, as it is, it is clear that the ape speaks in the style of the Devil, and I marvel how that he has not been denounced to the Holy Office,[3] and examined, and the truth extorted out of him as to by whose virtue he divines. For of a surety this ape is no astrologer, nor his master either, nor raise they, nor do they know how to raise, those figures they call judiciary,[4] which are now so much in vogue in Spain, that there is no servant-wench, or page, or old cobbler who does not undertake to set up a figure as easily as pick up a knave

[1] Sancho blunders between *pacto* and *patio*. I have rendered the *équivoque* as best I can, but it is untranslatable literally.

[2] An allusion to Acts i. 7.

[3] One of many sly hits at the Inquisition in *Don Quixote*, which the Holy Office, usually so vigilant, seems not to have noticed.

[4] To raise *figuras judiciárias* was to cast a horoscope, according to the scheme laid down in the books of astrology, a science much in vogue in Cervantes' time.

of cards from the ground, bringing to naught, with their lies and their ignorance, the wonderful truth of science. One lady I know who enquired of one of these figure-raisers, if a little lap-dog bitch she had would breed and bring forth, and how many and of what colour would be the puppies she would produce. To which sir Astrologer, after raising his figure, responded that the bitch would conceive and be delivered of three pups, one green, another scarlet, and the third speckled, on the condition that such bitch should be covered between eleven and twelve of the clock, by day or night, and that it should be on a Monday or a Saturday. What happened was that within two days of that time the bitch died of a fit of indigestion, and sir Astrologer acquired the credit in that town of being a very consummate judiciary, as are all or most of these figure-raisers.

—For all that, said Sancho, I would like your worship to tell Master Peter to ask his ape if what happened to you in the Cave of Montesinos is true; as for me, begging your worship's pardon, I hold that it was all humbug and lies, or at the least visions.

—It may be so, answered Don Quixote; but I will do what you advise, though I have some scruples about it.

Here Master Peter came up to look for Don Quixote to tell him that the puppet-show was now in order, and would his worship come to see it, for it was worthy of his inspection.

Don Quixote communicated to him what was in his mind, and begged of him to enquire of the ape whether certain things which had passed within the Cave of Montesinos were imaginary or real, for to him they appeared to partake of both.

Master Peter, without answering a word, went to fetch the ape, and setting him before Don Quixote and Sancho, said:

—Hark ye, Master Ape, this gentleman wishes to know whether certain things which happened to him in a cave called of Montesinos were false or true.

And making the customary signal, the ape jumped on his left shoulder, and spoke seemingly into his ear. Then Master Peter exclaimed :

—The ape says that part of the things which your worship saw, or which passed in the said cave were false, and part true ; and this is what he knows and nothing else in regard to this question ; and if your worship would learn more he will answer everything which is asked of him on Friday next, for now his virtue is spent and will not come to him again till Friday, as he has said.

—Did I not say it, cried Sancho, that I could not agree to everything your worship told me about the adventures in the cave being true or even a half of them ?

—The event will declare it, Sancho, answered Don Quixote ; for time, the discoverer of all things, leaves nothing which it does not drag to the light of the sun although it were hidden in the bosom of the earth. For the present let this suffice, and let us go and see the show of worthy Master Peter, for methinks it should contain some novelty.

—How *some?* retorted Master Peter ; seventy thousand this show of mine contains within it. Let me tell you, Sir Don Quixote, that this is one of the things most worth seeing which to-day the world possesses, and *operibus credite et non verbis ;*[1] and let us to business, for it grows late, and we have much to do and to say and to show.

Don Quixote and Sancho obeyed him, and went to where the show was now set up and uncovered, well furnished on all sides with lighted wax tapers, which made it gay and splendid. Master Peter placed himself behind it, for it was he who had to work the characters of the play ;

[1] Master Peter is quoting here from the Gospel of John x. 38.

and outside was posted a lad, a servant of his, to act as interpreter and expounder of the mysteries of the show, who held a wand in his hand with which he pointed out the figures as they appeared. All those who were in the inn being now in their places, some standing in front of the show, and Don Quixote, Sancho, the page, and the student seated in the best places, the interpreter commenced to say —that which he shall hear or see who hears or sees the chapter following.

CHAPTER XXVI

Wherein is continued the diverting adventure of the Puppet-showman, with other things of a verity sufficiently good

TROJANS and Tyrians they were silent all:[1] I mean all who looked on at the show were hanging on the lips of the interpreter of its marvels, when they heard kettle-drums and trumpets sound within and a heavy discharge of artillery,[2] the noise of which in a short time ceased, and then the boy lifted up his voice and cried:—

This true story which is here represented to your worships is taken word for word from the French chronicles and from the Spanish ballads which are in the mouths of the folks and of the boys about the streets.[3] It treats of the release which

[1] ——Tyrii Troesque
Conticuere omnes, intentique ora tenebant.
—*Æneid*, ii.

[2] The mention of artillery in the age of Charlemagne is no more than one of those anachronisms frequent in the books of chivalries, which claimed as much licence in these matters as a country puppet-show.

[3] There are no less than eight ballads relating to Gaiferos in the Duran collection, some of which are clearly modern, and none of any great merit. What the boy says here about the popularity of the Carlovingian legends in Spain is confirmed by all contemporary records. We have seen already (ch. ix.) how a farm-labourer going to his work was chanting the ballad of the Rout of Roncesvalles. Sarmiento, who died in 1770, in his *Memorias para la Poesia Española* declares that the ballads of the Twelve Peers were known to the peasantry and children of Spain by heart.

the lord Don Gaiferos achieved for his wife Melisendra, who was captured in Spain in the power of the Moors in the city of Sansueña, for so they called what is now named Zaragoza.[1] And there you may see how Don Gaiferos is a-playing at backgammon,[2] according to what is sung :—

> Gaiferos is at tables playing,
> Melisendra all forgetting.[3]

And that personage who appears there with a crown on his head and a sceptre in his hand is the Emperor Charlemagne, reputed father of Melisendra, who, vexed at seeing the idleness and negligence of his son-in-law, comes out to chide him; and observe the vehemence and earnestness with which he is scolding him,[4] so that it looks as if he had a mind to give Gaiferos half a dozen raps with his sceptre; nay, there are authors who aver he did give them him, and very well laid on too; and after saying to him many things touching

[1] Gaiferos of Bordeaux was one of the numerous nephews of the Emperor Charlemagne, and one of his leading Paladins, though not usually reckoned among the Twelve Peers. His wife, Melisendra, or Melisenda, was his first cousin, being a daughter of the Emperor. Sansueña was the name given to Zaragoza in the old romances. Peter's boy has been corrected for saying that the story is taken from the French chronicles; but Peter's boy was right, for the story is told in Turpin's *Chronicle*,—and Turpin was French if he was anything,—of how Gaiferos, *Rex Burdigalensis*, went in Charlemagne's Spanish expedition with three thousand fighting men. Nor do we expect a scrupulous exactitude in his references from a puppet-showman's boy.

[2] *Jugando á las tablas.* *Las tablas* was an ancient game, which must have been something like our backgammon, played on a board with men and dice. It was a favourite diversion of the heroes of romance.

[3] Jugando está á las tablas,
Que ya de Melisendra está olvidado:

the two opening lines of one of the ballads, which, by the style, appears to be not the most ancient.

[4] The Emperor in the ballad flings sarcastic words, *palabras de gran pesar*, at his idle son-in-law,—wishing he was as good at arms as he was at dice and backgammon, and saying that had his daughter married another she would not be now in captivity.

the peril which his honour ran in his not trying to deliver his spouse, he is said to have exclaimed :—

Look to it, sir ; I've said enough.[1]

Observe your worships, also, how the Emperor turns his back and leaves Don Gaiferos fretting, whom now you see how impatient with rage he flings about the board and the pieces[2] and calls in haste for his armour, and begs the loan from his cousin Don Roldan of his sword Durindana ;[3] and how Don Roldan would not lend it him, offering him his company in the difficult enterprise in which he is engaging ; but the valorous angered one will not accept it, saying that he alone suffices to rescue his spouse even though she were put in the deepest centre of the earth ; and upon this he goes to arm himself to set out at once on his journey. Let your worships turn your eye to that tower which appears to you, which is supposed to be one of the towers of the castle

[1] Harto os he dicho, miradlo ;—

a line taken from one of the ballads, which was composed by Miguel Sanchez, called *El Divino*, a celebrated dramatist of that period.

[2] Gaiferos, cuando esto vido,
Movido de gran pesare,
Levantóse del tablero,
No queriendo mas jugare,
Y tomárolo en las manos,
Para haberlo de arrojare :

so runs the ballad, which, by its language and its character, appears to be the oldest of the series.

[3] *Durindana*, by Turpin called *Durenda*, otherwise *Durandal*, was the famous sword of Orlando, of beautiful workmanship and incomparable temper and sharpness. The name, perhaps, means nothing but hardness. According to Boiardo, it was originally the sword of Hector, son of Priam, at whose death it passed into the hands of Penthesilea, Queen of the Amazons. It turned up afterwards in the possession of the pagan chief Almonte, whom Orlando, in early youth, slew,—thereby acquiring Durindana, which he flung away when in his mad fit. Mandricardo picked it up; and at his death it was awarded by King Agramante to King Gradaso, one of his auxiliaries at the siege of Paris. From Gradaso it was recovered in combat by Orlando upon his return to reason. It is frequently mentioned in the romances under the name of *Durandarte*.

of Zaragoza, which now goes by the name of the Aljaferia ;[1] and that lady who appears in that balcony, dressed in the Moorish fashion, is the peerless Melisendra, who oft-times did station herself there to look out thence on the road which leads to France, and with her fancy fixed on Paris and on her spouse solaced herself in her captivity. Observe, too, a new incident which now happens, such as perhaps was never seen before. See ye not that Moor who, stealthily and on tiptoe, with his finger to his mouth, comes up by the back of Melisendra? Now look how he gives her a kiss in the middle of her lips, and what a hurry she is in to spit it out and wipe them with the white sleeve of her smock ; and how she bemoans and tears her lovely hair in vexation, as though it were to blame for that trespass. Likewise observe how that stately Moor who stands in the corridors yonder is the King Marsilio[2] of Sansueña, who, witnessing the other Moor's insolence, commands him, though a relative and great favourite of his, to be straightway apprehended and to be given two hundred lashes, having him carried through the most frequented streets of the city with criers going before and officers of justice behind ;[3] and see where they come out to execute the sentence almost as soon as the crime is committed, for among the Moors there are no indictments nor summonses nor remands, as amongst us.

[1] *Aljaferia*—the palace or citadel of the Moorish kings of Aragon, which, rebuilt and much altered, still exists outside of Zaragoza.

[2] A potentate who plays a very important part in all the Carlovingian romances and ballads, as well as in the Italian romantic poems, and in the French *chanson de geste*. *Marsilio* or *Marsil* (sometimes *Marfil*) is supposed to be a historical character, having been identified with one Abdel Malek ben Omar, who was *wali* or governor of Zaragoza at the date of Charlemagne's invasion of Spain. *Ben Omar* in Latin would be *Omari filius*, from which,—by a route which is tolerably straight for such etymologies,—came *Marfil*, *Marsil*, *Marsilio*.

[3] This detail, it is perhaps needless to say, is not in the ballads, and must have been an interpolation of Master Peter, furnished out of the stores of his own consciousness, ripened by experience.

—Child, child! here Don Quixote called out in a loud voice, go straight on with your story and take us not into curves and cross-ways, for to come to the truth in its purity there need be proofs upon proofs.

—Boy, do as the gentleman bids you and don't go into flourishes, cried Master Peter also from within; for it is the best way. Follow your plain song and don't go off into counter-points, for they are apt to crack the strings.

—I will do so, answered the lad;—and proceeded, saying: —This figure which appears here on horseback, covered with a Gascony cloak, is that of Don Gaiferos himself, not forgotten by his wife, who, now avenged of the impudence of the amorous Moor, with a better countenance and more placid has placed herself on the battlements of the tower and talks to her spouse, thinking him to be some wayfarer; between whom there passed these words and that colloquy of the ballad which says:—

Sir Knight, if thou to France dost go,
Pray ask for Don Gaiferos;[1]

which I do not now repeat because of prolixity is engendered weariness. Enough to see how Don Gaiferos discovers himself and by the joyful looks Melisendra puts on she gives us to understand that she has recognised him, and more now for we see her let herself down from the balcony to place herself on the croup of her good husband's horse. But, alas, luckless one! she is caught by the lace of her under-petticoat on one of the balcony rails, and there she is swaying in the air without power to reach the ground. But look how pitiful Heaven sends aid in the sorest needs, for Don Gaiferos comes up and without minding to see whether her rich petticoat be rent or not

[1] Caballero, si á Fráncia ides,
Por Gaiferos preguntade.
The lines are from one of the most prolix of the old ballads, which Góngora has burlesqued.

lays hold of her and incontinently fetches her to the ground, and then in a twinkling claps her on his horse's haunches astride like a man and bids her hold on tight and throw her arms over his shoulders so as to cross them over his bosom that she might not fall, for the reason that the lady Melisendra was not used to such a way of riding. See also how the neighings of the horse manifest his delight at the valiant and lovely burden he carries in his lord and lady! See how they wheel round and leave the city and blithe and joyful take the road to Paris! Go in peace, O peerless pair of true lovers! Reach in safety your longed-for country without Fortune placing any impediment in your happy journey! May the eyes of your friends and relations see you enjoying in tranquil peace the remaining days of your life, and may they be those of Nestor!

Here Master Peter once more raised his voice and cried:—Plainness, boy; don't carry thyself so high, for all affectation is bad.

The interpreter made no answer, but continued, saying:—There lacked not idle eyes, which are wont to see everything, which saw the descent and the mounting of Melisendra, of which they informed King Marsilio, who commanded them to sound the alarm immediately; and see with what haste it is done, for now the city shakes with the sound of the bells which are ringing from all the towers of the mosques.

—Not so, here exclaimed Don Quixote; in this matter of the bells Master Peter is altogether out, for among the Moors there are no bells, but timbrels and a species of dulcimers which are like our clarions; and this about the ringing of bells in Sansueña is beyond a doubt a great absurdity.

On hearing this, Master Peter stopped ringing and said:—Let not your worship, Sir Don Quixote, take notice of trifles, nor do you expect to have things perfect; for so they are not to be found. Do they not play hereabouts,

almost every day, a thousand comedies full of a thousand improprieties and absurdities, and for all that they run their course and are listened to, not only with applause but with admiration and all? Go on, boy, and let them talk, for, so I fill my pouch, let there be represented more blunders than there are motes in the sun.

—That is the truth, replied Don Quixote.—And the boy proceeded:

—See what a numerous and shining cavalcade comes out of the city in pursuit of the two Christian lovers! How many trumpets are sounding, how many clarions ringing, how many timbrels and kettle-drums are beating! I fear me they will overtake them, and they will be brought back tied to the tail of their own horse, which would be a horrid spectacle.

Don Quixote, seeing and hearing such an array of Moors and so loud an alarum, deemed it meet that he should aid the fugitives, so starting to his feet he exclaimed in a loud voice:

—Never in my days and in my presence will I permit an outrage to be done to so famous a Knight and so daring a lover as Don Gaiferos! Stay, base-born rabble! Follow him not nor persecute him, or with me be the battle!

And suiting the action to the word, he unsheathed his sword and with one bound planted himself by the show, and with violent and unparalleled fury began to shower blows on the puppet-heathenry, upsetting some, beheading others, maiming this one and demolishing that; and among many more, he delivered such a down-stroke as, had not Master Peter ducked and dodged and laid himself flat, would have sliced off his head as easily as if it had been made of almond-paste. Master Peter kept shouting:—Hold, Sir Don Quixote! Look, those whom you are upsetting, destroying and slaying, are not real Moors,—only

some little figures of pasteboard! See, sinner that I am, how you are destroying and ruining my whole livelihood!

Yet none the less did Don Quixote continue to rain cuts and slashes, fore-strokes and back-strokes. In fine, in less time than you could say a couple of *credos* he had brought the whole show to the ground—all the fittings hacked to pieces and made mincemeat, the King Marsilio badly wounded, and the Emperor Charlemagne with his crown and head split in two. The assembly of auditors was in consternation; the ape fled away to the roof of the inn; the student-cousin was affrighted; the page was cowed; and even Sancho Panza himself was mightily alarmed, for, as he swore after the tempest had passed over, he had never seen his master in so outrageous a passion.

The general destruction of the show having been accomplished, Don Quixote calmed down a little, observing:—I would I had before me at this moment all those who do not believe nor wish to believe of how much use Knights Errant are in the world! Look ye, if I had not been here present, what would have become of the worthy Don Gaiferos and the beauteous Melisendra? I warrant me that, by this hour, those dogs would have caught them up and done them some foul wrong. When all is done then, long live Knight Errantry above everything that lives upon earth!

—Let it live and welcome, here Master Peter exclaimed in a feeble voice; and let myself die, for I am so unfortunate as that I can say with the King Don Rodrigo:—

> But yesterday the lord of Spain;
> To-day no tower to call his own
> To Roderick doth remain.[1]

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[1] Ayer fuí Señor de España,
Y hoi no tengo una almena
Que pueda decir que es mia;
a quotation from one of the ballads in which is contained the lament of King

—It was not a half-hour, nay, not a half-minute ago, that I saw myself lord of Kings and Emperors, with my stables, my coffers and bags full of countless horses and gay dresses without number, and now I see myself desolate and forlorn, poor and a beggar, and, above all, deprived of my ape,—and the first time I catch him again in my power he shall have to sweat his teeth for it. And all, because of the ill-thinking fury of this Sir Knight, of whom they say that he succours orphans and redresses wrongs and performs other charitable work! And in my case alone has his generous purpose come to fail. Blessed and praised be the heavens where their seats are highest! Indeed, the *Knight of the Rueful Figure* should he be, for it is my figures he has disfigured.

Sancho Panza was melted by Master Peter's words, and said to him:—Weep not, Master Peter, nor complain, for thou art breaking my heart; and I would have thee know that my master Don Quixote is so Catholic and scrupulous a Christian that if he can reckon that he has done thee any wrong he will make it up to thee, and will be willing to pay and satisfy thee over and above.

—Provided that Sir Don Quixote pays me for some portion of the damage he has done me, I will be content; and his worship will rest his conscience, for he will not get salvation who takes what is another's against the will of the owner and makes no restitution.

—True, quoth Don Quixote; but up to the present time I am not aware that I have anything of yours, Master Peter.

—How, nothing? responded Master Peter; and these relics which strew this hard, barren soil,—what scattered them about and annihilated them, if it were not the invincible force of that puissant arm? And whose are those

Roderick for his defeat by the Moors at the battle of the Guadalete (A.D. 711).

bodies but mine? And with whom did I maintain myself if not with them?

—Now am I fully convinced, said Don Quixote, of what I have many times believed, that these enchanters who persecute me are ever setting up before my eyes shapes such as these are, and in a trice turning and changing them into those they wish them to be. Really and truly, I protest to you gentlemen who hear me, that all that has passed here seemed to me to pass actually; that Melisendra was Melisendra, Don Gaiferos Don Gaiferos, Marsilio Marsilio, and Charlemagne Charlemagne. Therefore it was that choler stirred me, and in order to comply with my vow of Knight Errant I wished to give aid and protection to those who were fleeing, and with this good intention I did what you have seen. If it has come out contrariwise it is no fault of mine, but of the wicked people who persecute me; but for all that I am willing to condemn myself in the costs of this my error, though it did not proceed from malice. Let Master Peter see what he wants for the damaged figures, for I offer to pay him for them in good and current coin of Castile.

Master Peter made an obeisance and said:

—I expected no less from the unheard-of Christianity of the valorous Don Quixote of La Mancha, the succourer and protector of all needy and distressed vagabonds. Master Innkeeper here and the great Sancho Panza shall be arbiters and assessors between your worship and me as to what the damaged figures are, or might be, worth.

The innkeeper and Sancho agreed to act, and Master Peter then lifted from the ground King Marsilio of Zaragoza, less the head, and said:—You can see how unprofitable it is to restore this king to his former state; therefore, methinks, subject to your better judgment, there should be given me four *reals* and a half for his decease, end, and extinction.

—Proceed, said Don Quixote.

—Then for this cleft from top to bottom, continued Master Peter, taking in his hands the split Emperor Charlemagne, it would not be much to ask five *reals* and a quarter.

—It's not little, remarked Sancho.

—Nor is it much, replied the innkeeper ; let us split the difference and put it at five *reals*.

—Give him the five and a quarter *reals*, said Don Quixote, for in such a notable mischance as this there is no standing on a quarter, more or less ; and let Master Peter make an end quickly, for the hour of supper draws nigh and I have certain symptoms of hunger.

—For this figure which is useless, said Master Peter, and has an eye short, and is the fair Melisendra, I want,—and I will be reasonable with you,—two *reals* and twelve *maravedis*.

—Nay, the devil's in it, cried Don Quixote, if by this time Melisendra with her spouse is not within the French border at least, for the horse on which they rode seemed to me to fly rather than gallop ; so there's no need to sell me a cat for a hare,[1] bringing before me here a noseless Melisendra, when she is now, if all goes right, pleasuring herself with her husband in France at full stretch. God help every one to his own, Master Peter, and let every one walk fair and with a whole intent ; and proceed.

Master Peter, who perceived that Don Quixote was rambling and going back to his old theme, was not inclined to let him escape, so he said :

—This should not be Melisendra but one of her serving-maids ; so give me sixty *maravedis* for her, and I'll be content and well paid.

In this manner he went on putting a price on the many

[1] *Venderme á mi el gato por liebre*—a proverbial saying, derived most probably, as Covarrubias suggests, from the custom of innkeepers of the time, who sold to their guests cat for hare and pickled ass-flesh for veal.

demolished figures, which afterwards the two arbitrators adjusted to the satisfaction of the parties, reaching in full to forty *reals* and three quarters,[1] and over and above this sum, which Sancho disbursed at once, Master Peter asked two *reals* for his trouble in catching the ape.

—Let him have them, Sancho, said Don Quixote; not to catch the monkey but the fox;[2] and two hundred would I bestow now as a largess on any one who should tell me with certainty that the lady Doña Melisendra and Sir Don Gaiferos were in France, and among their own folk.

—No one could tell us that better than my ape, said Master Peter, but there is no devil can catch him now, though I imagine that affection and hunger will force him to look for me in the night; and God will send the morrow and we shall see.

To conclude, the puppet-show tempest was ended, and they all supped together in peace and good fellowship at Don Quixote's charge, who was liberal to an extreme degree. Before the day dawned, he who carried the lances and halberds went his way, and shortly after daybreak the scholar and the page took their leave of Don Quixote, the one to return home and the other to pursue his expedition, to help him in which Don Quixote gave him a dozen *reals*. Master Peter cared not to get into any more altercations[3] with Don Quixote, whom he knew very well, and so he rose before the sun, and taking up the remains of his show

[1] A *real* being equivalent to twopence halfpenny, the total amount of the damage to Master Peter's show would be about 3s. 6d. in our modern English money.

[2] *No para tomar el mono sino la mona*—a joke of Don Quixote's, which I have rendered by an equivalent English piece of slang. *Mona* means not only a she-ape but drunkenness, so that *tomar la mona* stands both for "to catch the ape" and "to get drunk." To "fox" or to "catch the fox" was, in seventeenth-century English, one of the many synonyms for drinking.

[3] *Mas dimes ni dirétes*,—literally, "more tell-mes or I-will-tell-thees,"—a colloquialism formed similarly to *darés y tomarés*, a phrase several times used in the course of this story.

and his ape he too went off to seek his adventures. To the innkeeper, who knew not Don Quixote, the Knight's liberality was as amazing as his madness. Finally, Sancho having paid him very well by his master's orders, they took their leave of him about eight of the morning, quitting the inn and taking the road; on which we shall leave them to travel, for it is fitting that we should take the opportunity of recounting other things appertaining to the course of this famous history.

CHAPTER XXVII

Wherein it is told who Master Peter and his Ape were, together with the ill success of Don Quixote in the braying adventure, which he did not achieve as he wished or as he had expected

Cid Hamet, the chronicler of this great history, opens this chapter with these words :—*I swear as a Catholic Christian :* —on which his translator observes that by swearing as a Catholic Christian he, being a Moor, as no doubt he was, meant nothing else than that as the Catholic Christian, when he swears, swears or ought to swear the truth, and speak it in what he says, so he would tell it as though he had sworn like a Christian Catholic, in what he should write of Don Quixote, especially in saying who Master Peter was and who was his ape, who astonished all those towns with his divinations. He goes on to say that whoever had read the First Part of this history will well remember that Ginés de Pasamonte to whom, with other galley-slaves, Don Quixote gave liberty in the Sierra Morena,—a favour for which he was poorly thanked and worse repaid by that malignant and ill-conditioned crew. This Ginés de Pasamonte, whom Don Quixote named Ginesillo de Parapilla, was he who robbed Sancho Panza of his Dapple. The omission of the how and the when, in the First Part, through the neglect of the printers, has made many attribute

an error of the press to the author's lack of memory.[1] Ginés, in short, it was who stole the ass while Sancho Panza was asleep on its back, adopting the trick and method which Brunelo used when he drew away Sacripante's steed from between his legs when at the siege of Albraca; and afterwards Sancho recovered him, as has been related.[2] This Ginés then, fearful of being caught by the officers of justice who were on the hue and cry after him to punish him for his infinite rogueries and delinquencies (which were so great and so many that he himself wrote a big volume in recounting them), determined to pass into the kingdom of Aragon;[3] and clapping a patch on his left eye, took up the trade of a puppet-showman, in which and in sleight of hand he was a thorough adept. From some released Christians, who had come over from Barbary, he bought that ape, whom he taught, on making a certain signal, to jump up on his shoulder and to mutter, or seem to mutter, in his ear. Thus prepared, before entering a village with his ape and show, he would inform himself in the one next to it, or of

[1] Here once more and for the last time the author refers to the matter of the stealing of Sancho's ass, in a manner which we might suppose removes all doubt as to how he regarded the blunders which were made in the first impression of 1605, and also who it was that corrected some of those blunders in the second. To interpret the words in the text above, as also the other references of the author to the subject, especially in ch. iv. of his Second Part, in any other sense seems to me to argue a strange insensibility to the characteristic humour of Cervantes.

[2] In ch. iv. of this Part.

[3] From the fact that the inn was situated within what was then called *La Mancha de Aragon*,—anciently, *Monte Aragon*,—Cervantes seems to have concluded that it was beyond the jurisdiction of Castile and within that of Aragon proper. But the locality, as described in the text, being within a short distance of the Cave of Montesinos, was within the Castilian border. The laws of Castile and of Aragon differed considerably in those days, each having its own criminal system; and it was a constant practice of malefactors in Castile to take refuge in Aragon, where the system of administering justice was believed to be laxer, or, at least, slower of action. There is the well-known case of Antonio Perez, Philip II.'s secretary, who fled into Aragon to escape from the king's wrath.

any one he best could, what particular things had happened in such village and to what persons. And carrying them well in his mind, the first thing he would do was to exhibit his puppet-show, which sometimes was about one story and sometimes about another; but all mirthful, and diverting, and familiar. The performance being ended, he would announce the abilities of his ape, telling the people it could divine all the past and all the present, though it had no skill in that which was to come. For the reply to each question he would ask two *reals*, and for some he made it cheaper, according as he felt the pulse of the questioners; and sometimes he would put up at the houses inhabited by the persons whose histories he had learnt, and though they asked him nothing, being unwilling to pay, he would make the sign to the ape and then say that he had been told of such and such things, which fitted the actual occurrence; whereby he acquired unspeakable credit and all ran after him. At other times, he was cunning enough to shape his answers in a manner to suit the questions, and as no one investigated very closely, nor pressed him to say how his ape did his divining, he made apes of them all and filled his pouches. Thus when he saw them in the inn he recognised Don Quixote and Sancho, and knowing them, was easily able to give them a surprise, as well as to all who were present. But it would have cost him dear if Don Quixote's hand had descended a little lower when he cut off the head of King Marsilio and made havoc of his chivalry, as has been mentioned in the previous chapter. This is what there was to say of Master Peter and his ape.

Returning to Don Quixote of La Mancha, I say that after leaving the inn he determined first to visit the banks of the river Ebro and all that neighbourhood before entering the city of Zaragoza, since there was time enough before the jousts began to do all this.[1] With this intention he

[1] From this point, and for the first time since leaving El Toboso, Don

followed the road, on which he travelled two days, without meeting with anything worthy of being set down in writing. The third day, as he was mounting the slope of a hill, he heard a great noise of drums, trumpets, and musketry. At first he thought some regiment of soldiers was passing that way, and to get a sight of them he spurred on Rozinante and ascended the hill. When on the top he saw at the foot of it more than two hundred men, as he reckoned, armed with different sorts of weapons, such as spears, cross-bows, partisans, halberds, and pikes, with some muskets and many targets. Descending the hill he drew near to the array, so that he distinctly saw the ensigns, and could distinguish the colours and note the devices they bore, especially one on which, upon a standard or pennon of white satin, was depicted to the life a jackass of the small Sard breed with head uplifted, mouth open and tongue out, in act and posture of braying, round about which were written in large letters these two lines :—

Brayed not in vain
Our bailiffs twain.[1]

By this device Don Quixote concluded that these people should be of the braying village, and so he told Sancho, informing him of what was inscribed on the standard. He said also that the man who had given them an account of the affair had erred in saying that they were two aldermen who brayed, for according to the verses on the banner they were bailiffs. To which Sancho answered :

Quixote must be supposed to be taking a course direct for Zaragoza, which lay about N.N.W. from the inn. Supposing him to start from the spot marked in the Academy's Itinerary, which is near the town of Villarobledo, it would be, however, some 180 miles to the nearest point of the Ebro, through a hilly and rugged country ; which is scarcely consistent in other respects with the narrative. But once more we may observe that *Don Quixote* owes no slavish allegiance to geography any more than to chronology.

[1] No rebuznáron en balde,
El uno y el otro alcalde.

—Sir, that is of no matter; for it may well be that the aldermen who then brayed have come by time to be bailiffs of their village,[1] and so they can be called by both titles; but it signifies nothing to the truth of the story,—they being aldermen or bailiffs the brayers,—for your bailiff is as good a hand at braying as your alderman.

In fine, they learnt and knew that the village which had been mocked had come out to fight the others which mocked more than was reasonable and good neighbourly. Don Quixote rode up to them, no little to Sancho's annoyance, who was not fond of mixing himself up in these expeditions. Those of the battalion received him in their midst, taking him to be one of their faction. Raising his visor with an easy bearing and air, Don Quixote advanced to the ass-standard, and there gathered round him all the chiefs of the army to look at him, amazed with the usual wonder which fell on all who saw him for the first time. Seeing them so intent on gazing at him, without any one speaking or asking him a word, he thought to profit by that silence, and so breaking his, he lifted up his voice and spake thus:

—Good gentlemen, I beseech you in all earnestness that ye do not interrupt a discourse which I wish to deliver to you, until you find that it vexes or wearies you; should this happen, at the least sign ye make, I will set a seal on my lips and a gag on my tongue.

They all said that he might speak what he pleased, and they would listen to him willingly. With this licence Don Quixote proceeded, saying:

—I, dear Sirs, am a Knight Errant, whose calling is that of arms, and whose profession the succouring of those who need

[1] The *alcalde*, which I have translated "bailiff," was a higher dignity than that of *regidor*, which I have made "alderman." There could, properly, be but one *alcalde* (from the Arabic *al-câdhi*, the more familiar *cadi*) in a town, though several *regidors*. In making it *alcalde* in his verse the poet of the brayers was clearly under the influence of the exigencies of rhyme.

succour, and the relieving of the distressed. I learnt some days since of your mishap, and of the cause which moves you frequently to take up arms to be revenged on your enemies; and having turned over your business in my mind many times I find, according to the law of the duello, that ye are mistaken in holding yourselves to be affronted, for one individual cannot affront an entire village, unless it be by charging it with treason collectively, because he knows not who in particular hath committed the treason he charges. An example of this we have in Don Diego Ordoñez de Lara, who impeached the whole town of Zamora, not being aware that Bellido Dolfos alone had committed the treason of killing his king; and so he challenged them all, and the reply and the vengeance concerned all;[1] although it is true that Sir Don Diego went a little too far and even strayed much beyond the limits of the challenge, for there was no need to impeach the dead, the waters, nor the bread, nor those who had to be born, nor the other particulars which are there detailed.[2] But let that pass; for when anger

[1] The defiance of Lara is a well-known incident of the siege of Zamora, and forms the subject of several of the ballads in the Cid series. Sancho II. of Castile, while engaged in besieging the town of Zamora, held by his sister Urraca, was treacherously slain by Bellido Dolfos, who had invited him to a secret parley for the surrender of the fortress. Don Diego Ordoñez de Lara, one of Sancho's vassals, thereupon came forth from the besiegers' camp and challenged the whole town, in the terms alluded to in the text.

[2] Don Diego's challenge was a sufficiently comprehensive one, as set forth in the ballad :—

Yo vos repto, Zamoranos,
Por traidores fementidos;
Repto los chicos y grandes,
Y á los muertos, y á los vivos,
Repto las yerbas del campo,
Tambien los peces del rio;
Réptoos el pan y la carne,
Tambien el agua y el vino.

(False Zamorans! I defy ye;
Perjured traitors, I defy ye!

breaks over its dam the tongue has neither father, governor, nor bridle to restrain it. That being so then, that one man cannot affront a kingdom, province, city, republic, nor a whole population, it is manifest that there is no need to go out to take up the challenge for such affront, for such it is not. And it would be a pretty thing indeed if the people of Clock Town were to be at daggers drawn at every turn with those who gave them that name, or the *Cazoleros*, the *Berengeneros*, the *Whalers*, the *Soapers*,[1] or those of other names and appellations, such as are in the mouths of boys and idle people. It were a pretty thing indeed if all these worthy towns were to be angry and revenge themselves, and go

I defy you great and little,
I defy you dead and living,
In the fields your grass that's growing,
In the river all your fishes,
I defy your wine and water,
Eke your bread, and meat, and victuals !)

To this comprehensive challenge one of the opposite faction, Arias Gónzalo, from the walls made nearly the same objection as Don Quixote does here, asking what the dead had to do with the faults of the living, and the children with what was done by their elders; and reminding Don Diego of the "established law," by which one who challenges a whole civic body is bound to fight with any five of them.—Duran, *Romancero General*, vol. i. p. 509.

[1] These nicknames of towns arose through certain peculiarities of character or accidents in their history or jokes, of which they were the victims. *La Reloja*, or "Clock Town," is identified by Señor Guerra y Orbe (*Algunos Datos Nuevos para Ilustrar El Quijote*, p. 39) with Espartinas, in the district of Seville. The story is that the inhabitants, having set up an elaborate town-clock, so wrapped it up to protect it from the sun and dust that it could not show the time. The *Cazoleros*, properly *Cazalleros*, were the people of Valladolid,—those who sympathised with Cazalla, a noted heretic, who was burnt at Valladolid in 1559. The *Berengeneros*, or *berengena*-eaters, were the people of Toledo, who were famous for their inordinate passion for that fruit, which grew plenteously in their gardens. The *Whalers*,—*ballenatos*,—were the inhabitants of Madrid, so called from an old story told at their expense, of how once they all went out with arms to slay a whale which was reported to have been seen in the Manzanares, which whale turned out to be an ass's pack-saddle being carried down the stream. Who the *Soapers* (*Jaboneros*) were is uncertain.

about continually their swords turned into stomach-cleansers [1] on any quarrel, how small soever it were. No, no: God neither wills nor permits it. Prudent men, commonwealths well-ordered, have to take up arms, unsheathe their swords, and place their person in peril for four things. The first, to defend the Catholic faith; the second, to defend life, which pertains to law, natural and divine; the third, in defence of honour, family, or estate; the fourth, in the service of the king in just war; and if we need add a fifth (which may be included in the second) it is in defence of one's country. To these five capital causes there may be joined some others which are just and reasonable, which compel the taking of arms. But to take them for trifles, and for things which are rather of laughter and pastime than of affront—methinks he who takes them is wanting in all common sense. Moreover, the taking of unjust vengeance (and just, none can be) goes directly against the sacred law we profess, in which we are commanded to do good to our enemies, and to love those who hate us—a commandment which, though it seems somewhat difficult to obey, is only so to those who have less of God than of the world and more of flesh than of spirit. For Jesus Christ, good and true man, who never lied nor could nor can lie, being our law-giver, said that His yoke was gentle and His burden light; He would not, therefore, command us anything which it was impossible to perform. And thus, dear Sirs, ye are bound by laws both divine and humane to be pacified.

[1] *Hechas las espadas sacabuches. Sacabuche*, of which one of the secondary meanings is "sackbut," is here literally "stomach-clearer,"—from *sacar*, to draw or clear out, and *buche*, originally the craw of a bird and colloquially the human stomach. Don Quixote's use of the phrase is founded upon the office of the sword in opening the enemy's stomach and clearing out *las tripas*. The translators have all passed by or bungled the phrase, most of them following Shelton, who makes *sacabuche* "a sackbut," which one of them improves into "a trombone"; without any of them explaining how a sword can be turned into a wind instrument.

—The devil fetch me, said Sancho here to himself, if this my master is not a thologian,[1] and if he is not one, he is as like as one egg to another.

Don Quixote took a little breath, and perceiving that they lent him silence still, wished to go on further with his discourse; and would have done so had not Sancho with his cleverness interposed, who, seeing that his master had stopped, spoke up for him, saying:

—My master, Sir Don Quixote of La Mancha, who one time was called *The Knight of the Rueful Feature*, and now is called *The Knight of the Lions*, is a very sensible gentleman, who knows both Latin and the vulgar tongue like a Bachelor, and in all he treats of and counsels he acts like a very good soldier; and he has all the laws and orders of what they call the duel on his finger-nail, and so there is no more to do but let yourselves be led by what he says, and blame me if it leads you astray, more by token that it has been said that it is folly to get in a rage only for hearing a bray; and I remember when I was a boy I used to bray always, and when I took the fancy, without any one putting it into my head, and so gracefully and naturally that at my braying all the asses of the village brayed; and never for that did I cease being the son of my parents, who were very honest people; and though for that talent I was envied by more than one of the tiptop people of the place, I cared not two farthings; and that you may see I speak the truth, wait and hearken, for this is a science like swimming which once learnt is never forgotten.

Then clapping his hand to his nose he began to bray so obstreperously that he made all the neighbouring valley ring again. But one of those who stood near him, thinking he was making a jest of them, raised a pole he held in his hand and dealt him such a blow with it that it brought Sancho Panza to the ground without more ado. Don Quixote

[1] *Tólogo*, says Sancho, for *teólogo*, as once before.

seeing Sancho thus maltreated, made for him who had given the blow with his lance in hand, but they were so many who interposed that it was not possible to take his vengeance. On the contrary, finding a shower of stones rained upon him and that a thousand levelled cross-bows threatened him and no less a quantity of muskets, he turned Rozinante's reins and went away from them as fast as he could gallop, commending himself with all his heart to God that He might deliver him from that peril, dreading at every step some bullet would come in at his back and go out at his bosom, and at every moment fetching his breath to see whether it failed him ; but those of the band were content to see him fly without shooting at him. As for Sancho they set him upon his ass,—scarce come to himself,—and let him go after his master ; not that he had sense enough left to direct him, but Dapple followed in the track of Rozinante, without whom he could not endure to be a moment. Don Quixote being now a good distance off, turned his head and saw Sancho coming and waited for him, finding that no one followed. Those of the band stayed there till night, and, their enemies not having come out to battle, they returned to their village, rejoicing and happy ; and, if they had known of the antique custom of the Greeks, they would have raised there on that spot a trophy.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Concerning things of which Benengeli says he who reads them shall know them, if he reads with attention

When the valiant man flies it is when foul play is discovered, and the part of wise men is to reserve themselves for better occasions. This truth was verified in Don Quixote, who, giving way to the fury of the villagers and the evil designs of that incensed battalion, took to his heels,[1] and without bethinking him of Sancho nor of the peril in which he was left, got himself off as far as sufficed to make him safe. Sancho followed, laid athwart his ass, as has been said. He came up with his master at last, now having recovered his senses, and on reaching him fell from Dapple at Rozinante's feet, all sore, bruised, and beaten. Don Quixote dismounted to examine his wounds, but finding him with a whole skin from head to feet, said to him very angrily:

—In an evil hour learnt ye to bray, Sancho! And where did you find it to be good to name rope in the house of the hanged?[2] To the music of your brays what harmonies could you have but cudgellings? And give thanks to God, Sancho, that since they blessed you with

[1] *Pusó piés en polvorosa*,—lit. "put feet in the dusty,"—a slang phrase, used before several times, sufficiently indicative of the undignified mode of the Knight's retreat.

[2] *Nombrar la soga en casa del ahorcado*—a proverbial phrase.

a cudgel they did not make the sign of the cross on you with a hanger.

—I am in no case for answering now, retorted Sancho, for I seem to speak through my shoulders; let us mount and get away hence, and I will keep silence about my brayings, but not in telling that Knights Errant fly and leave their honest squires to be milled like privet or wheat[1] at the hands of their enemies.

—He flies not who retreats,[2] replied Don Quixote; for thou must know, Sancho, that the courage which is not grounded upon the base of prudence is called rashness, and the achievements of the rash one are to be ascribed rather to his good fortune than to his valour. So I confess that I retired, but I did not fly; and in this I have imitated many valiant persons who have reserved themselves for better times; and of this the histories are full—the which, as being neither of profit to thee nor pleasure to me, I will not now relate.

By this time Sancho was once more mounted, having been helped by Don Quixote, who also got upon Rozinante, and at a leisurely pace they betook them to a grove of poplars which appeared in sight about a quarter of a league off. From time to time Sancho gave forth profound sighs and dolorous groans; and on Don Quixote asking him the cause of his sore anguish, he answered that from the end of his backbone to the nape of his neck he was aching, so that it drove him out of his senses.

—The cause of that pain must be doubtless, Don Quixote observed, that as the stick they laid on you was long and reaching, it caught thee over the whole back where are seated all the parts which pain thee, and if it had caught thee farther you would have ached more.

[1] *Molidos como alheña ó como cibera*; for *alheña* see note in Prologue to Part II. *Cibera* is wheat in the hopper for grinding.

[2] The same sentiment occurs in the mouth of Sancho, Part I. ch. xxiii.

—'Fore God, cried Sancho, but your worship has brought me out of a grand doubt and cleared it up for me in pretty terms! Body o' me! was the cause of my pain so hidden that it was necessary to tell me that where the pole reached all that is aching? If my ankles were sore, there might be something to guess at why they pained me; but that I should ache where they pounded me is no great guessing. I' faith, Sir master of mine, another's ill hangs by a hair;[1] and every day I am touching earth as to the little I can look for from the company I keep with your worship, for if this bout you let me be basted, another and a hundred times other we shall return to the blanketings of old and other games[2] which if now they have fallen upon my shoulders the next time they may fly to my eyes. Much better should I do (only I am a barbarian, and can do naught that is good in all my life), —much better should I do, say I again, to go back home to my wife and my children, and support her and bring them up with what God may be pleased to give me and not go trapesing behind your worship through roads without a road, and paths and courses which have none, drinking badly and eating worse. Then take the sleeping: count ye, brother squire, seven feet of earth, and if you ask nine, take other as many; in your hand it is to pour out the porringer[3] and stretch you out to your heart's content,—which may I see him burnt and ground to dust the first who started this Knight Errantry, or at least the first who wished to be squire to such idiots as must have been all the Knights Errant of the past. Of the present ones say I nothing, for by reason that your worship is one of them, I hold them in respect, and because I know that

[1] *El mal ajeno de pelo cuelga*—a proverb.

[2] *Muchacherias*; for which Hartzenbusch, with his usual infelicity, substitutes *mala-venturas*.

[3] *En vuestra mano está escudillar*. *Escudillar* is primarily to take broth out of the pot with an *escudilla*, a porringer or ladle; metaphorically, to handle a business in one's own way.

your worship knows a point more than the Devil in what you speak and in what you think.

—I would lay a good wager with you, Sancho, said Don Quixote, that now that you are talking without any one crossing you nothing ails you in all your body. Speak, my son, all that comes into your mind and into your mouth, for in return for your feeling no pain, I will restrain willingly the resentment which your impertinences raise in me; and if you wish so much to go back to your home, to your wife and children, God forbid that I should hinder you. Moneys of mine you have: reckon how long it is since we sallied out of our village, and consider what you can and should get by the month, and pay yourself out of hand.

—When I served Tomé Carrasco, said Sancho, the father of Samson Carrasco, whom your worship well knows, I got two ducats a month besides my victuals. With you worship I know not what I can earn, though I know that the Knight Errant's squire has more work to do than he who serves a farming-man. For the long and the short of it is, that we who work for farmers, however much work we do by day, whatever ill may hap, at night we have a mess for supper and we sleep in a bed,—which I have not slept in since I have been in your worship's service. Nay, it was but a short time we were in the house of Don Diego de Miranda and the fling I had with the skimmings I took from Camacho's pots, and what I ate and drank and slept in Basilio's house. All the rest of the time I have slept on the hard ground, in the open air, subject to what they call the inclemencies of heaven, sustaining me with scraps of cheese and crusts of bread and drinking water now from brooks now from springs we meet with in the by-ways by which we travel.

—I confess, replied Don Quixote, that all thou sayest, Sancho, is the truth. How much dost think I should

give thee more than what Tomé Carrasco used to give thee?

—To my thinking, said Sancho, with two *reals* more a month added by your worship I would reckon myself well paid. This as regards wages for my work; but as regards the compensation for the word and promise you passed of giving me the government of an Isle, it would be just that you should add six *reals* more, which would be thirty *reals* in all.

—It is well, replied Don Quixote; and according to the salary you have assigned to yourself, it is five-and-twenty days[1] since we left our village. Reckon proportionally, Sancho, and see what I owe you, and pay yourself, as I have said, out of your own hand.

—O body of me! cried Sancho, but your worship is much out in your reckoning, for in the matter of the promise of the Isle we have to count from the day that your worship promised me till the present hour in which we are.

—Then how long is it, Sancho, since I promised you it? said Don Quixote.

—If I remember well, answered Sancho, it must be more than twenty years, three days more or less.[2]

[1] Vicente de Los Rios observes that Don Quixote is out in his reckoning, seeing that not twenty-five but only seventeen days had passed, according to the narrative, since the Knight and his squire left their village on the third sally. Whereupon Clemencin shrewdly remarks that Cervantes did not pay so much attention to chronology as Los Rios does. In regard to an attempted defence of Cervantes by Eximeno on this point, on the ground that the error was not the author's but Don Quixote's, Clemencin is scarcely so happy in his remarks,—observing that it was Don Quixote's interest not to lengthen but rather to shorten the period of Sancho's service.

[2] Don Quixote might well slap his forehead and laugh at Sancho's reckoning, as heartily as his author would do could he read of some of the comments on this passage. As Hartzenbusch points out, it is literally, according to the history of the publication of *Don Quixote*, not less but more than twenty years since Sancho took service with his master. The Isle was first promised to Sancho at a date

Don Quixote gave himself a great slap on the forehead and burst into a hearty laugh, saying :

—Why, I did not travel in Sierra Morena, nor in all the course of our sallies, scarcely two months, and sayest thou, Sancho, that it is twenty years I have promised thee the Isle ? Now I say that thou wantest to consume in thy wages all the money thou hast of mine ; and if it is so, and it pleases thee to do so, from this time I give it thee and much good may it do thee, and in return for finding myself without so bad a squire, I shall rejoice to be left poor and without a penny. But tell me, perverter of the squirely ordinances of Errant Knighthood, where hast thou seen or read that any squire of Knight Errant has bargained with his master, saying,—so much you will have to give me a month for serving you ? Embark, embark,—brigand, villain, and fiend,—for all this thou seemest ; embark, I tell thee, on the *mare magnum* of their histories, and if thou shouldst find that any squire has said or thought what thou hast spoken of, I am willing you shall nail it on my forehead and seal fool on my face with your five fingers, to boot.[1] Turn thy rein, or thy ass-halter, and go back to thy house, for one step farther hence thou shalt not take with me. O bread ill-requited ! O promises ill-bestowed ! O man who hast more of beast than of human ! Now—when I thought to place thee in state, such that, despite of your wife, they shall style thee Lord, dost leave me ? Goest thou now,

which, by exact chronology, should be August, 1589 ; and this conversation could not have taken place before June, 1614, going by the dates we find in this Second Part (see the Chronology of *Don Quixote* in Appendix A, vol. iv.). Don Quixote's laughter at hearing how long Sancho has been in his service is but the echo of the author's, over the contradictions and inconsistencies into which he was necessarily led by his plan of writing the story. (The ten years between the First and Second Parts are not, of course, to be reckoned in the life of Don Quixote.)

[1] *Me hagas cuatro mamonas selladas en mi rostro. Hacer mamona*, as explained by Covarrubias, is the vulgar act of planting the five fingers in the face of another, to express contempt.

when I am come into the firm and potent resolve to make thee ruler of the best Isle in the world? Well, and to end, as thou hast said again and again, the honey is not——[1] Ass thou art, and ass thou hast to be, and an ass thou wilt end when the course of thy life is run, for I verily believe that it will reach its last term ere thou dost perceive and know thyself to be a beast.

Sancho regarded Don Quixote fixedly whilst he was uttering these reproaches, and was so struck with remorse that the tears came into his eyes, and with faint and doleful voice he cried:

—Master dear, I confess that for being a complete ass there is wanting to me nothing but the tail. If your worship would be pleased to put me one on, I'll reckon it to be well placed, and I will serve you as ass for all the days which remain of my life. Pardon me, your worship, and take pity on my simplicity, and consider that I know but little, and that if I talk much it proceeds rather from weakness than malice. But who errs and mends, to God him commends.[2]

—I should have marvelled, Sancho, if you had not mingled some little proverb with your speech. Well now, I forgive thee, on condition of thy amendment, and provided thou dost not show thyself henceforth so fond of thine own interest; but try to widen thy heart, and encourage and inspirit thyself to hope for the accomplishment of my promises, for though it may be delayed yet is it not impracticable.

Sancho responded that he would do so, and draw strength from weakness. Hereupon they entered the grove, and Don Quixote settled him at the foot of an elm, and Sancho at that of a beech, for such-like trees always have feet and no hands. Sancho passed the night painfully, for the poling

[1] *No es la miel—para la boca del asño*, understood; "The honey is not for the mouth of the ass,"—a proverb more than once used in the course of this story.

[2] *Quien yerra y se enmienda, á Dios se encomienda*—a proverb.

made itself more felt with the night-dew. Don Quixote passed it in his everlasting meditations; but for all that they surrendered their eyes to sleep, and at break of day pursued their journey, seeking the banks of the famous Ebro, where there happened to them what shall be related in the coming chapter.[1]

[1] From this chapter the narrative takes leave of La Mancha, which has hitherto been the field of all Don Quixote's adventures, and brings us into a new country, the rugged and hilly district of Cuenca and Guadalajara,—into the southern portion of the kingdom of Aragon, past the defiles of the Sierra de Albarracin and the cradle of the Tagus. Some wonder has been expressed that Cervantes did not take advantage of a country lending itself so freely to adventure, and make his hero linger among the pine-woods of Albarracin and the fruitful valleys watered by the Jaloca. That he should lead his hero straight to the Ebro, over so long a stretch of ground, without speaking of the rivers that were crossed or describing the roadside scenery, has also been a subject of remark among the commentators. Doubtless Cervantes could have given us more adventures, and doubtless this is a country in every way suitable to them; but we need not seek for any other causes to explain Cervantes' silence about this intermediate region and the rapid passage of Don Quixote over it, than that the author desired to bring his hero into a country which he knew himself; that his object was not so much geographical as romantic; and that, in short, the scheme of his story did not admit of delay on the road to Zaragoza.

CHAPTER XXIX

Of the famous adventure of the Enchanted Bark

In two days after leaving the poplar-grove, according to their computation, Don Quixote and Sancho arrived at the river Ebro,[1] and the sight of it was a great pleasure to Don Quixote, as he contemplated and gazed upon the amenity of its banks, the clearness of its waters, the smoothness of its current, and the abundance of its liquid crystals, whose cheerful view revived in his memory a thousand amorous thoughts.[2] He fell especially to musing on what he had seen in the Cave of Montesinos, for although Master Peter's ape had told him that part of those things he had seen were truth and part lies, he clung rather to their being true than to their being false; the very reverse of Sancho,

[1] In ch. xxvii. we are told that it was on the third day after leaving the inn where the puppet-show was held, that Don Quixote came up with the army of the Brayers; and two days more would allow too short a time, at the pace they went, for Don Quixote and Sancho to arrive at any point of the Ebro from the confines of La Mancha. In answer to these and similar objections, based on Cervantes' violations of geographical accuracy, it is enough to say that he is only using the romancer's licence. And if any further defence is necessary for his use of the common privilege of romancers and skipping over the ground with which probably he was not familiar, he had reason enough, connected with the interest of the story,—as we shall see further on,—for not marking the site of the next adventure too precisely.

[2] It is no wonder that the first sight of the Ebro should have struck the susceptible heart of our knight, for there could be no greater contrast than between such a river,—with its smiling banks and swift-flowing stream,—and the dull, sullen, sluggish Guadiana and the other rivers of La Mancha.

who took them all for the one and the same lie. Jogging along in this way there appeared in sight a little boat, without oars or any other gear, which was made fast to the trunk of a tree which stood on the bank. Don Quixote looked round on every side and seeing no one, at once without more ado dismounted from Rozinante and ordered Sancho to do the like from Dapple, and to tie up both beasts close together to the stem of a poplar or willow which grew there. Sancho enquired of him the reason of that sudden dismounting and tying. Don Quixote answered:

—Thou hast to know, Sancho, that this bark which is here, expressly, and without the possibility of its being anything else, is calling and inviting me to enter therein, and in it to go and give succour to some Knight or other person of quality in distress who should be in some great trouble. For this is the style of the books of the chivalric histories, and of the enchanters which engage and figure therein. When any Knight is involved in any difficulty, who cannot be liberated therefrom but by the hand of some other Knight, though they may be distant one from the other two or three thousand leagues and even more, they either fetch him away on a cloud or provide him a bark in which he enters, and in less than the twinkling of an eye they bear him either by the air or by the sea, wherever he pleases and where his help is needed.[1] Therefore, this bark, O Sancho, is placed here for the very purpose, and this is as true as it is now day; and

[1] There are numerous adventures in the chivalric romances and poems similar to the one which now presents itself to Don Quixote, and all the precedents are in favour of his adopting the course he does. Amadis of Greece finds just such a fisher's boat awaiting him to cross over to the uninhabited island. The Emperor Trebacio, in the *Knight of the Sun*, got into a little skiff on the Danube to chase some giants who were carrying away his lady, the Princess Briana. In Ariosto's poem, Orlando, Brandimarte, and Oliver, when desirous of passing over to Lipadusa to fight the three Paynim kings, found a bark waiting to take them—

Senza nocchieri e senza naviganti.—Canto xl. st. 52.

before this passes tie thou Rozinante and Dapple together, and in the hand of God be it to guide us, for I would not be deterred from embarking were bare-footed friars to beg me.[1]

—Since it is so, answered Sancho, and your worship would plunge at every step in these,—which I know not if I should call fooleries,—there is nothing for it but to obey and bow the head, giving heed to the proverb: Do what thy master bids thee and sit down with him at his table.[2] But for all that, for the discharging of my conscience, I would warn your worship that in my opinion this said bark belongs to none of your enchanted ones but to some fishermen of this river, for here they catch the best shad in the world.

This Sancho said while he tied up the beasts, leaving them to the care and protection of the enchanters, with sorrow enough of soul. Don Quixote bade him not to be troubled about the abandonment of those animals, for He who was to lead them through ways and regions so longinquous[3] would take care to provide for them.

—I understand naught of your logiquous,[4] said Sancho, nor have I ever heard such a word in all the days of my life.

—*Longinquous*, said Don Quixote, means remote; and it is no wonder that thou dost not understand it, for thou art

[1] To the *Fráiles descalzos*, who had a special gift of holiness, it was supposed that nothing could be denied.

[2] *Haz lo que tu amo te manda, y siéntate con él á la mesa.*

[3] *Longincuos:* I am compelled to use the literal word in English, for the sake of what follows. Sir Thomas Browne has "longinquity." Clemencin has a note here commenting on the number of Latinisms to be found in *Don Quixote*. They do not amount to more than a dozen or so; *acuto* for *agudo*, *primo* for *primero*, *solito* for *acostumbrado*, *longisima* for *largisima*, etc.; which are not many, considering that they mostly occur in the mouth of Don Quixote, who is speaking a language purposely archaic, and that even in that age, though the Castilian was far more advanced towards maturity than any other Romance tongue, several Latin words were still in use among good writers. The gradation from Latin to Spanish was a process slower and more long-drawn out than in any of the cognate languages.

[4] *Logicuos*, says Sancho, for *longincuos*.

not obliged to know Latin, like some who pretend to know it and do not.

—They are tied up, replied Sancho; what have we to do now?

—What? said Don Quixote,—why, cross ourselves and weigh anchor; I mean embark, and cut the rope by which the bark is fastened.

And leaping into it, with Sancho after him, he cut the rope and the boat drifted away slowly from the bank. When Sancho found himself a matter of two yards away on the river he began to tremble, fearing he was lost. But nothing gave him more pain than to hear Dapple bray, and to see Rozinante struggling to get loose. And he said to his master:

—The ass brays bewailing our absence, and Rozinante is trying to get free to throw himself in after us. O dearest friends! Rest in peace; and may the folly which takes us apart from you be turned to repentance and bring us back to your presence!

And with this he began to weep so bitterly, that Don Quixote said to him, sternly and angrily:

—Of what art thou afraid, cowardly creature? Why weepest thou, heart of butter? Who prevents thee, or who molests thee, soul of household mouse? Or what dost lack, ever craving, in the midst of the bowels of abundance? Art thou journeying, peradventure, on foot and shoeless, over the Riphœan mountains[1] instead of being seated on a bench, like an archduke, on the tranquil current of this agreeable river, where, in a brief space, we shall emerge into the spacious ocean? But we must already have emerged and travelled at the least seven or eight hundred leagues, and if I had here an astrolabe[2] with which to take the altitude of the

[1] The *Montes Riphæi* (more properly *Rhiphæi*) were placed by the ancient geographers in the northernmost part of Scythia.

[2] An instrument then in use for taking the latitude; now superseded by Hadley's quadrant and sextant.

pole, I would tell thee how many we have gone, though either I know little or we have passed, or shall soon pass, by the equinoctial line which divides and cuts the opposite poles in equal portions.

—And when we have come to that same lean[1] your worship speaks of, asked Sancho, how far shall we have travelled?

—Far, answered Don Quixote; for of the three hundred and sixty degrees the globe of earth and water contains, according to the computation of Ptolemæus, who was the greatest cosmographer ever known, we shall have done one half when we arrive at the line I spoke of.

—'Fore God, said Sancho, but your worship has brought me for a voucher of what you say a very pretty fellow,—your *puto* and *gafo*, with *miaus* or *mews* to boot, or I know not what.[2]

Don Quixote smiled at the interpretation which Sancho had given to the name, and the computation and reckoning of the cosmographer Ptolemy, and said to him:

—Know, Sancho, that the Spaniards and those who embark at Cadiz to go to the East Indies, have for one of the signs by which they learn that they have passed the equinoctial line of which I have spoken, that on all who are in the ship the lice die off, without one remaining, nor in all the vessel is any to be found, if they give his weight in gold for him.[3]

[1] *Leña* (timber), repeats Sancho, that "perverter of words," instead of *linea* (line).

[2] Sancho here perverts his master's words again, the unaccustomed sounds of *Ptolomeo* and *cosmógrafo*, in connexion with *computo*, tempting him into *puto y gafo*, with the addition of *meon ó meo*. It is impossible to render the play of words, which are a little coarse in the original, into English.

[3] The authority for this remarkable piece of natural history, which subsequent investigators have not confirmed, is Abraham Ortelius in his *Theatrum Orbis Terrarum*, of which an edition in Spanish was printed at Antwerp in 1612. He, however, declares that it was immediately after passing the Azores on the voyage westward, that navigators found themselves freed of fleas, bugs, and every kind of personal vermin.

Therefore, Sancho, you can pass your hand over your thigh, and if you catch anything living, we shall be out of this doubt; and if not, then we have passed.

—I don't believe aught of that, replied Sancho; but yet I will do what your worship bids me, though I know not why we need make these experiments, for I see with my own eyes that we have not gone five yards from the shore nor have we shifted two yards from where the animals are, for there stand Rozinante and Dapple, in the very place where we left them; and taking a view, as I do now, I vow that we are not stirring nor moving at the pace of an ant.

—Make the investigation I have told thee of, Sancho, and mind no other, for thou knowest not aught of colures, lines, parallels, zodiacs, ecliptics, poles, solstices, equinoxes, planets, signs, points,—measures of which the celestial globe is composed, and the terrestrial; for if thou knewest all these things, or any part of them, thou wouldst clearly see how many parallels we have sailed through, how many signs we have beheld, and what constellations we have left and are now leaving behind. Again I say to thee, feel and fish, for I am convinced thou art as clean and pure as a sheet of white paper.

Sancho felt himself, and reaching his hand delicately and cautiously to his left ham, raised his head and looking at his master, said:

—Either the test is a false one, or we have not arrived at the place your worship says,—not by many leagues.

—Hast found something, then? asked Don Quixote.

—Aye, and some things,[1] answered Sancho.—And, shaking his fingers, he washed his whole hand in the river, along which the boat was gliding gently in the middle of the stream without any occult intelligence

[1] *Has topado algo?—Y aun algos:* the question and answer have passed into a common saying, used in Spain to this day.

moving it nor any hidden enchanter, but only the current of the water, there calm and smooth.

They now descried some great water-mills[1] which stood in the middle of the river, and as soon as Don Quixote beheld them, he cried to Sancho in a loud voice:

—See, yonder, O friend! the city, or castle, or fortalice is discovered, wherein should lie some oppressed knight, or some Queen, Infanta, or Princess in evil plight, for whose ransom I am hither brought.

—What the devil city, fortalice, or castle does your worship speak of, Sir? cried Sancho; can't you see that these are water-mills, standing in the river, where they grind wheat?

—Be silent, Sancho, said Don Quixote, for though they look like water-mills they are not such, and I have already told thee that enchantments transform and change all things out of their natural shape. I will not say that they really change from one natural shape to another, but only that it seems so, as experience has shown us in the transformation of Dulcinea, unique refuge of my hopes.

By this time the boat having got into the middle of the stream, commenced to travel not so slowly as hitherto. The men belonging to the water-mills, who saw the boat drifting on the river and that it was about to be sucked into the rapids caused by the wheels, came out hurriedly, some of them with long poles, to stop it; and as they appeared all befloured, their faces and clothes powdered with meal, they presented but an evil appearance. They shouted loudly, crying:

—Devils of men, where go ye? Are ye mad? Do you want to drown yourselves or be dashed to pieces on these wheels?

[1] *Aceñas*, water-mills; such as are frequent in the upper and middle course of the Ebro, which has a swift and constant flow of water.

—Did I not tell thee, Sancho, here said Don Quixote, that we have arrived where I have to demonstrate the height to which the valour of my arm reaches? Look, what cut-throats and scoundrels are come out to encounter me! Look what hobgoblins oppose me! Look at the ugly faces that are mocking us![1] Now, then, shall ye see, rascals![2]

And standing up in the boat, he began to threaten the millers with loud cries, exclaiming:—Ill-favoured and worse-advised rabble! Release and set at liberty the person ye keep in duress in this your fortress or prison, exalted or lowly, of whatsoever sort or degree he be! For I am Don Quixote of La Mancha, otherwise called *The Knight of the Lions*, for whom is reserved, by ordinance of high Heaven, the putting an auspicious issue to this adventure.

Saying this, he clapt his hand to his sword, and began to flourish it in the air at the millers, who, hearing but not understanding these ravings, applied themselves with their poles to stop the boat, which was now entering the rapids of the mill-stream. Sancho placed himself on his knees, praying fervently to Heaven to deliver him from this imminent peril, which it did through the management and activity of the millers, for, planting their poles against the boat they stopped it, but not so cleverly as to prevent it upsetting and sending Don Quixote and Sancho head over heels into the water. It was well for Don Quixote that he knew how to swim like a goose, though the weight of his armour carried him twice to the bottom;[3] and had it not been for the millers, who threw themselves into the water and dragged them both up, as it were in the bulk, it would have been Troy town for

[1] *Nos hacer cocos.* *Coco* is a figure made up to frighten children. *Hacer cocos* is more commonly used in a harmless, endearing sense, "to wheedle," "to coax."

[2] *Pués ahora lo vereis*; the usual form of threat in the books, used by a knight in the presence of an enemy.

[3] Here Cervantes doubtless intended to ridicule a common feat in the romances, of knights in full armour who plunge into deep water and swim freely over long distances.

the two.[1] When they were brought to land, more drenched than droughty, Sancho fell upon his knees, and with hands joined and eyes nailed to Heaven besought God in a long and devout prayer to deliver him thenceforward from the rash designs and enterprises of his master. And now came up the fishermen who owned the boat, which had been knocked to pieces by the mill-wheels, and seeing it destroyed they set to stripping Sancho and clamouring to Don Quixote for payment. He, with great calmness, as though nothing had happened to him, said to the millers and the fishermen that he would pay them for the bark very willingly on condition that they set free, without bail, the person or persons who were held in duress in that castle.

—What persons or what castle dost thou talk of, exclaimed one of the millers, man without sense? Wouldst thou, peradventure, carry away those who come to have their corn ground in these mills?

—Enough, said Don Quixote to himself; it is preaching in the desert for him who would induce this rabble to do any virtuous act by prayers. In this adventure two potent enchanters must have been in encounter, and the one frustrates what the other designs; the one furnished me with a bark, the other upset it. May God help us; all this world is machinations and stratagems contrary one to another. I can do no more.—And raising his voice and looking at the water-mills, he continued, saying:

—Friends, whoever ye may be who in this prison are immured, forgive me, for to my misfortune and to yours I am unable to deliver you from your thrall. This adventure for another Knight must be kept and reserved.[2]

[1] *Habia sido Troya para los dos*; in allusion to the Virgilian phrase,—*fuimus Troës fuit Ilium.*—*Æneid*, ii.

[2] It was a common formula in the books, when any knight failed in an undertaking, for himself or his friends to plead that it was because the adventure was reserved for some other man; special exploits being kept for special heroes.

Saying this he agreed with the fishermen and paid them fifty *reals* for the boat, which Sancho gave them with a very ill grace, saying:

—Two boatings like this will sink all our stock to the bottom.

The fishermen and millers stood gazing in astonishment at these two figures, to the appearance so different from other men, nor did they comprehend the drift of the words and questions which Don Quixote addressed to them; and putting them down for madmen they left them, and went back, the millers to their mill, the fishermen to their huts. Don Quixote and Sancho returned to their beasts and to being such;[1] and so ended the adventure of the Enchanted Bark.

[1] *A ser béstias.* At first sight this may appear too harsh a phrase for the author to apply to Don Quixote and Sancho; but this second *béstias* is not to be taken literally. There is a play upon the word, which means not only brute beasts, but men misled,—devoid, for the time, of intelligence.

CHAPTER XXX

Of what befell Don Quixote with a fair Huntress

KNIGHT and squire returned to their animals sufficiently melancholy and out of humour, especially Sancho, whom the touching of the money touched to the soul, all that they took of him seeming to him like taking the apples of his eyes. They got upon horseback at last, without speaking a word, and went away from the famous river; Don Quixote buried in thoughts of his loves and Sancho in those of his preferment, which just then it seemed to him that he was very far from getting, for, fool though he was, he apprehended well enough that the actions of his master were all or most of them extravagancies, and he looked about for an opportunity when, without going into reckonings or leave-takings with his master, to give him the slip one day and go away home; but Fortune ordered matters quite contrary to what he intended.

It so happened that next day, at sunset, on coming out of a wood, Don Quixote cast his eyes over a green meadow, and at the other end of it he saw some people, and drawing near knew them for a hawking party.[1] He came nearer, and perceived among them a gay lady upon a palfrey or milk-white nag, decked with green trappings and with a silver side-saddle. The lady herself was clad in green, so

[1] *Cazadores de altaneria.* The sport of hawking was a kind of chase, solely for princes and great lords.

bravely and nobly that bravery itself came transformed in her. On her left hand she bore a hawk,[1] a sign by which Don Quixote understood she was some great dame, who should be mistress of all those hunters, which was true; and so he said to Sancho:

—Run, Sancho, run, and say to that lady of the palfrey and the hawk that I, the *Knight of the Lions*, kiss the hands of her high beauteousness; and if her mightiness gives me leave, I will go myself to kiss them, and serve her in all that my strength can and her Highness shall command; and mind, Sancho, how thou speakest, and take care thou dost not hitch some vulgar saw of thine into thine embassage.

—You've found your hitcher, indeed,[2] answered Sancho; to me with that!—aye, it is not the first time I have carried embassages to high and mighty ladies in this life.

—Except that which thou carriedst to the lady Dulcinea, replied Don Quixote, I know not that thou hast ever carried any, at least in my service.

—That is true, answered Sancho, but the good paymaster is not troubled for pledges, and where there's a full house the supper is soon cooked;[3]—I mean, that to me there is no need to say or give advice about anything, for I am ready for all and able for a little of everything.

[1] To bear a hawk on the wrist was in itself a mark of high quality in a lady. The meeting with the fair huntress and her train must have recalled to Don Quixote's memory the passage in *Amadis*, when the hero, with his father King Perion and his brother Florestan, going on adventure in the character of the Knights of the Serpents, met with a beautiful dumb maiden, accompanied by her maidens and squires, bearing hawks and leading dogs, who, by signs, invited the three knights to her castle, where they were treacherously imprisoned,—the maiden being Dinarda, the niece of the enchanter Arcalaus, the mortal enemy of the family of Amadis.—*Amadis de Gaula*, bk. iii. ch. vii.

[2] *Hallado os le habeis el encajador*. Sancho speaks ironically, taking up his master's word, and using a common form of retort.

[3] *Al buén pagador no le duelen prendas*, and *en casa llena presto se guisa la cena*; two proverbs, of which the first has been used here before.

—I believe it, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote; go in a good hour, and God guide thee.

Sancho went off at speed, pressing Dapple out of his own pace, and came up to where the fair huntress was, and alighting, went down on his knees before her and said:

—Beautiful lady, that Knight you see over there, called the *Knight of the Lions*, is my master, and I am his squire, whom at home they call Sancho Panza; this same *Knight of the Lions*, whom not long ago they called him of the *Rueful Feature*, sends by me to say, please your grandeur be so good as to give him leave that with your liking, good will, and consent, he may come and carry out his wishes, which are none other, as he says and as I think, than to serve your elevated haughtiness and beauteousness, and in the giving of it your ladyship will do a thing to redound to your fame and he will receive very signal favour and happiness.

—Of a surety, good squire, responded the lady, but you have delivered your message with all those formalities which such embassies demand. Rise ye from the ground, for it is not right that the squire of so great a Knight as he of the *Rueful Feature*, of whom we have heard already a great deal here, should be on his knees. Rise, friend, and say to your lord that he may come and welcome, to be waited on by me and the Duke my husband, in a pleasure-house we have hard by.

Sancho got up, charmed as much by the good lady's beauty as by her good-breeding and courtesy, and especially by what she said that she had knowledge of his master, the *Knight of the Rueful Feature*, and if she did not call him *of the Lions* it must be because he had taken the name so recently. The Duchess (nay, her title is not known)[1] asked him:

[1] The Spanish commentators have greatly exercised themselves in conjecturing who could be the originals of the Duke and Duchess, and what were their real

—Tell me, brother squire, this master of yours, is he not one of whom a history is printed called *The Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote of La Mancha*, who has for the mistress of his heart one Dulcinea del Toboso?

—He is the same, my lady, answered Sancho; and that squire of his who figures, or ought to figure, in his history, whom they call Sancho Panza, am I, unless they changed me in the cradle,—that is to say, in the press.

—I am very glad at all this, said the Duchess.—Go, brother Panza, and tell your master that he is well arrived, and welcome to my estates, and that nothing could come to me which could give me more pleasure.

Sancho returned, extremely delighted with this agreeable answer, to his master, to whom he recounted all that the great lady had said to him, exalting to the skies, with his homespun phrases, her exceeding loveliness, her great condescension and politeness. Don Quixote brisked himself up in his saddle, set his feet well in the stirrups, adjusted his visor, and giving the spur to Rozinante, advanced with an easy bearing to kiss the hands of the Duchess, who had sent to call her husband, the Duke, and tell him, while Don Quixote was coming up, of the embassage. The two, who had read the First Part of this history, and had learnt from it of Don Quixote's extravagant humour, awaited him with the greatest delight, desiring to make his acquaintance, and proposing to let him follow his bent and agree with him in all he said, treating him like a Knight Errant, during the

names and titles. Pellicer decides, after weighing all the circumstances and fixing upon the site, that the description tallies with the person and character of Don Carlos de Borja, Duke of Villahermosa,—a notable grandee of the period, who had a villa or pleasure-house, called *Buenavia*, on the banks of the Ebro, in the neighbourhood of the town of Pedrola (now a station on the railway between Zaragoza and Alsasua, some twenty miles from the former). I do not believe that Cervantes had any one living Duke in his eye, and there is evidence enough in the narrative to show that he purposely made the details of the characters and the scenery vague in order that they might not be identified, and to baffle the curiosity of those pestilent gentry, the "personal allusion" mongers.

time he stayed with them, with all the accustomed ceremonies of which they had read in the books of chivalries, of which they were great lovers.

And now Don Quixote drew nigh, his visor raised, and, making as if he would dismount, Sancho made haste to go and hold his stirrup; but, on getting off from Dapple, he was so unlucky as to catch one foot in the tackling of the pack-saddle, so that he could not free it, but remained hanging by it with his face and breast to the ground. Don Quixote, who was not used to dismount without his stirrup being held, thinking Sancho had hold of it, threw his body off with a swing, carrying with him Rozinante's saddle, which must have been badly girthed, and saddle and he came to earth, not without discomfiture to him, and many maledictions which between his teeth he cast at the luckless Sancho, who still lay with his foot in the hobbles. The Duke commanded his huntsmen to go to the help of the Knight and squire, and they raised up Don Quixote, who, in ill plight through his fall, went limping as well as he could to kneel before their Graces. But the Duke would in no wise suffer it, but jumping from his horse went up to embrace Don Quixote, exclaiming:

—It grieves me, Sir Knight of the Rueful Feature, that your first step on my estate has been so unlucky, as we have seen; but the blunders of squires are wont to be the occasion of even worse accidents.

—That which to me has befallen on seeing you, valorous Prince, answered Don Quixote, cannot possibly be unlucky, though my fall had not stopped till I had reached the depths of the abyss; for the glory of having seen you would have raised and rescued me thence. My squire, God's curse on him! is better at loosening his tongue to speak mischief than at fastening and girthing a saddle to make it firm. But wheresoever I may find me, fallen or risen, on foot or on horseback, I shall be always at your service, and at that

of my lady the Duchess, your worthy consort and worthy mistress of beauty and universal princess of courtesy.

—Gently, dear Sir Don Quixote of La Mancha, said the Duke, for where my lady Doña Dulcinea del Toboso is, it is not right that other beauties should be commended.

Sancho was now free of his noose, and finding himself close by, before his master could respond, said :

—It cannot be denied, but must be affirmed, that my lady Dulcinea del Toboso is very beautiful ; but the hare gets up where we least expect, and I have heard say that this they call nature is like a potter who makes vessels of clay, and he who makes one pottery vessel can also make two, or three, or a hundred. I say this, because my lady the Duchess i' faith is no whit behind my mistress the lady Dulcinea del Toboso.

Don Quixote turned to the Duchess, and said :—Your Highness may conceive that never in the world had Knight Errant for squire a greater babbler nor droll than he whom I keep. And he shall prove me true, if your Highness be pleased to accept my service for a few days.

To which the Duchess responded :—That Sancho is a droll, I think much of, for it is a sign that he is wise ; for jests and humours, Sir Don Quixote, as you well know, dwell not in shallow wits ; and since honest Sancho is droll and humorous, henceforth I vouch him wise.

—And babbler, added Don Quixote.

—So much the better, quoth the Duke ; for good things cannot be uttered in few words ; and that we may not waste time in them, come, great Knight of the Rueful Feature——

—Of the Lions, your Highness should say, said Sancho, for now there is no *rueful feature* or figure.[1]

[1] I have adopted here what seems to be generally approved as a very happy emendation proposed by Calderon. In the original editions the words are *que no hai triste figura : el figuro sea el de los Leones*—so pointed as to read as though they

—Let him be *of the Lions*, continued the Duke; I say, let Sir Knight of the Lions come to a castle of mine which is near here, where such reception shall be given him as is justly due to so exalted a personage, and such as the Duchess and I are accustomed to give to all Knights Errant who arrive there.

Sancho had now adjusted and well girthed Rozinante's saddle; and Don Quixote mounting him, with the Duke on a handsome horse, they placed the Duchess between them and took their way to the castle; and the Duchess directed that Sancho should ride beside her, for she found infinite pleasure in listening to his witty sayings. Sancho was easily entreated, and winding himself in among the three made a fourth in the conversation, to the great amusement of the Duchess and the Duke, who regarded it as a rare good chance to lodge in their castle so brave a Knight Errant [1] and so bedraggled a squire.[2]

were all uttered by Sancho. In the edition of London, 1738, the obscurity was sought to be cleared up by putting *seguro* for *figuro*, and altering the points so as to put the last clause of the sentence in the Duke's mouth, instead of Sancho's. The Spanish Academy in its first three editions adopted the change; but in the edition of 1819 went back to the old reading. Clemencin was able to make nothing of the passage, except that Sancho was playing, after his manner, on the words *figura* and *figuro*, as before on *insulas* and *insulos*. But Calderon, by a very slight and simple alteration, makes sense of the passage, reading:—*ya no hai triste figura ni figuro. Sea el de los Leones, proseguio el Duque.*

[1] *Tal caballero andante y tal escudero andado*—a play upon the words *andante* and *andado*, such as it is impossible to render in English. Shelton makes it "such a knight errant and such a squire erred." *Andado*, used generally of apparel, means "worn," "used up."

[2] In this chapter are introduced, with Cervantes' usual felicity as to time and mode, two new characters, who henceforth play very important parts in the story, and help materially in the development of the author's main purpose while they contribute to the reader's entertainment. Nor can we help noting the exquisite judgment with which these new personages are brought in, precisely when there begins to be felt a need of some fresh stimulus to the action of the fable. The series of adventures in imitation of those of Knight Errantry was being exhausted. The *curriculum* of knightly duties,—the slaughter of giants, the baffling of enchanters, the relief of damsels in distress, the encounter with

casual adversaries on the road, the routing of armies, and the contests with lions, dragons, and hobgoblins,—was completed. The interest of the piece was sensibly failing. The adventure in the last chapter had drained Don Quixote's purse and Sancho's patience. Just at this crisis the story enters a new phase and a new field, with new performers and new scenery. Hitherto we have been moving chiefly among rustics and low people. Now for the first time Don Quixote, with his delusions, is brought into direct contact with high life, its refinements and its luxuries. There have been found critics, like Charles Lamb, who object to the introduction of the Duke and Duchess, and hold the scenes in their castle to be a blot on the story. But who would be content to sacrifice all this latter part of the book, with its marvellous wealth of invention and play of humour and fancy? And who can refuse to admit that, whether Cervantes in this Second Part has departed or not from his original conception of the character of Don Quixote, the story itself gains in freshness, in life, in colour, and in human interest, by the enlargement of the author's scheme? Unlike most of his rivals and his successors in the art of fiction, Cervantes is as much at home among the great and the noble as among the poor and the simple. The Duke and Duchess are as "moving delicate and full of life," as any of the innkeepers, students, or peasants in the piece; nor do their experiments on Don Quixote's infirmity, whether always in good taste or not, lessen either our interest in the story or the dignity of the hero.

CHAPTER XXXI

Which treats of many and great matters

EXTREME was the delight which Sancho felt on seeing himself, as he conceived, in favour with the Duchess, for he pictured to himself that he should find in her castle what he had found in Don Diego's house and in Basilio's; for he was ever fond of good living, and so took any occasion by the forelock in the matter of regaling himself whenever it offered itself.

The history relates that before they arrived at his pleasure-house or castle, the Duke went on ahead and instructed all his servants as to the manner in which they had to treat Don Quixote; so that when the Knight came up to the castle gates with the Duchess, on the instant there ran out two lacqueys or grooms, clothed to their feet in what they call morning-gowns, of finest crimson satin, and catching Don Quixote in their arms, almost before they could be seen or heard, said to him:

—Let your Highness go and help my lady the Duchess to dismount.

Don Quixote did so, and there were high compliments between the two over the business; but in the end the Duchess's obstinacy prevailed, nor would she descend or get off her palfrey except in the arms of the Duke, protesting that she was not worthy of laying so useless a burden on so mighty a Knight. Finally, the Duke came out to take her

down, and as they entered a spacious court two beautiful damsels advanced and flung over Don Quixote's shoulders a large mantle of the finest scarlet cloth,[1] and in a moment all the galleries of the court were thronged with the men and women servants of the Duke and Duchess, crying loudly :—Welcome the flower and cream of Knights Errant !—And all or most of them sprinkled phials [2] of sweet-scented waters upon Don Quixote and the Duke and Duchess ; all which struck Don Quixote with wonder ; and that was the first day wherein he thoroughly believed and recognised himself to be a true and no imaginary Knight Errant, finding himself treated in the very manner in which, as he had read, such Knights were treated in past ages.

Sancho, forsaking Dapple, tacked himself to the Duchess and entered the castle ; but his conscience pricking him for leaving the ass alone, he went up to a reverend duenna who had come out with the rest to receive the Duchess, and said to her in a low voice :

—Mistress Gonzalez,—or whatever may be your worship's name ? [3]

—Doña Rodriguez de Grijalba my name is, replied the duenna ; what is your will, brother ?

To which Sancho made answer :—I would your worship would do me the favour to go out to the castle gate, where

[1] The mantle of scarlet cloth, usually lined with ermine, was the garment peculiar and proper to Knights, which it was the custom to throw over them immediately after their armour was removed. In the *Doctrinal de Caballeros* the Bishop of Burgos, the author, describing minutely all that pertains to the dress and decoration of Knights, mentions the mantle, ample and long, which should cover all and go down to the heels, with an opening through which the head might be put without inconvenience, which mantle was specially the Knights' wear, which none but Knights ever wore.

[2] *Pomos de águas olorosas ; pomos* were round glass or crystal bottles full of perfume. The custom of besprinkling the guests with perfumes was borrowed from the Arabs. To sprinkle him with *attar* (otto of roses) is still the universal form of welcome to a distinguished guest throughout the East.

[3] Gonzalez was, in those days, as common a name among duennas as Rodriguez or Fernandez among pages.

you will find a dappled ass of mine; and be so good as to put, or make them put, him in the stable, for the poor fellow is a little timorous and cannot abide being alone by any manner of means.

—If the master is as wise as the man, retorted the duenna, we have got a bargain. Begone, fellow! and beshrew you and him who in an evil hour brought you hither! Go look after your ass yourself, for the duennas of this house are not used to such offices.

—But, indeed, returned Sancho, I have heard my master tell,—who is a witch[1] for the histories,—relating that of Lancelot when from Britain he came,—that ladies waited on him and duennas upon his steed;[2] and as to my ass I would not change him for Sir Lancelot's horse.

—Fellow, if you are a jester, reserve your jests for whom they are seemly and who will pay you for them; for from me you'll get naught but a fig.[3]

—Nay, then, responded Sancho, it will be a good ripe one, and if years counted you would not lose the trick by a point too little.[4]

[1] *Zahori*; the word applied, according to the Academy's Dictionary, to one who is credited with the virtue of being able to discover what is hidden under the earth, "provided there is no blue cloth over it,"—a Dousterswivel, an adept in geomancy, a well-diviner, a treasure-seeker. Dozy derives the word from the Arabic *zohari*, a geomancer.

[2] Sancho misquotes from the ballad of Lancelot, which has been several times referred to in the story. Bowle cites a passage from *Tirante el Blanco*, which proves that Sancho's request to the duenna, had he or she known it, was not so unreasonable as appears.

[3] Meaning the "fig of Spain"; an insulting gesture supposed to have an occult obscene meaning, made by putting the thumb between the closed fingers—the *digitus impudicus* of Martial. The insult and the phrase would appear to be of Spanish origin,—often referred to in the old English dramatists.—"And fig me like the bragging Spaniard," says Pistol, in 2 *Henry IV.* v. 3.

[4] *No perderá vuesa merced la quínola de sus años por punto menos*; Sancho's allusion is to a game of cards (*quínolas*, similar to *reversis*) in which it was the object of the player to get together four cards of the four suits of the same denomination,—the winner being he whose cards were of highest value or most points.

—Whoreson varlet! exclaimed the duenna, now all in a flame with rage; if I am old or no, it is to God I shall account,—not to you, garlic-stuffed rascal!

And this she said in a voice so loud that the Duchess heard it, and turning round and seeing the duenna so excited and her eyes so fiery, asked her with whom she was having words.

—I am having them with this fine fellow here, answered the duenna, who has desired me, in very seriousness, to go and put an ass of his that is outside at the castle gate into the stable, throwing it to me for an example that so they did, I know not where,—that some ladies waited upon one Lancelot and certain duennas on his horse, and—and what is more, and to finish up with, he called me an old woman.

—That I would take for an affront, remarked the Duchess, greater than all they could pay me.—And, addressing Sancho, she said:—Know, friend Sancho, that Doña Rodriguez is quite a young thing, and that coif she wears rather for authority and by usage than for years.

—May the rest of those I have to live be evil, answered Sancho, if I said it for that. I only told her that because the affection I have for my ass is so great, for methought I could not commend him to one kinder-hearted than the lady Doña Rodriguez.

Don Quixote, who heard it all, exclaimed:—Is this fit talk, Sancho, for such a place?

—Sir, replied Sancho, every one must speak of his needs, wherever it may be. Here I was reminded of the dapple, and here I spoke of him; had I thought of him in the stable I would have spoken of him there.

On which the Duke said:—Sancho is very right, and there is no cause to blame him for anything. Dapple shall have as much provender as he can eat. Let Sancho be easy, for the ass shall be treated just as he himself would be in person.

After this conversation, so pleasant for everybody except Don Quixote, they went upstairs, and introduced the Knight to a hall decked with the richest stuffs of gold and brocade. Six damsels relieved him of his armour, serving him as pages, all tutored and trained by the Duke and Duchess as to what they were to do, and how they were to treat Don Quixote, so that he might see and believe that they were treating him like a Knight Errant. His armour having been taken off, Don Quixote remained in his tight-fitting breeches and doublet of chamois-skin, meagre, tall, and lank, with cheeks that kissed one another in the inside; a figure at which, if the waiting-damsels had not taken pains to dissemble their mirth (which was one of the special orders they received from their master), they would have burst with laughing. They begged him to allow himself to be stripped, in order that they might put a shirt on him,[1] but to this he would in no wise consent, saying that modesty as much became Knights as valour. However, they might give the shirt, he said, to Sancho. And shutting himself up with his squire in a closet where stood a rich couch, he undressed himself and put on the shirt, and, finding himself alone with Sancho, said to him:

—Tell me, new-born buffoon and old jolter-head![2]—was it well in thee to affront and disgrace a duenna so reverend and so worthy of respect as that one? Was that a time to think of the ass or are these the gentlemen to let beasts fare

[1] The treatment Don Quixote receives is strictly in accordance with that prescribed in the books of chivalries, and the request of the damsels that they might strip him to put on him a clean shirt, in conformity with the letter of the precedents.

[2] *Truhán moderno y majadero antiguo*; that is to say, "thou that wast yesterday but only a clown and treated as such, and to-day art welcomed and made much of for thy drollery." In this speech may be detected a trace of jealousy on the part of the Knight, who for the first time sees his follower taken notice of and sharing in the honour paid to knighthood; being not wholly pleased at the Duchess's attentions being divided between himself and Sancho, while gratified at the recognition of his character of Knight Errant.

ill, treating their owners so elegantly? For God's sake, Sancho, have a care of thyself, and show not the yarn so that they may tell thou art spun of gross and boorish stuff. Reflect, sinner that thou art, that the master is by so much the more esteemed the more honourable and well-bred his servants are; and that one of the greatest advantages which Princes have over the rest of men is that they are served by those who are as good as themselves. Dost thou not see, pig-headed as thou art and unlucky that I am, that if they discover thee to be a coarse clown or a silly blockhead, they will judge me to be some quack-salver or juggling Knight?[1] No, no, Sancho, friend, avoid—avoid these pitfalls, for he who trips into babbler and droll, at the first stumble drops into the disgraced buffoon. Bridle thy tongue; ponder and perpend the words before they escape from thy mouth, and reflect that we have arrived at a point whence, by the favour of God and the valour of mine arm, we have to come forth bettered to the extreme[2] in fame and estate.

Sancho promised his master with much earnestness that he would sew up his mouth and bite off his tongue rather than speak a word which was not fitting to the purpose and well weighed, as he had been commanded; and told the Knight to be easy on the point spoken of, for never should it be discovered through him who they were.

Don Quixote then dressed himself, girt on his baldrick with his sword, threw the scarlet mantle over his shoulders, donned a hunting-cap of green satin which the damsels had given him, and in this array sallied out into the great hall, where he found the damsels ranged in two rows, half on one side

[1] *Algun echacuervos ó algun caballero de mohatra.* An *echacuervo* (fling-crow or set-up crow),—so named, probably, from some juggling trick,—is defined by Covarrubias to be one who deludes the simple vulgar with his humbug and lies into buying his wares,—oil, salves, herbs, stones possessed of virtue,—such as are common in all countries at fair-time. A *caballero de mohatra* is "a knight of farce," a jack-pudding,—an impostor.

[2] *Mejorados en tércio y quinto*; see note in Part I. ch. xxi.

and half on the other, all provided with appliances for washing his hands, which they tendered him with many courtesies and ceremonies. Then there advanced twelve pages, with the seneschal,[1] to conduct him to dinner, where now their masters awaited him. Placing him in their midst, they led him with much pomp and state into another hall, where was set out a sumptuous table, with but four covers. The Duke and Duchess went to the door of the dining-hall to receive him, and with them a grave ecclesiastic, one of those who rule the houses of princes,—of those who, as they are not born princes themselves, are not successful in teaching those who are, how they should behave as such ; of those who would have the greatness of the great measured by the narrowness of their own souls ; of those who, desiring to show them whom they rule how to be frugal, cause them to be miserly ;[2]—one of these, to wit, should be the grave ecclesi-

[1] *Maestresala*—an important officer in a great household, whose duty it was to superintend all the service of the table and the dining-hall. He was master of the serving pages,—that is, of the *pages de sala*, who were distinct from the *pages de cámara*, or valets of the body. He had to instruct them how to wait, with the proper reverences to be made to each guest, according to his quality. He had to see that every one was properly served, and to superintend the carving of the meats, and in the old days to taste of each viand before it was offered to his master. See the curious extract in Pellicer from *El Estilo de servir á Príncipes*, by Miguel Yelgo, published in 1612.

[2] According to a tradition cited by Vicente de los Rios in his Life of Cervantes, this portrait of the sour ecclesiastic is intended for the confessor in the household of the Duke of Béjar,—Cervantes' first patron, to whom the First Part of *Don Quixote* was dedicated. The story goes that the influence of this ecclesiastic was exercised in trying to prevent the Duke from accepting the dedication, and afterwards, more successfully, in depriving the author of the profit he expected from such dedication. Pellicer, while rejecting this tradition, supports another which seems to me more improbable,—that Cervantes intended his satire for the Canon Bartolomé Argensola, one of the two brothers who were of the number of his false friends. It is certainly a curious coincidence that this Argensola was a confessor in the household of the Duke of Villahermosa, who is supposed to be the original of the Duke who figures in the story ; and that he also held a similar office under the Conde de Lemos at Naples. The bitterness of the language in which this ecclesiastic is spoken of is remarkable, and seems to support the theory that Cervantes was writing under a sense of personal wrong.

astic who went out with the Duke and Duchess to receive Don Quixote.

After exchanging a thousand polite compliments, they ended by taking Don Quixote in the midst of them, and went to seat themselves at table. The Duke invited Don Quixote to the head of the table,[1] and though he would not, the importunities of the host were so urgent that he had to yield. The ecclesiastic sat opposite to him, with the Duke and Duchess on either side. Sancho stood by all this time, gaping with amazement at seeing the honour which those noble persons showed to his master; and, noting the many ceremonies and entreaties which passed between the Duke and Don Quixote as to sitting at the head of the table, he said:

—If your worships would give me leave, I'll tell you a tale of what happened in my town about this matter of seats.

Sancho had scarcely begun to speak when Don Quixote quaked, believing of a certainty that his squire was going to utter some absurdity. Sancho looked at him, and understood, saying:

—Fear not, my master, that I am going astray, or will say anything that shall not be much to the point. I have not forgotten the counsels which your worship gave me awhile ago about speaking much and little, good and ill.

—I recollect nothing of it, Sancho, Don Quixote answered; say what thou wilt, so that thou sayest it quickly.

—But that which I am going to say, quoth Sancho, is as true as my master Don Quixote here will not let me lie.

—Lie as much as thou wilt for me, Sancho, replied Don Quixote; for I shall not stop thee; but take heed what thou art about to say.

[1] It is still a point of courtesy in Spain to invite the guest to take the head of the table; carrying out the theory of the compliment with which the host greets the stranger on his entrance, that the house and all within are his.

—I have so heeded and re-heeded it that I am as safe as the bell-man,[1] as shall be seen by the finish.

—'Twere well that your Highnesses should order them to turn out this blockhead, cried Don Quixote; for he will be talking a thousand silly things.

—By the soul of the Duke but they must not take Sancho from me, cried the Duchess. I love him much, for I know he is very discreet.

—Discreet be your Holiness's days,[2] said Sancho, for the good opinion you have of me, though I don't deserve it. The tale I wish to tell you is this: A certain gentleman of my town sent an invitation; he was very rich and of high rank, for he came of the Alamos of Medina del Campo, and was married to Doña Mencia de Quiñones, which was daughter to Don Alonso de Marañon, Knight of the order of Santiago, who was drowned in the Herradura,[3] about whom there was that quarrel, years ago, in our town, in which, as I take it, my master Don Quixote was mixed up, out of which little Thomas the scapegrace came wounded, the son of Balbastro

[1] *A buén salvo está el que repica*—a proverb, referring to the safety which the man enjoys who rings the alarm bell; for the belfry is the last place which the enemy would attack. Some of the translators have made the phrase apply to the game of piquet; but this seems very far-fetched and makes the allusion hard to understand.

[2] *Discretos dias viva vuestra santidad.* Sancho repeats the last epithet applied to him by the Duchess, which was a customary form of reply with rustics who thought to be polite. The title *santidad* applied by Sancho to the Duchess was altered in the first of the editions published after the death of the author (Valencia, 1616) into *señoria*, under the notion that it was a printer's blunder; which is to be reckoned as one of the earliest assaults made upon the humour of the text.

[3] Sancho seems to be telling a true story, or, at least, one which was current at the time, in which real personages figured. There was a distinguished family of Alamos in Medina del Campo; and Don Alonso de Marañon was the name of one of those who perished in the catastrophe in the Herradura, a port to the eastward of Velez-Malaga, when twenty-two galleys foundered in a terrible hurricane, and more than four thousand persons, including the general in command and many officers of distinction, were drowned. This was in the year 1562. The fleet was one destined for the relief of Oran, besieged by Hassan Aga, the son of Barbarossa.

the blacksmith: isn't all this true, dear master of mine? Say so, on your life, lest these lords here take me for some lying babbler.

—Up to the present, said the ecclesiastic, I take you more for babbler than for liar; but henceforward I know not for what I shall take you.

—Thou citest so many witnesses, Sancho, and so many tokens, said Don Quixote, that I cannot but say that thou must be telling the truth. Go on, and cut thy story short; for by the road thou art taking the end will not be reached in two days.

—Let him not cut it short to please me, said the Duchess; my pleasure is rather in his telling it in his own way, though he may not finish it in six days; and if so many they were they would be for me the best I ever spent in my life.

—Well, then, I say, good Sirs, continued Sancho, that this same gentleman, whom I knew as well as I know my hand, for it is but a bow-shot from my house to his, asked to dinner a poor but respectable farmer.

—Get on, brother, cried the cleric, for by the road you are going you will not stop with your tale till the next world.

—I will stop short of half-way, please God, replied Sancho; and so I say that this same farmer arriving at the house of the gentleman aforesaid who had invited him, —and may God rest his soul, for he is now dead, and more by token, they say, he made the death of an angel, though I was not there; at that very time I had gone to Tembleque a-harvesting.

—By your life, my son, cried the ecclesiastic, come back soon from Tembleque,[1] and finish your story, without

[1] *Que volvais presto de Tembleque.* Don Vicente de los Rios recommends the phrase for its humour and aptness as one well fitted to become a proverb; and indeed it has come to be a familiar saying, like many in *Don Quixote*, which

burying the gentleman, unless you have a mind for more funerals.[1]

—It fell out, then, proceeded Sancho, that being, the two of them, for seating themselves at table,—I think I see them now better than ever——

Great was the delight of the Duke and Duchess at the disgust shown by the worthy ecclesiastic at the prolixity and the pauses with which Sancho told his story; and as for Don Quixote he was chafing with wrath and vexation.

—So, as I was saying, continued Sancho, the two being, as I have said, about to sit down at table, the farmer disputed with the gentleman to get him to take the head of the table, and the gentleman disputed also with the farmer that he should take it, for that in a man's own house his orders should be obeyed; but the farmer, who prided himself on his politeness and good-breeding, never would, until the gentleman, in a pet, put both his hands on the other's shoulders, and forced him into the seat, saying:—*Sit, clodpole,*[2] *for wherever I sit shall be the head for you.*—And this is the story, and truly I think that it was not brought in here but of a purpose.[3]

have passed into proverbs though not uttered as such. Tembleque is a district on the northern borders of La Mancha, renowned for its fruitfulness in wheat, which always needed a supply of harvesters from without. Arias Montano and others declare the name to be a corruption of Bethlehem, "the house of bread"; so named by the Jews, who used to be very strong anciently in those parts, according to the tradition.

[1] For *mas exequias*,—which is the reading of all the editions,—Clemencin substitutes *mis exequias*,—giving as a reason for the change that no other funerals had been spoken about. But the allusion is clearly to what Sancho had said just before about the farmer having died the death of an angel.

[2] *Majagranzas*—literally, one who pounds or treads down the refuse of corn, from *majar* and *granzas*.

[3] In *El Pasajero*, by Cristóval Suárez de Figueroa, published in 1617, there is a similar story to this told of the Duke of Medina Sidonia and a merchant. The story has travelled westward to the Scottish Highlands, for this clearly is the source of the well-known anecdote of the chief of the Macgillivrays, or some equally distinguished clan, who, coming late to a banquet given by some rival

Don Quixote turned a thousand colours, which made his brown face look like jasper. The Duke and Duchess, who saw through Sancho's malicious intent, dissembled their merriment lest Don Quixote should end by getting out of temper ; and to change the conversation and to keep Sancho from proceeding with his other impertinences, the Duchess enquired of Don Quixote what news he had of the Lady Dulcinea, and whether he had sent to her lately any presents of giants or evil-doers, since he could not but have conquered a good many of them. To which Don Quixote answered :

—Dear lady, my misfortunes, though they have begun, will never have end. Giants I have conquered, and marauders and evil-doers I have sent her ; but where should they find her if she is enchanted and changed into the ugliest peasant wench that can be conceived ?

—I know not, said Sancho ; to me she looks like the most beautiful creature in the world,—at least in agility and in skipping I am sure no tumbler can give her odds. I' faith, my lady Duchess, she springs from the ground on top of an ass as though she were a cat.

—Have you seen her enchanted, Sancho ? asked the Duke.

—Is it I who have seen her ? answered Sancho ; who the devil but myself was it that first thought of the enchantment business ? As much enchanted is she as my father !

The ecclesiastic, who heard them speak of giants, marauders, and enchantments, reckoned that this must be Don Quixote of La Mancha, whose history the Duke was so fond of reading, for which he had often rebuked him, telling him of the folly of reading such fooleries ; and becoming convinced of the truth of his suspicion, he said, speaking to the Duke with much anger :

chief and taking a low seat at the table, was invited to come to the head, and replied :—"Where the Macgillivray sits, there is the head of the table."

—Your Excellency, sir, will have to account to our Lord for what this good man does. This Don Quixote or Don Fool, or how do you call him, I imagine must be not so great an idiot as your Excellency would have him to be, throwing opportunities in his way for carrying on his fooleries and vagaries.—And turning to address Don Quixote, he said :

—And you, good-for-nothing,[1]—who has driven it into your pate that you are a Knight Errant, and that you conquer giants and capture miscreants ? Begone in a good hour, and in such do I say unto you : return to your home, and look after your children, if you have any, and take care of your estate, and give up vagabondising through the world, swallowing wind,[2] and causing laughter in those who know you and who know you not. Where the mischief have you found that there are to-day, or ever were, Knights Errant ? Where, that there are giants in Spain, or marauders in La Mancha, to say nothing of enchanted Dulcineas, or of the legion of whimsies that are told of you ?

Don Quixote listened attentively to the words of that reverend man, and when he perceived that the other had done talking,—regardless of the presence of the Duke and Duchess,—with angry mien and agitated face started to his feet and said—— But this reply deserves a chapter to itself.

[1] *Alma de cántaro ;* used here, and elsewhere, in bad part.

[2] *Papar viento*—"to suck wind" ; to gape like a fool ; to have the mouth open for whatever may come.

CHAPTER XXXII

Of the reply which Don Quixote made to his reprover; with other incidents, grave and mirthful

STANDING upright, and shaking from head to feet, like a man under mercury,[1] Don Quixote, with troubled and stammering tongue, thus began:

—The place where I am and the presence wherein I find myself, and the respect which I ever had and do have for the calling you profess, stay and bind the hands of my just indignation; and therefore, as well as for what I have said as for knowing, as all know, that the weapon of gownsmen is the same as that of women, that is, the tongue, with mine I will enter into an equal combat with your reverence, from whom one might have looked rather for good counsels than foul reproaches. Censures pious and well-meant require another kind of behaviour, and demand other modes of dealing. The reproving me in public and so harshly at any rate has passed all the bounds of just reprehension; for the first kind of censure consists better with gentleness than with asperity. Nor is it well, without having knowledge of the sin which is reprehended, to call the sinner blockhead and fool. I pray tell me, your reverence, for which of the fooleries you have seen in me do you condemn and abuse me, and bid me go home to look after the ruling thereof, and of my wife and children, with-

[1] *Temblando como un azogado*; see note in Part I. ch. xix.

out knowing whether I have them or not? Is naught else needed than to enter other men's houses by hook or by crook to rule their owners, and having been tutored in some straitened pupilage (without having seen more of the world than is contained within twenty or thirty leagues of the district about), roundly to lay down the law to Knighthood and judge of Knights Errant? Is it, perchance, an idle business, or is the time ill spent, which is spent in wandering through the world, not seeking the comforts thereof but the austerities, whereby good men mount to the seat of immortality? If Knights, if grandees, if gentlemen, those highly born, had rated me for a fool, I had taken it for an irreparable affront; but that men of the gown, who never entered or trod the paths of Knighthood, should set me down as an idiot, I care not a rush. Knight I am, and Knight I will die, if it pleases the Most High. Some take the spacious field of proud ambition, some that of servile and base adulation, some that of cozening hypocrisy, and a few that of the true religion; but I, influenced by my star, go by the narrow path of Knight Errantry, in whose exercise I despise wealth but not honour. I have redressed grievances, righted wrongs, chastised insolences, vanquished giants, trampled on monsters. I am in love, no further than because it is obligatory on Knights Errant to be so; and being in love I am not of the vicious enamoured, but the continent platonical. My intents I ever direct to good ends, which are to do good to all and evil to none. Whether he who so intends, whether he who so works, whether he who so lives, deserves to be called fool let your Highnesses say, excellent Duke and Duchess.

—Well spoken, by Heaven, cried Sancho; say no more, dear lord and master, on your behalf, for there is no more to say nor more to think of nor more to persevere[1] in the

[1] *Ni mas que perseverar.* Clemencin believes this verb to be an error of the press, because it is "against the rules of good composition," being neuter, whereas

world ; besides, this gentleman denying, as he has done, that there never were in the world nor are Knights Errant, what wonder that he knows nothing of the things he has been speaking about ?

—Perhaps you, brother, quoth the ecclesiastic, are the Sancho Panza they mention to whom your master has promised an Isle ?

—Yes I am, answered Sancho, and I am he who deserves it as well as any one whatever. I am of your—*keep with the good and you'll be one of them ;* and I am of the—*not with whom you're bred, but with whom you're fed ;* and of—*who leans against the good tree good shelter has he.*[1] I have leant on my master, and 'tis many months I have gone in his company, and, God willing, I shall come to be another like him ; and long live he, and long live I, for neither shall he lack empires to command nor I Isles to govern.

—No, surely, friend Sancho, here interposed the Duke, for I, in the name of Sir Don Quixote, offer you the governorship of a spare one of mine,[2] of no mean quality.

—Kneel down, Sancho, cried Don Quixote, and kiss his Excellency's feet for the favour he has done thee.

the preceding ones, *decir* and *pensar*, are active, and because it is not such a word as Sancho would use,—suggesting that *aseverar* must be the word which was written. But *aseverar* would be equally strange in Sancho's mouth as *perseverar*, and even more difficult to make sense of. Calderon defends and explains *perseverar* with his usual ingenuity and happiness. Sancho pauses after *ni mas que*, for loss of a fine word to express his approbation of his master's speech, together with his desire that the Knight Errantries should be continued ; and he uses the first word that occurs to him, out of those he has heard Don Quixote repeat while in his company. The reader cannot but observe that Sancho gradually improves in his language in the course of the story, which is nothing but a natural result of the association with Don Quixote.

[1] Here are three proverbs in a string : *júntate á los buenos, y serás uno dellos*, which is quoted as early as the reign of Juan I., in the fourteenth century ; *no con quien naces sino con quien paces ;* and *quien á buén árbol se arrima, buena sombra le cobija ;* of which the two last have been used before.

[2] *Que tengo de nones* — an equivocal phrase, which may mean either "I have an odd one, which is not just now wanted," or "I have one worth nothing."

This Sancho did, at sight of which the ecclesiastic rose from the table in a great passion, exclaiming :

—By the habit I wear, I must say that your Excellency is as silly as these two sinners ; well may they be mad when the sane sanction their madness ! Your Excellency may stop with them, but for me, while they are in this house, I shall stay in mine, and excuse myself from reproving that which I cannot remedy.

And without saying any more or eating any more, he went off, the entreaties of the Duke and Duchess not sufficing to detain him, though indeed the Duke said not much for laughing at his impertinent anger. Having done laughing, he said to Don Quixote :

—Your worship, Sir Knight of the Lions, has responded for yourself so sublimely that there remains nothing for which you may claim satisfaction, for this, though it appears an offence, is in no sort one, since as women cannot give offence no more can ecclesiastics, as you know better than I.

—It is true, answered Don Quixote ; and the reason is, that he who cannot be offended can offend none. Women, children, and ecclesiastics not being able to defend themselves, though they may be assailed, cannot be affronted ; and between the offence and the affront is this distinction, as your Excellency knows better than I : the affront comes from the part of him who is capable of giving it, and doth give it, and maintains it ; the offence can come from the part of any one without carrying affront. For an example : a man is standing carelessly in the street ; there come up ten with arms in their hands and strike him ; he draws his sword and does his *devoir ;* but the number of his adversaries prevents him, and will not let him fulfil his intent, which is to avenge himself. This man remains offended, but not affronted. Another example will confirm the same thing : a man has his back turned ; comes another and strikes him,

and after striking him doth not wait but runs away; the other follows but does not overtake him. He who received the blows received an injury but no insult, because an insult has to be maintained. If he who gave the blows, though he gave them foully, had drawn his sword and stood facing his enemy, he who was beaten would remain both aggrieved and affronted; aggrieved, because he received a treacherous blow; affronted, because he who gave it maintained his deed, standing still, without turning his back. And thus, according to the laws of the accursed duello, I may be wronged but I am not affronted, for children do not resent nor women, nor run away, nor have they any call to stay; and the same of those bound to the religious profession, because these three kinds of people have default of arms, offensive and defensive; and though by nature they are impelled to defend themselves, they are not impelled to offend any one. And although awhile since I said that I could be aggrieved, now I say I cannot be in any wise; for he who is unable to receive an affront, the less can he give any.[1] For which reasons I neither should nor do feel those which that good man has offered. I only wish that he had waited a little that I might have convinced him of the error in which he is, in thinking and saying that there have never been nor are Knights Errant in the world, which, if Amadis had heard, or one of the infinite number of his lineage, I know that it would not have fared well with his reverence.

—That I'll swear, said Sancho; they would have given him a slash that would have slit him from the top to the bottom like a pomegranate or an over-ripe melon. They

[1] An admirable piece of mad reasoning, and a capital instance of the self-refuting *elenchus*. In his zeal to prove the Duke right and to justify his not taking notice of the ecclesiastic's insults, Don Quixote refutes his major position and demolishes his own *raison d'être*, for if those who cannot affront cannot be affronted, and women, from the hypothesis, are in this category, then Don Quixote's own office of redresser of women's affronts, as Knight Errant, is shown to be unnecessary.

were good ones for standing such jokes! By my halidome, I take it for certain that had Rinaldo de Montalvan heard that speech of the little man, he would have given him such a slap in the mouth that he would have spoken no more in three years; nay, let him meddle with them, and see how he would get out of their hands!

The Duchess was like to die with laughter at hearing Sancho's speech, and in her opinion she held him for a more humorous fool and a greater madman than his master; and there were many at that time of the same way of thinking. Finally Don Quixote was appeased, and the dinner was ended; and the cloth being removed, there came four damsels,—one with a silver bason, another with an ewer also of silver, another with two very fine and rich napkins on the shoulders, and the fourth with her arms tucked up to the middle, and in her white hands,—which white indeed they were,—a round ball of Naples soap. She of the bason went up, and with easy, pleasant grace and boldness clapt it under Don Quixote's beard. He, though wondering at such a ceremony, spoke not a word, believing it to be a custom of that country to wash beards instead of hands; and so he stretched out his own as much as he could, and at the same moment the ewer commenced to rain upon it, and the damsel with the soap manipulated the hairs with much dexterity, raising flakes of snow (for not less white the lather seemed), not only over the beard, but over all the face and the eyes of the submissive Knight, who had to shut them perforce. The Duke and Duchess, who had been informed of nothing of this, waited to see where this strange ablution would end. The barber-damsel, when she had raised a handful of lather, pretended that she had used up the water, and told her of the ewer to go for it, and Sir Don Quixote would wait. She did so, and Don Quixote remained the strangest figure and the most laughter-moving that could be imagined. All who were present, which were many,

looked at him, and seeing him with half a yard of throat more than commonly brown, his eyes closed, and his beard full of soap-suds, it was a great wonder and a stroke of much cleverness that they were able to dissemble their laughter. The damsels who were in the trick held down their eyes, not daring to look at their masters, lord and lady, who were moved at once to anger and to laughter, and knew not what to do,—whether to chastise the girls for their boldness, or reward them for the pleasure they took in seeing Don Quixote in that guise. At last the damsel with the jug came, and they finished washing Don Quixote, and then she who carried the towels wiped and dried him with much deliberation, and all four together, making a profound obeisance and courtesy, were for departing. But the Duke, lest Don Quixote should suspect the joke, called the damsel with the ewer, saying:—Come and wash me, and look that you have water enough.

The girl, quick-witted and active, came up and placed the bason before the Duke as she had done to Don Quixote, and they made haste to soap and wash him thoroughly, and leaving him dry and clean, made their courtesies and retired. It was afterwards known that the Duke had vowed that if they had not washed him as they had washed Don Quixote, he would have punished their sauciness, for which they cleverly made amends by soaping him in the same manner.

Sancho was much taken up with these rites of ablution, and said to himself:

—God bless me! if it should be also the custom in this country to wash the beards of squires as well as of Knights! for, by my soul, but I have need of it, and if they were to scrape me with a razor I should take it for a still greater favour.[1]

[1] Here we have one of the many evidences with which the story abounds to prove that both Sancho and his master wore beards, as was the universal custom of the time,—a detail as to which the thousand and one illustrators of *Don*

—What are you saying to yourself, Sancho? asked the Duchess.

—I was saying, my lady, answered he, that in the courts of other princes I have always heard say that on removing the cloth they give water for the hands but not suds for the beards; and therefore it is good to live much to see much, though they say, too, that he who lives a long life has to suffer much ill, though to suffer one of these same washings is rather pleasure than pain.

—Do not fret yourself, friend Sancho, said the Duchess, for I will make my maids wash you, and even buck you, too, if need be.

—I'll be content with my beard, for the present at least; for the time to come, let God say what it shall be.

—See, you, seneschal, said the Duchess, that Sancho has what he asks for, and comply with his wishes in every respect.

The seneschal replied that Sir Sancho should be served in everything; and thereupon he took him away to dinner, leaving the Duke and Duchess and Don Quixote at table, talking of many and various things, but all bearing on the profession of arms and of Knight Errantry. The Duchess besought Don Quixote to describe and delineate, since he seemed to have a good memory, the beauty and the features of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, for, according to what fame reported of her charms, she should be the loveliest creature in the world, even in all La Mancha. Don Quixote heaved a sigh on hearing the Duchess's request, and said:

—If I could pluck out my heart and place it before the eyes of your Highness here on this table and on a dish, my tongue would be relieved of the trouble of saying what can hardly be conceived, for your Excellency would see her all

Quixote, both native and foreign, have been almost uniformly most careless, thereby betraying the little care with which they read the book on which their art is exercised.

portrayed therein. But why should I undertake to delineate and describe, point by point and piece by piece, the beauty of the peerless Dulcinea? That is a burden worthy of other shoulders than mine, a task which should occupy the pencils of Parrhasius, of Timanthus, and of Apelles, and the gravers of Lysippus, to paint and to carve her on canvas, on marble, and in bronze, with the Ciceronian and Demosthenian rhetoric to praise it.

—What does Demosthenian mean, Sir Don Quixote? asked the Duchess; 'tis a word I have never heard in all the days of my life.

—The Demosthenian rhetoric, answered Don Quixote, is the same as to say the rhetoric of Demosthenes, just as Ciceronian is Cicero's, who were the two greatest rhetoricians in the world.

—So it is, said the Duke, and you have shown your ignorance in that question. Nevertheless, Sir Don Quixote would give us great pleasure in painting her, for I warrant that even in a rude draft and outline she will come out so as that the fairest will envy her.

—Yea, certes, I could do it, responded Don Quixote, if the misfortune which lately happened to her had not blurred her image in my mind, for that is such that I am rather for lamenting than painting her, for your Highness must know that going the other day to kiss her hands and receive her blessing, good pleasure, and licence, for this my third sally, I found another than her I sought. I found her enchanted and converted from Princess into a country-girl, from fair to foul, from angel to devil, from fragrant to pestiferous, from dainty to boorish, from gentle to skittish, from light to darkness,—and, in fine, from Dulcinea del Toboso to a Sayagan peasant-wench.[1]

—God bless me! here exclaimed the Duke, in a loud voice, who is he who hath done so much wrong to the

[1] *Una villana de Sayago*; for *Sayago* see note in ch. xix.

world? Who has deprived it of the beauty which was its joy, of the grace which was its charm, of the modesty which was its honour?

—Who? answered Don Quixote, who can it be but some malignant enchanter, one of the many envious ones who persecute me,—that accursed race born into the world to obscure and nullify the exploits of the good, and to light up and exalt the deeds of the wicked? Enchanters have persecuted me; enchanters do persecute me; and enchanters will persecute me, until they sink me and my exalted chivalries to the abysm profound of oblivion; and they damage and wound me in that part where they see that I feel the most, for to rob a Knight Errant of his lady is to rob him of the eyes with which he sees, and of the sun by which he is lighted, and the prop by which he is sustained. I have oft-times before said, and I repeat it now, that the Knight Errant without a mistress is like a tree without leaves, a house without foundation, and a shadow without the body by which it is caused.[1]

—There is no more to be said, said the Duchess; but yet if we are to give credit to the history of Don Quixote, which has lately been given to the world, amidst the general applause of mankind, we gather from it, if I remember right, that your worship has never seen the Lady Dulcinea,[2] and that this said lady exists not in the world but as a fantastical mistress, whom your worship has begotten and brought forth in your mind, and painted with all the graces and perfections you wanted.

[1] See Part I. ch. i. and ch. xiii.

[2] Cervantes has apparently forgotten that it was in this Second Part, and not in the First, that he had made Don Quixote say that he had never seen Dulcinea in all his life. In the First Part, in ch. i., the Knight seems to imply that he knew her by sight, and in ch. xxv. he says that he had seen her not more than four times. For all this, if any excuse is needed, the sufficient excuse is that which Don Quixote makes, that "these are not things whereof the verification can be carried out to the full."

—On that point there is much to say, answered Don Quixote. God knows whether or no there is a Dulcinea in the world; whether she is fantastical or not fantastical; nor are these the things whereof the verification can be carried out to the full. I neither begot nor brought forth my lady; albeit I contemplate her such as it becomes her to be, a lady who should contain within herself parts which make her famous in all those of the earth, such as are,—being beautiful without blemish, stately without haughtiness, amorous with modesty, agreeable from courtesy, courteous from good breeding, and lastly, high of lineage, for the reason that over good blood beauty shines and glows with many more points of perfection than among the fair ones humbly born.

—True, observed the Duke, but Sir Don Quixote must give me leave to say what the history of his exploits which I have read forces me to say; for from them it is to be inferred that, allowing there is a Dulcinea, in El Toboso or out of it, and that she is beautiful in the highest degree, as your worship has painted her to us,—in the matter of high lineage she is not a match with the Orianas, the Alastrajareas, the Madásimas,[1] and others of that breed, of whom the histories are full, that your worship knows so well.

—As to that I may say, answered Don Quixote, that Dulcinea is the child of her own works;[2] that virtues make up blood, and that the virtuous lowly are more to be regarded and esteemed than the vicious of high degree. Moreover, Dulcinea has an attribute within her which can raise her to be a crowned and sceptred Queen, for the

[1] Alastrajarea was the daughter of Amadis of Greece. There was another Alastrajarea, in the story of *Florisel de Niquea*, wife of Prince Falanges de Astra,—a great warrior and most bellicose lady, who fought with a giant and rescued her husband; and a third, a Queen, who brought a reserve of six thousand horsemen to the aid of the old Amadis of Gaul, when sore beset by the hosts of the great King of Tartary. For Madásima see Part I. ch. xxiv.

[2] Referring to the proverb, *cada uno es hijo de sus obras*.

merit of a beautiful and virtuous woman extends to the performing of even greater miracles, and though not formally yet in substance she holds stored within her greater fortunes.

—I see, Sir Don Quixote, said the Duchess, that in all your worship says you are very circumspect, and as they say, go with plummet in hand; and I from this henceforth shall believe, and make all of my house believe,—nay, my lord the Duke, if it were necessary,—that there is a Dulcinea in El Toboso, that she is living this day, and is lovely and nobly born, and deserving that such a Knight as Sir Don Quixote should serve her, which is the greatest compliment I can pay her. But I cannot help entertaining one scruple and bearing I know not what of a grudge against Sancho Panza: the scruple is that the aforesaid history relates that the said Sancho Panza found the lady Dulcinea, when on your worship's behalf he carried to her a letter, winnowing a sack of wheat, and more by token it was red wheat, says the story,—a thing which makes me doubt of the greatness of her lineage.

To which Don Quixote replied:

—Dear lady, your Highness should know that all or most of the things which befall me go out of the ordinary bounds of those which happen to the Knights Errant, whether they be directed by the inscrutable will of the fates or ordered by the malice of some envious enchanter, it being a thing now ascertained and proved that, of all or most of the famous Knights Errant, one is endowed with the gift of not being able to be enchanted, another of being of flesh so impenetrable that he cannot be wounded, as was the famous Orlando, one of the Twelve Peers of France, of whom it is reported that he could not be wounded save in the sole of his left foot, and that only with the point of a stout pin, and with no other kind of arm whatever.[1] And

[1] See Part I. ch. xxvi.

so when Bernardo del Carpio slew him at Roncesvalles, finding that he could not hurt him with the sword, he lifted him from the ground between his arms and strangled him,[1] recalling then the death which Hercules inflicted on Antæus, that fierce giant who they said was a son of the Earth. What I would infer from the aforesaid is that maybe I also have some privilege like those,—not that of being invulnerable, for oft-times experience has demonstrated to me that I am of soft flesh, and not at all impenetrable; nor that of being proof against enchantment, for I have seen me clapt in a cage, wherein the whole world were not potent enough to enclose me were it not by force of enchantment. But since I freed myself from that I am inclined to believe that there is no other which can harm me; and so these enchanters, seeing that they cannot use their base artifices against my person, avenge themselves upon the things I love best, and would rob me of life by degrading that of Dulcinea by whom I live; and so I believe that when my squire carried her my message they turned her into a peasant girl, occupied in so low an office as that of winnowing wheat; though I have maintained that this wheat was neither red nor wheat at all but grains of Orient pearl, and for proof of this truth I would tell your Highness that while coming a little while ago by El Toboso, I could never find the palace of Dulcinea, and the other day, Sancho, my squire, having seen her in her proper figure, which is the most beautiful on the globe, to me she appeared a peasant woman, coarse and ugly, and not at all well-spoken,—she being the wit of the world. And since I am not nor can be enchanted, according to good judgment, it is she who is enchanted, who is injured and altered, deformed and transformed; and in her have mine enemies avenged themselves on me, and for her shall I live in perpetual tears until I see her in her pristine state. All

[1] See Part I. ch. i.

this I have mentioned lest any should heed what Sancho said of Dulcinea sifting or winnowing, for if they transformed her to me, it is no wonder that they changed her to him. Dulcinea is illustrious and well-born, and of the gentle families in El Toboso, which are many, ancient, and very excellent;[1] and no doubt the peerless Dulcinea hath no small share of them, for whom her village shall be famous and memorable in future ages, as Troy has been for Helen and Spain for La Cava,[2] though with better title and report. On the other hand, I would have your lordships to understand that Sancho Panza is one of the drollest squires that ever served Knight Errant. He has at times some simplicities so fine that the guessing of whether he is more simple or cunning causes no small enjoyment. He has rogueries which condemn him for a knave, and indiscretions which confirm him a fool. He doubts of everything, and believes it all. When I imagine he is falling headlong into folly, he emerges with witty things which raise him to heaven. In fine, I would not exchange him for another squire though they were to give me a city to boot; and therefore I am in doubt if it were well to send him to the government of that with which your Highness has favoured him, though I perceive in him a certain aptitude for this business of governing, which, with a little trimming of the understanding, should make him as apt for any governorship as the king for his taxes; the more as now we know by

[1] This is obviously a piece of irony on the part of the author. In an official report, cited by Clemencin, made to Philip II. in 1576, it is said that the greater part of the inhabitants of El Toboso were Moriscoes, and that there were none of good family, *caballeros* or *hidalgos*,—save only one Doctor Zarco de Morales, who lived with his sister Anna in a house still standing, called *La Casa de la Torrecilla*. This sister is supposed to have been the original of Dulcinea. See Appendix E in vol. i.

[2] *La Cava*,—meaning literally, according to Mendoza (*Guerra de Granada*), "liberal of her person,"—was the name given by the Moors to Florinda, the daughter of Count Julian, who was the cause of the conquest of Spain by the Arabs.

many experiments that there is not needed either much ability or much learning in order to be a governor, for there are hereabouts a hundred who scarce can read, and govern like so many jerfalcons.[1] The main point is to mean well and to desire to do right in everything, for they will never be at a loss for those who will advise and direct them in what they have to do, like the governors who are men of the sword and unlettered, who have assessors to give sentences. I would counsel him neither to take a bribe nor desert the right,[2] and other little matters which lie in my stomach, which shall come out in due time for the use of Sancho and the benefit of the Isle he is to govern.

To this point the colloquy had arrived between the Duke, the Duchess, and Don Quixote, when they heard many voices and a great noise of people in the palace, and suddenly Sancho rushed into the hall, all in a fright, with a dish-clout for a bib, and after him a number of the lads, or rather scullions, of the kitchen and their underlings, one of whom came with a little trough full of water, which by the colour and lack of cleanness appeared to be dish-water. He with the trough followed up and chased Sancho, trying very earnestly to place and fix it under his beard, and another of the scullions made as if he wanted to wash it.

—What is this, you fellows, asked the Duchess; what is this? What would you do with that good man? What! and don't ye regard that he is a governor elect?

To which the barber-scullion replied:

—This gentleman will not let himself be washed, as the custom is, and as the Duke my master was washed and the gentleman his master.

[1] *Como unos girifaltes; girifalte*, "a jerfalcon," is, in the language of *Germania*, "a thief." The phrase is one which some translators pretend not to understand; but surely it is a permissible piece of irony, even in the mouth of Don Quixote.

[2] *Ni tome cohecho ni pierda derecho*—a proverb.

—Yes, I will, answered Sancho very wrathfully; but I would like it to be done with cleaner towels, with whiter soap, and hands not so dirty, for there is not so much difference between me and my master as that they should wash him with angels' water,[1] and me with devil's lye. The customs of the countries and the palaces of princes are so far good as they give no annoyance; but the custom of the washing which is in use here is worse than of the flogging penitents.[2] I am clean i' the beard, and have no need of such-like refreshings; and he who shall come to wash me or touch a hair of my head,—I mean of my beard,—speaking with all due respect, I will give him such a douse as shall leave my fist jammed in his skull; for these *cirimonies*[3] and scrapings look more like flouts than civilities to guests.

The Duchess was dying with laughter at witnessing the rage and hearing the words of Sancho, but Don Quixote was not over pleased to see him so foully decked with the towel of many colours and beset by so many retainers of the kitchen, and so making a profound reverence to the Duke and Duchess as though he prayed for licence to speak, he said to the rabble in a calm voice:

—Ho, gentlemen cavaliers! Leave ye this lad alone

[1] *Agua de ángeles*; explained by Covarrubias to be a water perfumed with amber and divers sweet-smelling essences; among which are reckoned, according to an old receipt quoted by Pellicer, roses, lavender, honeysuckle, thyme, white lily, orange, and clove; used for washing the mouth and hands at the tables of the great.

[2] *Peor es que de disciplinantes*; a phrase which Clemencin and after him Hartzenbusch pretend that they do not understand. But Calderon explains it without any difficulty. In Holy Week it is the custom for penitents (*disciplinantes*) to whip themselves through the streets. The process of so cleansing oneself from sin was popularly called *jabonadura*, or "soaping." Sancho, who had been, as he tells us, a prior of a religious confraternity (*cofradia*), must have known all about the practice, to which he himself compares the cleansing (*lavatório*) with which he is threatened by the Duke's scullions.

[3] *Cirimónias*, says Sancho, for *cerimónias*.

and return whence ye came, or whither else ye may please, for my squire is as cleanly as another, and these troughs are for him narrow-mouthed drinking-cups. Take my advice and let him be, for neither he nor I understand aught of this jesting business.

Sancho caught the word from his master, and proceeded, saying :—Nay, but let them come to make a joke of the stupid bumpkin, for I will stand it as it is now night !—Let them bring a comb here or what they will, and curry me this beard, and if they bring out of it a thing which offends against cleanliness, let them clip me cross-wise.[1]

Here the Duchess, without ceasing to laugh, exclaimed : —Sancho Panza is right in all he has said, and will be right in all he shall say. He is clean, and, as he says, has no need of being washed, and if our custom does not please him his soul is his own.[2] Besides, you ministers of cleanliness have been extremely remiss and negligent,—I know not whether I should say daring,—in bringing before such a personage and such a beard, in place of ewers and basons of pure gold and holland towels, your wooden troughs and kitchen dish-clouts. But, indeed, you are a sorry, ill-bred crew, and cannot help showing, like reprobates as ye are, the spite you bear to Knight Errants' squires.

The scullionly servants,[3] the seneschal too, who was with them, believed the Duchess to be speaking in earnest, and so they took the dish-clout off Sancho's bosom and fled and left him, all abashed and out of countenance.

Sancho, finding himself rid of that which, to his apprehension, was an extreme peril, threw himself on his knees

[1] *Que me trasquilen á cruces ;* meaning, let them shear me roughly, crossing the scissors on my head. In the old Gothic code, *El Fuero Juzgo*, the punishment imposed on Jews and blasphemers was to have their hair cut in some uncouth fashion.

[2] *Su alma en su palma*—a proverbial saying.

[3] *Apicarados ministros.* There is a play of words in *apicarados ; picaro* meaning "rogue" and being also a vulgar term for "scullion."

before the Duchess, and said:—From great ladies great favours are expected. This which your worship has done me this day cannot be repaid with less than my wishing to see myself dubbed Knight Errant, so that I may spend all the days of my life in serving so high a lady. A peasant am I; Sancho Panza is my name; I am married; I have children, and I serve as squire. If with any of these things I can serve your Highness, I shall be no longer in obeying than your ladyship in commanding.

—It is easy to see, Sancho, responded the Duchess, that you have learnt to be courteous in the very school of courtesy; it is easily seen, I mean, that you have been reared in the bosom of Sir Don Quixote, who must needs be the cream of compliments and the flower of ceremonies, or *cirimonies*, as you say. Well be it with such a master and such a servant! the one the cynosure of Errant Knighthood; the other the star of squirely fidelity. Rise, friend Sancho, for I will repay your civilities by making the Duke, my lord, bestow on you as speedily as he can the promised boon of the governorship.

With this the conversation ended. Don Quixote went away to take his siesta; but the Duchess begged Sancho, if he had no great mind to sleep, to come and pass the afternoon with her and her maids in a very cool chamber. Sancho replied that, though it was true that he was accustomed to sleep some four or five hours in the summer afternoons, he would, to serve her goodness, try with all his might not to sleep that day, and would come in obedience to her commands; and so he went. The Duke gave fresh orders that they should treat Don Quixote like a Knight Errant, without departing in any single point from the style in which, as they tell us, the Knights of old were treated.

CHAPTER XXXIII

Of the delectable conversation which passed between the Duchess, her damsels, and Sancho Panza; worthy of being read and of being noted

The history then relates how that Sancho Panza did not take his siesta that day, but went after dinner in fulfilment of his promise to visit the Duchess, who, for the pleasure of hearing him, made him sit near her on a low chair, though Sancho, out of pure good breeding, would not take a seat. But the Duchess bade him sit as governor and talk as squire, seeing that on both accounts he deserved the very throne of the Cid Ruy Diez, the Campeador.[1] Sancho shrugged his shoulders, obeyed, and seated himself, and all the damsels and duennas of the Duchess thronged round him, keeping perfect silence, and intent on listening to what he should say. But the Duchess was the first to speak, saying:

—Now that we are alone, and there is no one by to hear us, I wish Sir Governor would resolve certain doubts I have, springing out of the history now printed of the

[1] The *escaño*, or chair (literally, a bench with a back to it), of the Cid plays an important part in the Poem and the ballads relating to that hero. It was of ivory, taken by the Cid among the spoils of Valencia, once the property of Alimaimon, King of Toledo. On this chair was the dead body of the Cid seated in the church of San Pedro de Cardeña, by order of King Alfonso, in a posture so life-like that—

No parece que está muerto,
Sino vivo, y mui honrado.

great Don Quixote, one of which doubts is that since the good Sancho never saw Dulcinea,—I should say, the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso,—nor took her Sir Don Quixote's letter, it having been left in the pocket-book in the Sierra Morena,—how did he venture to feign the answer, and all that about finding her sifting wheat,—the whole being a jest and lies, and so much to the prejudice of the good reputation of the peerless Dulcinea, and all so unbecoming to the quality and fidelity of a good squire?

Sancho, without answering a word, rose from his chair, and with stealthy steps, his body bent, and a finger placed to his lips, went all round the room lifting the hangings; this done, he returned to his seat and said:

—Now, my lady, that I have seen that no one is listening to us on the sly, only the bystanders, I will answer your question without fear or dread, and all that should be asked of me; and the first thing I say is, that I take my master Don Quixote to be stark mad, though sometimes he says things which in my opinion—nay, in the opinion of all who hear him,—are so wise and leading in so good a track, that Satan himself could not say them better. But yet, truly and without any nicety, I have set him down myself as a lack-brain. Well, having set this down in my 'magination,[1] I dare make him believe what has neither head nor feet, like as that was about the answer to the letter, and that which will be a matter of six or eight days gone,[2] which is not yet in the history, to wit, the enchantment of my lady Doña Dulcinea, for I have made him believe she is enchanted, that being no more than over the hills of Ubeda.[3]

[1] *En el magin*, says Sancho, using, as before, *magin* for *imaginacion*.

[2] According to the reckoning of Vicente de los Rios, it should be at least seventeen days from the enchantment of Dulcinea to this date. Hartzenbusch, of course, takes the liberty of altering the text to suit the exact chronology, although the chronology is still at variance with his own.

[3] *Por los cerros de Ubeda*—a proverbial phrase, which none of the Spanish commentators are able to explain. It is applied, says Covarrubias, to things said

The Duchess prayed him to tell her of that enchantment or trick, and Sancho recounted it all just as it had passed, from which his audience received no little amusement.

Resuming her discourse, the Duchess said :—From what the good Sancho has told me, there has started up in my mind a doubt, and a certain whisper reaches my ears which says to me :—Since Don Quixote is mad, witless, and crack-brained, and Sancho Panza, his squire, knows it, and yet for all that serves and follows him and relies on his idle promises, he must without doubt be more madman and fool than his master ; and this being so, it will be a bad story for thee, my lady Duchess, if you give the said Sancho Panza an Isle to govern ; for he who knows not how to govern himself—how shall he be able to govern others ?

—In faith, lady, cried Sancho, but this doubt comes to you of a proper birth ; but let your worship tell it to speak clear, or how it will, for I know that it speaks true, for had I been a knowing one I had left my master days ago. But this is my lot and this my misventure. I cannot do more ; I have to follow him ; we are of the same village ; I have eaten his bread ; I love him well ; I am grateful ;[1] he gave me his ass-colts ; and, above all, I am faithful, and so it is impossible for anything to part us save he of the pick and shovel.[2] And if your Highness does not wish that they should give me the promised governorship, God made me short of it, and maybe the not giving it may be all for the good of my conscience, for I am not so much of a fool as

at large, which have no reason or foundation,—just as we say in English, "over the left shoulder." Why the hills of Ubeda, which are not remarkable in any way, should have furnished the saying is one of the many mysteries attached to the local proverbs of this class, which are very numerous in Spanish.

[1] All the editions prior to Clemencin's have *es agradecido*,—making it Don Quixote who is grateful, which is absurd. I have adopted Clemencin's emendation, *soy agradecido*, which seems to need no justification. Hartzenbusch, without a word of comment, alters *agradecido* into *generoso*.

[2] That is, the sexton.

not to understand the proverb which says, *for her own hurt had the emmet wings*;[1] and maybe Sancho the squire may go to Heaven quicker than Sancho the governor; as good bread is baked here as in France, and by night all cats are grey; and unlucky enough is the man who has not broken fast by two in the afternoon; and there is no stomach bigger by a hand's breadth than another, which can be filled, as the saying is, with hay and straw;[2] and the little birds of the field have God for their provider and feeder; and four yards of Cuenca baize will warm you more than any four of Segovia broadcloth.[3] On leaving this world and going into the ground under, by as narrow a path goes the prince as the journeyman; nor does the Pope's body fill more feet of soil than the sexton's, for all that the one is higher than the other, for on going into the pit we have all to shrink and fit, or they make us shrink and fit in spite of us; and good-night!—And I say again that if your ladyship has no mind to give me the Isle as being a fool, I will know how to care nothing about it like a wise man; and I have heard say that behind the cross stands the devil, and that all is not gold that glitters,[4] and that from among the oxen, ploughs, and yokes they took the husbandman Wamba to be King of Spain,[5] and from among the silks and riches and diversions they took Roderick and got him eaten by serpents, if the verses of the old ballad do not lie.

—How do not lie! here cried Doña Rodriguez, the

[1] *Por su mal le naciéron alas á la hormiga*—a proverb, reflecting on those who, by a sudden elevation, meet with the ruin which in obscurity they would have avoided.

[2] Here are a string of proverbs, of obvious meaning.

[3] The Cuenca stuff was of the coarsest and cheapest, the fabric of Segovia was the finest and most delicate.

[4] Two more proverbs, more than once used in the course of this story.

[5] The common belief was that Wamba (Bamba), one of the wisest of the old Gothic kings, was taken from a plough to mount the throne; but Mariana, in his history, declares this to be an error, Wamba having been of royal birth and of the highest Gothic blood.

duenna, who was one of the listeners; seeing there is a ballad which says that they put King Roderick all alive in a tomb full of toads, snakes, and lizards, and that two days after the King cried from within the tomb in a faint and doleful voice:

Now they eat me, now they eat me,
In the part I sinned the most.[1]

And therefore this gentleman is very right in saying that he had rather be a peasant than a king, if he is to be eaten by vermin.

The Duchess could not contain her laughter at her duenna's simplicity, nor from wondering at the reasonings and the sayings of Sancho, to whom she said:—The good Sancho well knows that what a Knight once promises he will try to fulfil, though it should cost him his life. The Duke, my lord and husband, though he is not one of those of Errantry, is none the less a Knight, and so will keep his word about the promised Isle, in spite of the envy and malice of the world. Let Sancho be of good heart, for when he least expects it he will find himself seated on the throne of his Isle and in that of his dignity, and he shall handle his governorship, which he will fling away for another of brocade

[1] Ya me comen, ya me comen,
Por do mas pecado habia.

The lines cited in the text are not to be found in any extant version of the ballad relating to the death of King Roderick. The ballad, as printed in Duran (vol. i. p. 411), relates how that the despairing King, seeking to do penance for the sin which had lost him his kingdom, enters an old tomb where there is a live serpent, in order to end his life there. On the third day a hermit accosts him, asking how he is getting on in that company, when the King replies:—

La culebra me comia
Cómeme ya por la parte,
Que todo lo merecia,
Por donde fué el principio,
De la mi mui gran desdicha.

Clemencin is of opinion that Cervantes himself made up the lines he quotes in the text. It is more likely that they are a portion of a ballad which is now lost.

three piles high.[1] What I charge him is this,—to take heed how he governs his vassals, remembering that they are all loyal and well born.

—About that matter of governing them well, answered Sancho, there is no need to lay any charge on me, for I am charitable by my nature, and have compassion for the poor, and from him who kneads and bakes you shall not steal the cakes,[2] and by my halidome they shall not cog me the dice. I am an old dog, and understand their *tus*, *tus*,[3] and can wake me betimes, and will not let them put cobwebs on my eyes, for I know where the shoe pinches. This I say, that the good shall have of me a hand and cavity[4] and the evil neither footing nor access. And methinks that in this business of government the beginning is everything;[5] and maybe after a fortnight of governor I shall eat my hands after it,[6] and know more about it than of the field-work in which I have been brought up.

—You are right, Sancho, said the Duchess, for no one is born learned, and it is out of men that even bishops are made and not out of stones. But returning to the talk we had a little time ago about the enchanting of the lady Dulcinea, I hold it for a thing sure,—nay, proved,—that Sancho's scheme

[1] *Que con otro de brocado de tres altos lo deseche.* The passage is a little obscure, but the meaning probably is that Sancho will exchange it for one much richer in the course of years. Calderon says that it is a common saying in La Mancha, when any youth appears in a new suit of clothes, for his grandam to congratulate him by exclaiming, *May you reject it for another of velvet, my son!*

[2] *A quien cuece y amasa no le hurtes hogaza*—a proverb.

[3] *Soi perro viejo, y entiendo todo tus, tus*—a proverbial saying. The Spaniard says *tus, tus*, or *cuz, cuz*, when enticing a dog to come to him.

[4] *Concavidad*, says Sancho, instead of *cabida*. *Tener cabida* is "to have influence" over one. Sancho uses the finer word, in the Duchess's presence, without knowing what it means.

[5] *Todo es comenzar;* in allusion to the proverb, *el comer y el rascar todo es comenzar*, "in eating and scratching the beginning is everything."

[6] *Me comiese las manos tras el oficio;* that is to say, "I shall take to it with so much relish as to leave none of its duties undischarged," *i.e.* "the business will become easy to me."

of putting a jest upon his master and making him believe that the peasant girl was Dulcinea,—and that if his master did not know it was through her being enchanted,—all was the contrivance of some one of these enchanters who persecute Sir Don Quixote. For verily and indeed I know from a good source that the village girl who made the spring on the she-ass was and is Dulcinea del Toboso; and that the worthy Sancho, thinking to be the deceiver, is himself the deceived; and there is no more doubt of this truth than of anything else which we never saw; and let Master Sancho Panza know that we also have enchanters here who like us well and tell us what is passing in the world plainly and simply, without tricks and entanglements. And believe me, Sancho, that the frisky peasant lass was and is Dulcinea del Toboso, who is enchanted as much as the mother who bore her; and when we least think of it we shall see her in her proper figure, and then Sancho shall come out of the delusion in which he lives.

—All that can well be, said Sancho Panza; and now I am ready to believe what my master tells that he saw in the Cave of Montesinos; where, says he, he saw the lady Dulcinea del Toboso in the same dress and guise in which I said I had seen her when I enchanted her all for my pleasure; and all may be contrariwise, as your worship, my lady, says; for of my poor wits it cannot and should not be presumed that I made up so clever a trick in a moment; nor do I think my master to be so mad as that, on so weak and flimsy a persuasion as mine, he should believe a thing so out of all bounds. But, my lady, it were not well that on that score your goodness should take me to be ill-natured, for a dunce like me is not bound to pierce the designs and the wicked plots of those vile enchanters. I feigned all that to get off a scolding from my master Don Quixote, and with no intention of harming him; and if it has come out contrary, there is a God in heaven who judges hearts.

—That is true, said the Duchess; but now tell me, Sancho, what is this you say about the Cave of Montesinos, for I would be glad to hear it?

Then Sancho Panza related to her, word for word, what has been already told about that adventure. Upon hearing the story, the Duchess said:

—From this incident it may be inferred that since the great Don Quixote says he saw there the very peasant-girl whom Sancho saw on coming out of Toboso,—without doubt Dulcinea it is, and that enchanters are going about here, very active and mightily inquisitive.

—That say I too, quoth Sancho Panza, and if my lady Dulcinea del Toboso is enchanted, it will be the worse for her; nor is it for me to take up with the enemies of my master, who should be many and evil; true, though it may be that she I saw was a village wench and for a village wench I took her, and such village wench I judged her to be. And if that was Dulcinea, it has not to be laid to my account nor to run to me, nor a quarrel with me over it.[1] No; let them not come out at every step with their *ifs* and their *ands*;[2] *Sancho said it; Sancho did it; Sancho went and Sancho came*, as though Sancho were some what-d'ye-call-him, and not the same Sancho Panza who is put in the books now through the world forth, as Samson Carrasco told it me, who least-ways is a person bachelored[3] by Salamanca; and they are such as cannot lie, except only when they are so disposed or find their account therein. So there is nothing to take me up about; and seeing I have a good repute, and, according to what I have heard my master say, a good name is better than much riches, let them case[4] me with their government

[1] *O sobre ello morena*—a proverbial phrase used before; see note to Part I. ch. xxvi.

[2] *A dime y diréte*—literally, "with tell me and I will tell thee," used of a wordy dispute, in which these phrases are often repeated.

[3] *Persona bachillerada por Salamanca.*

[4] *Encájenme ese gobierno.*

and they shall see wonders, for he who has been good squire will be good governor.

—All that the good Sancho has said, quoth the Duchess, are Catonian sentences, or at least drawn out of the very heart of Michael Verino himself (*florentibus occidit annis*).[1] Indeed, indeed, to speak after his own fashion, under an ill cloak may be a good drinker.[2]

—In sooth, my lady, answered Sancho, not in my life have I drank out of wickedness; for thirst,—it may well be, for I have nothing of the hypocrite in me. I drink when I have the mind to; and when I have not, when they give me drink, not to seem either dainty or ill-bred; for a toast to a friend,—what heart so marble as not to pledge him? And though I use shoe-leather I don't soil it,[3] more by token that the squires of Knights Errant by custom mostly drink water, for they travel always by forests, woods and meadows, mountains and crags, without finding ever a pittance of wine if they gave one of their eyes for it.

—So I believe, said the Duchess; now let Sancho go to his rest, and we will speak by-and-by more at large, and give orders that he may soon go and be cased, as he calls it, with that government.

Sancho once more kissed the Duchess's hands, and

[1] Michaele Verino, or Verini, was the son of a Florentine, Ugolino Verini, who was born in Minorca and died at Salamanca at the age of seventeen. He was a youth of great promise, who wrote a book of moral maxims for the instruction of children, after the manner of Cato's *Disticha*. The words quoted by the Duchess occur in an epitaph composed upon him by Politian:

Verinus Michael florentibus occidit annis
Moribus ambiguum major an ingenio—

the last two lines of which inform us of the singular cause of the youth's death:

Sola Venus poterat lento succurrere morbo;
Ne se pollueret, maluit ille mori.

[2] *Debajo de mala capa suele haber buén bebedor*—a proverb, worded more concisely in the old collections: *so mala capa yace buén bebedor*.

[3] *Aunque las calzo no las ensúcio*; meaning, "though I like a drop I am not a drunkard."

prayed her to do him the favour of having good care taken of his Dapple, for he was the light of his eyes.

—What Dapple is this? asked the Duchess.

—My ass, answered Sancho; for not to give him that name I am used to call him Dapple; and I asked this lady duenna here when I came into this castle that she should take care of him, and she was as angry as if I had said she was ugly or old, though it should be more proper and natural for duennas to attend to asses than to bear sway in halls. God save us, how much a gentleman of our village was down upon these ladies![1]

—He must have been some clown, retorted Doña Rodriguez the duenna, for if he were a gentleman and well born he would have set them higher than the horns of the moon.

—Now, then, cried the Duchess, let us have no more of it; peace, Doña Rodriguez, and calm yourself, Master Panza, and leave the entertaining of Dapple to my charge, for being a jewel of Sancho's I will put him on the apples of my eyes.

—Enough that he be in the stable, answered Sancho, for in the apples of your Highness's eyes neither he nor I am worthy to lie a single moment; and I would no more consent to it than to stick myself with knives, for though my master says that in civilities one should rather lose by a card more than a card less, in matters of beasts and asses one should go with compass in hand and within measured bounds.

—Let Sancho take him to the government, said the Duchess, and there he can be entertained at his will and even be exempted from toil.

—Let not your Grace, lady Duchess, think you have said

[1] This gentleman of Sancho's village who had such an antipathy to duennas is conjectured to be Cervantes himself, who displays throughout his writings a great feeling against those ladies, in which, through all the humorous exaggeration, is to be detected a spice of malice. Quevedo also was much given to make fun of the duennas.

much, quoth Sancho, for I have seen more than two asses go to governorships, and my taking mine will be no new thing.

Sancho's words set off the Duchess laughing and delighted once more, and sending him to his repose she went to give an account to the Duke of all that had passed between them ; and between the two they arranged and ordered a jest to be played upon Don Quixote, which was a rare one,—well becoming the style of the chivalries, in which style were got up for him so many, such proper, and such ingenious adventures as were the best which this great history contains.

CHAPTER XXXIV

Which tells of the information they received of how to disenchant the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, which is one of the most famous adventures in this book

GREAT was the pleasure which the Duke and Duchess took in the conversation with Don Quixote and Sancho Panza; and being confirmed in their design to play off on them some jests which might bear the face and semblance of adventures, they took a hint from what Don Quixote had related to them of the Cave of Montesinos,[1] to prepare a famous one. What the Duchess most marvelled at was the simplicity of Sancho, who had come to believe as an infallible truth that Dulcinea was enchanted, he himself having been the enchanter and the trickster in that business. Accordingly, having given directions to their servants as to how they should behave, some six days thence they took Don Quixote to a hunting party with as great an array of huntsmen and beaters as any crowned

[1] Clemencin and after him Hartzenbusch here remark that it was not Don Quixote but Sancho who had told the Duke and Duchess of the adventure in the Cave of Montesinos; and Hartzenbusch proceeds, with his usual audacity, to "insert the correction," as a recent translator puts it. There is no necessity, however, for any interference with the text. It is impossible for any commentator, Spanish or English, to assert that Don Quixote told the Duke nothing about the Cave of Montesinos. There was plenty of opportunity for him to have done so; nor does it follow that we are to take nothing as having been done or said in the story which is not specially recorded. That they should take nothing as having occurred in *Don Quixote* except what the author speaks of, is an amusing proof of how commentators the most prosaic are unconsciously under the spell of the great master whom they so ruthlessly correct and amend.

king might provide. They gave Don Quixote a hunting suit and to Sancho also one of fine green cloth ; but Don Quixote would not put his on, saying that next day he had to return to the hard exercise of arms, and could not carry wardrobes nor sumpters with him. As for Sancho, he took what they gave him with the intention of selling it on the first possible occasion. The appointed day having arrived, Don Quixote put on his armour and Sancho his new suit, and on top of his Dapple,—which he would not quit though they offered him a horse,—mingled with the troop of huntsmen. The Duchess came out bravely accoutred, Don Quixote, out of pure courtesy and gallantry, taking her palfrey's rein,[1] in spite of the Duke's resistance ; and presently they reached a wood between the lofty mountains, where the stations being taken up and the toils and snares laid down, and the people distributed on their beats, the hunt began with a great noise and shouting and hallooing, so that they could not hear one another speak for the barking of the hounds and the sound of the horns. The Duchess dismounted, and with a sharp hunting spear in her hand took up her station in an ambush, near where she knew the wild boars were accustomed to pass. The Duke and Don Quixote also alighted and posted themselves at her side ; Sancho took up a position in the rear of all, without getting off from Dapple, whom he dared not leave lest some mischance should befall him. Scarcely had they got on foot with many others, their attendants, posted on either wing, when they saw coming towards them, hard pressed by the dogs, and followed by the huntsmen, an enormous boar, gnashing his teeth and tusks and tossing the foam from his mouth. At sight of him Don Quixote braced his shield, drew his sword, and advanced to receive him ; the same did

[1] To conduct a lady by the bridle of her palfrey was a mark of highest honour paid to the rider, such as the Knights in the books never omit to pay to the great dames they meet or escort.

the Duke, with his hunting spear; but the Duchess would have been foremost of them all had not the Duke stopped her. Only Sancho, at sight of the furious beast, abandoning Dapple, set off running with all his might; trying to clamber up a tall oak he could not, but when half-way up, struggling to reach the top, he seized hold of a branch, and as destiny and his ill-luck would have it, the branch broke, and in his fall he was caught by a projecting stump of the tree and remained in the air, without being able to come to the ground. Finding himself in this plight and with his green coat tearing off him, and thinking that fierce animal might reach him if he came that way, Sancho began to cry out lustily and to call for help so earnestly that all who heard and did not see him believed that he was between the teeth of some wild beast. The tusked boar was at last laid low by the many javelins levelled at him, and Don Quixote, turning his head round at the cries of Sancho, whom by them he had recognised, saw him hanging from the oak with his head downwards, and Dapple, who never forsook him in his calamity, by his side;—Cid Hamet here observing that he rarely saw Sancho Panza without seeing Dapple, or Dapple without seeing Sancho, such was the friendship and good faith maintained between them. Don Quixote went up and released Sancho, who, when he found himself free and on the ground, looked at the rent in his hunting-suit and was grieved to the soul, for he thought that he possessed in that garment an inheritance.

They laid the mighty boar upon a sumpter-mule and covering it with sprigs of rosemary and branches of myrtle, they bore it away as the spoils of victory to some large field-tents which had been pitched in the midst of the wood, in which they found the tables laid and dinner served so grandly and sumptuously as to display the greatness and magnificence of the provider. Showing the rents of his torn coat to the Duchess, Sancho remarked:

—Had this been a hunt of hares or little birds, my coat had been safe from this plight. I don't know what pleasure it is to be lying in wait for an animal which, if it gets at you, can rob you of life with his tusk. I remember hearing them sing an old ballad which says :—

By bears may you be eat,
Like Favila the Great.[1]

—That was a Gothic king, said Don Quixote, who, following the chase, was eaten by a bear.

—What I say, quoth Sancho, is that I would not that your Princes and Kings should put themselves in such-like perils for the sake of a pleasure which methinks is not one, for it consists in the killing of an animal who has done no harm at all.

—But you are mistaken, Sancho, answered the Duke, for the exercise of hunting is of all others the most seemly and necessary to Kings and Princes. The chase is an image of war ; in it there are stratagems, artifices, ambushes, with which to overcome the enemy with safety. In it are endured the rigours of cold and the extreme of heat ; idleness and sloth are destroyed ; the bodily forces are strengthened ; the limbs of him who follows it made supple. In fine, it is an exercise which can be taken with harm to none and to the pleasure of many ; and the best thing about it is that it is not for all men, as is that of other kinds of sport, except hawking, which also is for Kings and great lords alone. Therefore, Sancho, change your opinion, and when you are governor occupy yourself in the chase, and you will see how one loaf becomes to you as good as a hundred.[2]

[1] Favila was the son and successor of Pelayo, who was the first to stem the flood of the Arab invasion. He was killed by a bear, as here described, in the mountains of Leon, in the year 739. His death is commemorated by a rude carving on the ancient doorway of the old church of Villanueva in Asturias.

[2] *Como os vale un pan por ciento*—apparently a familiar saying, meaning "you will be a hundred times the better for it." Some commentators and translators have stumbled over the phrase, which surely presents no great difficulty.

—Not so, answered Sancho, the good governor and the broken leg keep at home.[1] A fine thing it would be if people on business came to seek him, foot-weary, and he pleasuring himself in the woods!—at that rate the government would go to the devil. My faith, Sir, hawking and pastimes are more for idlers than governors. That in which I intend to take my diversion is a game of trumps[2] at Easter, and bowls on Sundays and holidays; for hunting and such, they tally not with my temper nor with my conscience.

—Please God it may be so, said the Duke, for the saying and the doing there goes much between.

—Let it be as it will, replied Sancho, for to the good paymaster pledges are no pain; and God's help is better than early rising; and belly carries feet, not feet belly.[3] I mean that if God helps me, and I do what I ought with a good intent, no doubt I shall govern better than a jerfalcon.[4] Nay, but let them put a finger in my mouth and see if I bite or no.

—God and all His saints confound thee, accursed Sancho! cried Don Quixote; and when will the day come, as I have often said, when I shall find thee speaking a continuous and connected speech without proverbs? I pray you, my lord and lady, let this blockhead be, for he will grind your souls, —not only between two, but between two thousand proverbs, dragged in as much to the occasion and season as—may God give him health, or me, if I wish to hear them!

[1] In allusion to the proverb, *la muger honrada, la pierna quebrada y en casa*, quoted before by Theresa Panza.

[2] *Triunfo envidado*—a game at cards, something like our *Brag*, much played in the country at that period. Guevara, in his *Menosprécio de la Corte*, says that it is one of the privileges of village life that one has time for everything, among other things for a bout of *triunfo*.

[3] Here are three proverbs, of which the first has been used twice before, to be used twice hereafter. The third, *tripas llevan piés, que no piés tripas*, is in a form different from the common, and much more pointed.

[4] *Mejor que un gerifalte*. To govern "like a jerfalcon," which is slang for "a thief," is a phrase used once before (in ch. xxxii.), and was probably a current piece of humour at the expense of governors.

—The proverbs of Sancho Panza, said the Duchess, though they are more than those of the Greek Commander,[1] yet are they not the less to be valued for the conciseness of the sentences. For one, I can say that they give me greater pleasure than others that are better applied and more seasonably introduced.

With these and such-like entertaining talk they left the tent for the wood, and passed the day in visiting the hunters' posts and ambushes; and now the night fell on them, which was neither so clear nor so calm as the season of the year required, seeing it was midsummer,[2] though it brought with it a certain clear gloom, which helped much the Duke's project. And now, as soon as it was dusk, a little before darkness had set in, suddenly the whole wood appeared to be in a blaze all around, and there were heard all about, from far and near, trumpets innumerable and other warlike instruments, as though many troops of cavalry were passing through the wood. The light of the fire and the sound of the martial instruments almost blinded the eyes and stunned the ears of the bystanders, even of all who were in the wood. Presently there were heard numberless *lelilies*,[3] such as the Moors use when they go into battle; the trumpets and clarions blared, the kettle-drums rattled, the fifes squeaked,—nearly all in

[1] Fernán Nuñez de Guzmán,—called *El Griego*, "the Greek," from his knowledge of that language, which he taught at Alcalá and at Salamanca; and *El Comendador*, because he held that rank in the Order of Santiago,—made what is still the best collection of Spanish proverbs, amounting to over six thousand, of which the earliest edition extant is that of 1555. (See Appendix B at the end of this volume.) By most of the translators, English and French, the title of *Comendador Griego* is absurdly rendered "The Greek Commentator."

[2] The text is here in hopeless discord with Vicente de los Rios' scheme of chronology, according to which the date of the Duke's hunting party is the 29th of October. According to Hartzenbusch's chronological scheme it comes on the 17th of July, which is nearer midsummer; but this scheme makes confusion of even more essential times and seasons. See Appendix B in vol. iv.

[3] The Arab war cry,—*la iláh illa 'lláh*,—"there is no god but God," which the Spaniards have turned into *lelili*.

unison, so continuously and vehemently that he could not have had any senses who did not lose them at the confused din of so many instruments. The Duke was dumb-founded, the Duchess astounded; Don Quixote marvelled, Sancho Panza trembled, and in fine even those who were privy to the secret were struck with awe. Fear held them all silent; when a postilion in the guise of a devil passed in front of them blowing, in lieu of a cornet, a monstrous hollow ox-horn, which gave forth a hoarse and fearful sound.

—Halloa, brother courier, cried the Duke, who are you? Whither go you, and what warlike gentry are those who seem to be marching through the wood?

To which the postilion responded in a deep, horrific voice:

—I am the Devil; I go in quest of Don Quixote of La Mancha; the people who come yonder are six troops of enchanters, who upon a triumphal car are bearing the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso; enchanted comes the said lady with the gay Frenchman Montesinos, to give instructions to Don Quixote as to how she is to be disenchanted.

—If you were the Devil, as you say you are, and as your figure declares, you would have known the said Knight, Don Quixote of La Mancha, for you have him before you.

—'Fore God and my conscience, answered the Devil, I did not look at him, for my mind is distracted by so many things that I forgot the principal one I came about.

—Truth, then, quoth Sancho, but this Devil must be an honest sort of fellow and a right good Christian, else he would not have sworn by God and his conscience; now for my part I hold that even in hell itself there must be some good people.

The Devil here, without dismounting, directed his eyes towards Don Quixote and said:

—To thee, the Knight of the Lions (may I see thee between the jaws of them!), the unhappy but valiant Knight Montesinos sends me, bidding me to tell thee to await him

in the very spot where I may alight upon thee, because he is carrying with him her whom they call Dulcinea del Toboso, to instruct thee as to what is needful for her disenchanting ; and my coming here being for nothing else, my stay shall be no more. May devils like me remain with thee, and the good angels with this lordly company !

So saying, he sounded his monstrous horn, turned his back and went away, without waiting for an answer from anybody. Amazement was rekindled in them all, especially in Sancho and Don Quixote ; in Sancho, at seeing that, in spite of the truth, they would have Dulcinea to be enchanted ; Don Quixote, through not being able to assure himself whether what had passed in the Cave of Montesinos were true or not. While absorbed in these thoughts the Duke said to him :

—Does your worship propose to wait, Sir Don Quixote ?

—Why not ? asked he ; here will I wait, fearless and strong, though all Hell should come to assault me.

—But I, if I see another devil and hear another horn like the last, shall wait here as much as in Flanders, quoth Sancho.

By this time the night had grown darker, and many lights began to flit through the wood like as the dry exhalations from the earth glance along the sky, that look like shooting stars in our eyes. There was heard likewise a dreadful noise, like that which is caused by the ponderous wheels of bullock-waggons, from whose harsh and ceaseless creaking wolves and bears, if there are any in the way, are said to fly. To this turmoil was added another which filled up the measure of the rest, which was as though in the four corners of the wood there were being fought four separate battles or skirmishes, for here sounded the harsh thunder of dreadful artillery ; there innumerable muskets were fired off ; near at hand there resounded the shouts of men engaged in battle ; while at a distance there echoed the Moslem war-cries. In fine, the cornets, the horns, the bugles, the clarions, the trumpets, the

kettle-drums, the great guns, the muskets, and above all, the fearful creaking of the waggons, made together a noise so confused and so horrible that Don Quixote had need to summon up all his heart to endure it. That of Sancho sank to the earth and sent him swooning into the Duchess's skirts, who gave him shelter and promptly bade them throw water on his face. Having done so, they brought him to his senses just when a waggon with the jarring wheels came up to where they were posted. It was drawn by four slothful bullocks, all covered with black trappings, carrying on each horn a blazing torch of wax.[1] On the top of the waggon was placed a lofty seat, on which there came sitting a venerable old man, with a beard whiter than the very snow, and so long that it descended below his girdle. He was clad in a long robe of black buckram, for the waggon being studded with innumerable lights, it was easy to make out all that it contained. Two ugly devils guided it, clothed in the same buckram, with faces so hideous that Sancho, having once seen them, shut his eyes that he might not look upon them again. Then the waggon having come up to where they were standing, the venerable grey-beard rose from his tall seat, and standing up, cried with a loud voice:—I AM THE SAGE LIRGANDEO;[2] and the chariot passed on without another

[1] Don Vicente de los Rios was the first to call attention, and with justice, to the admirable art with which this whole device of the coming of the enchanted waggons is painted; the propriety and harmony of the language which, in the original, makes us hear the creaking of the chariot wheels and see the reluctant oxen, making up a picture not less remarkable for invention and composition than for its skilful imitation of the best of the passages in the old romances, which it far excels in grandeur and beauty of language while equalling them in weirdness of fancy. Nothing could be better contrived for the carrying on of Don Quixote's illusion; Sancho himself, the original author of the trick of Dulcinea's enchantment, being from this time forth half converted into a believer in its truth and into an accessory in his master's, which becomes his own, hallucination.

[2] Lirgandeo was a famous magician, lord of the Ruddy Isle in the Vermilion Sea, who plays a conspicuous part in *El Espejo de Principes y Caballeros*; and in the book of the *Knight of Phœbus*, of which he was the reputed author.

word. Behind it came another chariot of the same fashion, with another old man enthroned, who, making them stop the chariot, with a voice not less loud than the other, cried :—I AM THE SAGE ALQUIFE, THE GREAT FRIEND OF URGANDA THE UNKNOWN ;[1] and passed on. Then another chariot appeared of the same sort, but he who came seated on the throne was not old, like the others, but a very robust man, of an evil aspect, who, on coming up, standing on his feet, like the others, exclaimed in a voice more harsh and devilish : —I AM ARCALAUS THE ENCHANTER,[2] THE MORTAL ENEMY OF AMADIS OF GAUL AND ALL HIS KIN ; and passed on. The three waggons went aside and halted a little way off, and the harrowing jar of their wheels ceased ; and then they heard no other noise but the sound of sweet concerted music, with which Sancho was gladdened, taking it for a good omen ; whereupon he said to the Duchess, from whom he had not stirred a foot nor an inch :

—My lady, where there is music there can be no mischief.

—Neither where there are lights and brightness, said the Duchess.

To which Sancho made response :

—The fire gives light, and the bonfires brightness, as we see by those about us, and maybe they will scorch us ; but music is always the sign of feasting and merriment.

—That remains to be seen, said Don Quixote, who was listening to all. And he said well, as the following chapter will show.

[1] Alquife was the husband of Urganda *en secondes noces*, and plays a very prominent part in the romances, being credited with the authorship of *Amadis of Greece*.

[2] Arcalaus is the leading enchanter in *Amadis of Gaul*, the wily and indefatigable persecutor of that hero and his family. He was at last slain by Esplandian.

CHAPTER XXXV

Wherein is continued the information which Don Quixote received respecting the enchantment of Dulcinea; with other wonderful things

KEEPING time with this pleasing music they saw advancing towards them a car, one of those they call triumphal, drawn by six grey mules, covered with white linen; and on each of them there came a penitent of light,[1] also clothed in white, with a lighted waxen taper in his hand. The car was twice, and even three times, as large as the former ones, and in front of it and along the sides were twelve other penitents, white as snow, all with their burning tapers,—a sight at once to amaze and affright; and on a raised throne there came seated a nymph clad in a thousand veils of silver tissue, bespangled with countless leaves of gold tinsel, which made her if not richly at least gorgeously apparelled.[2] She had her face enveloped with transparent delicate sendal, in such a wise that without any hindrance from its folds one might discover through them the very lovely countenance of

[1] *Disciplinante de luz*—a disciplinant, under penance, self-inflicted or otherwise, like one of those who walk in procession on certain fast days. It is also a slang term for those who are under punishment for crime.

[2] Cervantes seems to have taken the idea of this car with its attendants from one in the romance of the *Knight of Phœbus*, which was a hundred feet long and fifteen feet wide, drawn by twelve unicorns, each ridden by a dwarf; on the top of which car rode the beautiful Princess Lindabrides, attended by her cavalier the Prince Meridián.

a damsel, and the multitude of lights made it easy to discern her beauty and her age, which seemed not to reach twenty years nor to be under seventeen. Beside her there came a figure clothed to the feet in a robe of such as they call trailers,[1] his head covered with a black veil. At the moment when the car arrived in front of the Duke and Duchess and of Don Quixote, the music of the clarions ceased and presently that of the harps and lutes also which were being played on the car ; and rising to his feet the figure in the robe threw it apart, and removing the veil from his face, disclosed plainly the very shape of Death, raw-boned and grisly, at which Don Quixote was troubled, Sancho terrified, and the Duke and Duchess put on an aspect of fear. This living Death, standing erect, in a drowsy voice, and with a tongue not quite awake, began to speak as follows :—

I Merlin am, who, as all histories say,
Had for a father e'en the Devil himself
(A lie by length of years now sanctified)
Of magic Prince ; of Zoroaster's art
Acknowledged monarch and repository ;
Jealous of the ages and the time
Am I, which seek the doughty deeds to cloak
Of bold Knights Errant whom, in days of yore,
I greatly loved, whom still I greatly love ;
And though the general disposition be
Of your magicians and enchanter folk
Morose, austere, and eke malevolent,
Mine's the reverse,—soft, tender, amorous ;
In doing good to all is my delight.
In the dark caves below of gloomy Dis,
Where now my soul abides, while fashioning
Some mystic squares and characters, there reached
My pained ears, of beauteous Dulcinea,

[1] *Rozagantes* ; *rozagante* is literally "trailing on the ground," applied to a robe of the highest quality, worn only by people of distinction.

Toboso's peerless maid, the doleful plaint;
I learnt of her enchantment and mishap,
And of her change from high-bred lady to
A rustic village maiden; I with her
Condoled, and caged my soul within this fell
And hideous skeleton, and after searching
A hundred thousand books of my vile craft
Of devil, I am come to give relief,
Such as befits a woe so deep, an ill so great.
O Thou! the glory and the pride of all
The vests of steel and adamant who wear!
Light, beacon, pilot, guide, and cynosure
Of such as, base sleep and sloth abandoning
And feather-beds luxurious, adopt
The use and exercise inflexible
Of sanguinary and laborious arms!
To thee I speak, Great Hero! ever praised,
Ne'er to be praised enough! To thee, Quixote,—
As wise as thou art brave,—to thee I say,
La Mancha's glory and Hispania's star,
That for Toboso's peerless Dulcinea
Her pristine form and beauty to regain,
Needful it is that Sancho Panza squire
Should deal himself three thousand and three hundred
Stripes, on both his sturdy buttocks to the air
Discovered; and laid on in such a wise
That they shall make him smart, and sting and tease him;
On this are all resolved,—all they that are
The authors of her sad calamity,
And for this, my lords and ladies, am I come.[1]

—By the Lord, exclaimed Sancho at this,—not to say three thousand, I will just as soon give myself three stripes

[1] It is obvious enough that Merlin's speech is intended for burlesque, yet there are critics who have judged it seriously, the remorseless Clemencin observing that "these verses of the prophecy of Merlin are among the worst Cervantes ever composed."

as three stabs with a dagger! The devil take this manner of disenchanting! I don't see what my breech has to do with enchantings. By God, then, if Master Merlin has not found out another way how to disenchant the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, enchanted she may go to her burying.

—I will take you, Don Clown[1] stuffed with garlic, cried Don Quixote, and bind you to a tree naked as your mother bore you, and not three thousand three hundred do I say, but six thousand six hundred lashes I will give you, so well laid on that you will not be able to pull them off in three thousand three hundred tugs; and answer me not a word, for I will tear out your heart!

On hearing this Merlin said:—It must not be so; for the stripes which the good Sancho has to receive must be of his own free will and not by force, and at what time he may please, for there is no term fixed; but it is permitted to him that, if he is willing to redeem one half the infliction of this whipping, he can let it be done by another hand, be it a little weighty.

—Neither another hand nor my own, nor one weighty or for weighing, replied Sancho; not any hand at all shall touch me! Did I, perchance, bring forth the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, that my buttocks should pay for the sins of her eyes? My master, indeed,—for he's a part of her, since he calls her at every turn my life, my soul,—his stay and prop; —he is able and bound to whip himself for her, and take all the pains needed for her disenchanting; but I, to lash myself?—I pronounce.[2]

Hardly had Sancho done speaking, when, rising to her feet, the silvered nymph, who rode by the side of the ghost of Merlin, removing the thin veil from off her face, discovered one which appeared to all beautiful beyond excess; and with

[1] *Don villano; harto de ajos;* this use of the *don* before an injurious epithet is quite common in the books of chivalries. See Part I. ch. xxii.

[2] *Abernuncio*, says Sancho, instead of *abrenuncio*, "I renounce."

a virile assurance and in no very lady-like voice, addressing herself directly to Sancho Panza, said:

—O wretched squire—with the soul of a pitcher, the heart of a cork-tree, and bowels of gravel and flint-stones! If they commanded thee, shameless thief! to fling thee from some tall tower to the ground; if they bade thee, enemy of the human race! to eat a dozen of toads, two of lizards and three of snakes; if they desired thee to kill thy wife and thy children with some sharp and murderous scimitar, it were no marvel hadst thou shown thyself squeamish and stubborn; but to make a fuss about three thousand and three hundred stripes, which there is no charity-boy,[1] however puny, who does not get every month,—amazes, confounds, stupefies the compassionate bowels of all who hear it, nay, even those of all who will hear it in course of time. Cast, O miserable, hard-hearted animal,—cast, I say, thy startled owl's eyes[2] upon the pupils of these of mine, which have been compared to glittering stars, and thou shalt see them weeping tears, drop by drop and lump by lump, making furrows, roads, and paths over the fair fields of my cheeks. Let it move thee, knavish and ill-conditioned monster, that my blooming youth which is still in its teens,—for I am nineteen and have not reached twenty,—is being wasted and withered under the coarse rind of a rustic peasant wench; and if now I don't look like one, it is a special favour done me by the lord Merlin, who is here present, solely that my beauty may soften thee; for the tears of afflicted beauty turn rocks into cotton and tigers into sheep. Lay on, lay on to that thick hide of thine, thou great untamed beast, and rouse from sluggishness that spirit which inclines thee to eat and still to eat,

[1] *Niño de la doctrina.* The *niños de la doctrina*, or *doctrinos*, were poor orphans educated at the public expense.

[2] *Ojos de mochuelo;* some editions have *machuelo* (little he-mule), but the other seems to be here the more appropriate and picturesque word.

and set at liberty the sleekness of my skin, the gentleness of my temper, and the beauty of my face. And if for me thou wilt not relent, or come to any reasonable terms, do so for the sake of that poor Knight thou hast beside thee,—for thy master's sake, I say, whose soul I see even now sticking crosswise in his throat not ten fingers from his lips, which awaits but thine answer, harsh or kind, either to come up by the mouth or return into his stomach.

Don Quixote felt his throat on hearing this, and turning to the Duke, said:

—'Fore God, Sir, but Dulcinea has spoken true, for I have my soul here stuck in my gullet, like the nut of a cross-bow.

—What do you say to this, Sancho? asked the Duchess.

—I say, my lady, answered Sancho, what I said before, that for the stripes I pronounce them.

—*Renounce* you should say, Sancho, and not as you say it, quoth the Duke.

—Let me alone, your Highness, replied Sancho, for I am not now in a mind to look into niceties nor a letter more or less, for these stripes they have to give me, or I to give myself, so bother me that I know not what I say or what I do. But I would like to know from this lady here, the Lady Doña Dulcinea del Toboso, where she learnt this way of begging she has. She comes to ask me to lay open my flesh with lashes, and calls me *soul of pitcher* and *great untamed beast*, with a long tale of bad names, which may the devil bear them. Is my flesh, by any chance, of brass, or is it aught to me whether she is disenchanted or not? What hamper of white linen, of shirts, handkerchiefs, and socks,[1] —not that I use them,—brings she with her to soften me, but only one piece of abuse after another, knowing the proverb hereabout which says that *an ass laden with gold*

[1] An artful stroke of Sancho's, a feeler put out to know what he is to get by way of reward for the whipping, and just hinting that he is open to an offer.

goes lightly up a mountain;[1] and that *gifts break rocks;* and *praying to God and plying the hammer;* and *that one take is better than two I-give-thees?*[2] Then comes Sir my master, who should be stroking me down the neck and soothing me, that I might make myself wool and carded cotton, and he says, if he catches me he will bind me naked to a tree and double the stake of lashes; and these tender-hearted gentlemen should consider that it is not merely a squire they are ordering to whip himself, but a governor, as who should say, drink with your cherries.[3] Let them learn,—a plague take them,—let them learn to know how to ask and how to beg, and how to have manners; for all times are not the same, nor are people always in a good humour. Just now I am ready to burst with grief at seeing my green coat all torn, and they come to ask me to whip myself of my own free will, I being as likely for it as for turning Cacique.[4]

—In truth, then, friend Sancho, said the Duke, if you do not soften yourself into something more than a ripe fig you shall not have hold of the government. A pretty thing it were for me to send to my insulars[5] a cruel governor, of flinty bowels, who will not bend to the tears of afflicted damsels, nor to the entreaties of wise, potent, and antique enchanters and sages. In fine, Sancho, either you must whip yourself or they have to whip you, or you shall not be governor.

—Sir, answered Sancho, will they not give me two days' time to consider of what is best for me?

[1] *Un asno cargado de oro sube ligero por una montaña*—a proverb.

[2] *Dádivas quebrantan peñas; á Dios rogando y con el mazo dando; mas vale un toma que dos te daré;* three more proverbs.

[3] *Como quien dice, bebe con guindas. Beber con guindas* is a proverbial phrase, meaning, ironically, to put one good thing upon another,—as honey upon a jam-tart, to use Clemencin's simile.

[4] That is to say, being as far removed from any thoughts of whipping as of seeing myself an Indian chief.

[5] *Insulanos.* The Duke uses the high-flown word instead of the common *isleños* (islanders), in order to keep up the joke about *insula.*

—No, by no means, said Merlin ; here, this moment and on this spot has to be settled the issue of this business. Either Dulcinea will return to the Cave of Montesinos and to her former state of peasant girl, or in the condition she is she will be carried to the Elysian Fields, where she will wait until the number of the whippings is completed.

—Come, good Sancho, said the Duchess, be of good heart, and make a good return for the bread you have eaten of Sir Don Quixote, whom we are all bound to serve and to please for his worthy disposition and for his exalted chivalries. Say *Yes*, my son, to this whipping, and let the devil away to the devil[1] and fear to the mean of soul, for a good heart breaks bad luck,[2] as you well know.

To this Sancho made no response except by some words off the matter, for addressing himself to Merlin he asked :

—Will your worship, Sir Merlin, tell me this—when the postilion-devil came here with a message from Sir Montesinos, bidding him wait here for him, for that he was coming to make arrangements for the disenchanting of the Lady Doña Dulcinea del Toboso, and yet up to now we have not seen Montesinos nor his like ?

To which Merlin replied :

—The Devil, friend Sancho, is a blockhead, and a very great scoundrel. I sent him in search of your master, but with no message from Montesinos but from me, for Montesinos is in his cave expecting, or rather awaiting, his own disenchantment ; for there is yet the tail to skin for him.[3] If he owes you anything, or you have any

[1] *Vayase el diablo para diablo*—a proverbial phrase, of which the usual form is —*vayase el diablo para ruin*,—"let the devil go to the bad."

[2] *Un buen corazon quebranta mala ventura*—a proverb.

[3] *Aun le falta la cola por desollar*—a proverbial phrase, used once before, meaning that the most difficult part of the job is yet to be done.

business to transact with him, I will bring him to you, and set him where you please; and for the present decide on giving your consent to this penance; and believe me it will be of much profit both for your soul and for your body; for your soul, because of the charity with which you will perform it; for your body, because I know that you are of a sanguine complexion, and it can do you no harm to draw from you a little blood.

—Many doctors there are in the world,—even the enchanters are doctors, replied Sancho; but since they all tell me so,—though I don't see it myself,—I say that I am agreeable to give myself the three thousand and three hundred lashes, on condition that I give them whenever I please, without their fixing of days and times; and I will try to wipe off this debt as quickly as possible, that the world may enjoy the beauty of the Lady Doña Dulcinea del Toboso, as it appears, contrary to what I thought, that in fact she is beautiful. It must be a condition also, that I am not to be bound to draw blood from me with the flogging, and that, if any of the lashes only frighten the flies,[1] they shall be taken into the account. *Item*, that if I mistake in the number, Sir Merlin, as he knows everything, shall take care to keep count, and let me know of those that fall short or are over the number.

—There will be no need to inform you of those that are superfluous, answered Merlin, for on coming to the exact number the Lady Dulcinea will at once and instantly become disenchanted, and will come full of gratitude in quest of the good Sancho, and give him thanks—nay, rewards for his good work. Therefore you have not to be particular about lashes too many or too few; and Heaven forbid that I should deceive any one, even in a hair of his head.

—Well, then, in God's hand be it, said Sancho; I consent

[1] *Fueren de mosqueo—i.e.* fall short—just enough to drive a fly off.

to my ill-fortune ; I say, that I accept the penance, with the conditions agreed to.

Hardly had Sancho uttered these last words when the music of the clarions once more struck up, and a countless number of muskets were discharged ; and Don Quixote threw himself on Sancho's neck, giving him a thousand kisses on the forehead and on the cheeks. The Duke and Duchess and all the bystanders manifested signs of the greatest satisfaction, and the car began to move on ; and as she passed the beauteous Dulcinea bowed her head to the ducal pair, and made a profound courtesy to Sancho.

And now the glad and smiling morn came on apace ; the flowerets of the field raised their heads and pranked themselves, and the liquid crystals of the brooks, murmuring over the white and grey pebbles, ran to pay their tribute to the expectant streams: the joyous earth, the clear sky, the limpid air, the serene light,—each and all together gave manifest tokens that the day which came treading on the skirts of the dawn would be calm and bright. Pleased with the chase and with having carried out their design so cleverly and happily, the Duke and Duchess returned to the castle with the intention of following up the jest, for to them there was no earnest that gave them more pleasure.

CHAPTER XXXVI

Wherein is related the strange and inconceivable adventure of the afflicted Duenna, otherwise the Countess Trifaldi; with a letter which Sancho Panza wrote to his wife Theresa Panza

It was a steward the Duke had, of a sportive and nimble wit, who had played the part of Merlin, and arranged the whole plan of the late adventure, and who wrote the verses, making a page represent Dulcinea. And now, with the connivance of his master and mistress, he prepared another design, the most diverting and strange that could be conceived.

The next day the Duchess enquired of Sancho whether he had commenced the penance he had to perform for the disenchanting of Dulcinea. He replied, *Yes*, and that same night had given himself five stripes. The Duchess asking him with what, he replied, with his hand.

—That, said the Duchess, is giving yourself rather slaps than stripes. I am of opinion that the sage Merlin will not be content with such delicacy. Honest Sancho must needs get him a scourge of prickles, or a plaited cat-o'-nine-tails, which shall make him feel, for it is with the blood the letter enters,[1] and one must not make the freeing of so great a lady

[1] *La letra con sangre entra*,—a proverb,—the ancient pedagogue's favourite maxim, adopted by the flagellants, the disciplinants, and all who mortify the flesh for greater sanctification; equivalent to *no hai tal razon como el baston*,—"there is no argument like the stick."

as Dulcinea so cheap ; and take heed, Sancho, that works of charity which are performed coldly and feebly have no merit nor avail anything.[1]

To which Sancho made answer : — Let your ladyship give me a scourge or proper rope's end, that I may lay on myself with it so that it does not hurt too much, for you must know that, though a rustic I am, there is more of soft cotton than tough rush in my flesh, and 'twere not well that I should undo myself for another's good.

—Well and good, answered the Duchess, to-morrow I will give you a switch which will fit you exactly, and match with the tenderness of your flesh as if they were own sisters.

Then said Sancho :—Know, your Highness, dear lady of my soul, that I have written a letter to my wife, Theresa Panza, giving her an account of all that has happened to me since I parted from her. I have it here in my bosom, and it wants nothing but the superscription. I could wish your wisdom would read it, for methinks it runs in the style of governor,—I mean in the way after which governors ought to write.

—And who dictated it ? asked the Duchess.

—Who but I, this very sinner, answered Sancho.

—And did you write it ? enquired the Duchess.

—Not I, indeed answered Sancho, for I can neither write nor read, though I can make my mark.

[1] This last clause of the Duchess's speech, which in the original runs—*Y advierta, Sancho, que las obras de caridad que se hacen tibia y flojamente, no tienen mérito ni valen nada*,—was ordered by the Holy Inquisition to be expurgated in 1619, immediately after the sour, fanatical Aliaga had succeeded to the good Archbishop Sandoval as Inquisitor-General. The passage appears (among Spanish editions of *Don Quixote* up to a recent date) in the first edition of 1615,—the only one printed in the author's lifetime,—and in the four subsequent editions previous to 1619, namely, that of Brussels, 1616 ; of Valencia, 1616 ; of Lisbon 1617 ; and of Barcelona, 1617. It did not appear again in any Spanish edition till 1864. There could not be a more striking proof of the blindness and obtuseness of the Holy Office than its straining at this very small gnat after swallowing all the rest of *Don Quixote*.

—Let us see it, said the Duchess, for I warrant me you show in it the excellence and fulness of your wit.

Sancho took an open letter from his bosom and handing it to the Duchess, she saw that it ran in this wise :—

LETTER OF SANCHO PANZA TO THERESA HIS WIFE

If it is a good whipping they were giving me, it is a fine mount I have :[1] *if a good governorship I have, good stripes it cost me. That thou wilt not understand now, my Theresa ; thou wilt learn it another time. Thou must know, Theresa, that I am determined thou shalt ride in a coach,*[2] *which is the regular thing, for every other way of going is going as the cats go.*[3] *A Governor's wife thou art ; see if anybody treads on thy heels. I send thee here a green hunting suit, which my lady the Duchess gave me ; turn it so as to serve for a skirt and body to our daughter. Don Quixote, my master, I hear them say in this country, is a sensible madman and a droll idiot, and that I am no whit behind him. We have been into the Cave of Montesinos, and the sage Merlin has got me to help him for the disenchanting of Dulcinea del Toboso, who over there is called Aldonza Lorenzo. With three thousand three hundred stripes, less five, which I have to give myself, she will become disenchanted like the mother who bore her. Thou wilt say nothing of this to any one, for take your affair*

[1] *Si buenos azotes me daban, bien caballero me iba ;* this seems to be a phrase borrowed from a popular saying of the time, used by some impudent thief who, after a whipping, was carried as usual through the streets on a donkey.

[2] Wheeled carriages were then a novelty in Spain, having been first introduced in 1546. According to Vanderhammen, Don Juan of Austria, in 1554, was accustomed to use a chariot drawn by oxen, on State occasions. Yet the fashion grew so rapidly that the Cortes, in 1567, issued a *pragmatica* forbidding their use in the streets, as an effeminate custom tending to the ruin of horses, the degeneracy of men, and the demoralisation of women. In 1578 another edict was issued, compelling every coach to be drawn by four horses, with the view of increasing their expense and so diminishing their number.

[3] *Andar á gatas—i.e.* crouching—walking along the ground.

to counsel and some will say it is white and others it is black.[1] *A few days hence I start for the governorship, whither I go with a mighty desire to make money, and they tell me all new governors set out with this same desire. I will feel the pulse of it and advise thee whether thou art to come and be with me or not. Dapple is well, and commends himself to you, and I intend not to leave him behind though they should carry me away to the Grand Turk. The Duchess my lady sends thee a thousand kisses of the hand; send her back the return with two thousand, for there is nothing which costs less nor comes cheaper, as my master says, than fair civilities. God has not been good enough to provide me with another valise with other hundred crowns, like that of yore; but don't let that vex thee, Teresa dear, for he is safe who sounds the bell,*[2] *and 'twill all come out in the bucking*[3] *of the government. Only this troubles me greatly, what they say, that if once I get the taste I shall eat my hands after it, and if so it were, it would not come very cheap to me, though the maimed and the handless have a benefice out of the alms they beg.*[4] *So by one way or another thou shalt be rich and in good luck. God give it thee as He can and help me to serve thee. From this castle, the 20th of July,* 1614.[5]

Thy husband the Governor,

SANCHO PANZA.

[1] An allusion to the old proverb; *pon tu hacienda en consejo; unos face blanco, otros bermejo*,—"take your business to the assembly (of gossips in a village); one makes it white, another scarlet."

[2] *El que tiene el puerco espin*—a proverb already explained. (See note to ch. xxxi.) Sancho means that as Governor he will be able to look after his interests.

[3] *Que saldrá en la colada*—a proverb, drawn from the experience of the wash-tub.

[4] As true in those times as in these, that beggars who could sham some deformity by way of exciting compassion could make a better living than the honest poor.

[5] Thus, doubtless, was the precise day on which this letter was written, which gives us a means of testing not only the chronological scheme of Don

Having finished reading the letter, the Duchess said to Sancho:

—In two things the good governor goes a little astray: the one is in saying, or letting it be understood, that this governorship has been bestowed on him in return for the stripes he has to give himself,—he knowing, what he cannot deny, that when the Duke my lord promised it to him, no one dreamt of there being stripes in the world. The other is, that he shows himself herein to be very covetous, and I would not have him be one thing when I look for another,[1] and greediness bursts the bag, and the covetous governor makes justice misgoverned.

—I did not mean all that, my lady, said Sancho; and if your worship thinks that the letter does not run as it should, it is but only to tear it up and make a new one, and maybe, it will be a worse one, if it's left to my noddle.

—No, no, replied the Duchess, this one is good, and I want the Duke to see it.

Upon this they went out into a garden, where they were

Quixote, which is a small matter, but, what is more interesting, of ascertaining the rate at which Cervantes wrote his Second Part. We are now about half way through the Second Part, which must have been completed by February 27th, 1615, which is the date of the Approbation prefixed to the volume. It was first announced in Cervantes' prologue to the *Novelas* in June, 1613. From other indications in the early chapters, especially where he speaks of the number of the editions of the First Part which were printed, I think we may conclude that he did not begin to write this Second Part before 1612 at the earliest, or seven years after the printing of the First Part.

[1] The original is *no querria que orégano fuese*, which is a little obscure, even though it be understood that the reference is to the proverb, *quiera Dios que orégano sea, y no se nos vuelva alcarabea*, "please God it be marjoram, and not turn carraway upon us," to which there is an allusion in Part I. ch. xxi. The proverb itself is very dark, nor do we receive any light upon it by some modern guesses that *orégano* had some reference to *oro* (gold), and *gano*, which is said to be an old form of *ganancia* (gain). There is no warrant for any such meaning in the etymology of *orégano*, any more than there is for the suggested connexion between *alcaravea* and *algarabia*, the one being from Arabic *al-carawia*, and the other from Arabic *al-ʿarabîya*.

to dine that day. The Duchess showed the Duke Sancho's letter, with which he was highly delighted. They dined, and after the cloth had been removed and they had entertained themselves a good while with Sancho's savoury conversation, on a sudden they heard the melancholy piping of a fife, and the harsh beating of a drum out of tune. They all seemed discomposed with the confused, warlike, and dismal harmony, especially Don Quixote, who could not keep his seat for pure excitement. Of Sancho it is needless to say that fear took him to his accustomed refuge, which was the side or the skirts of the Duchess, for verily and truly the sound they heard was most tragic and doleful. And as they were all in this suspense they saw enter by the garden in front two men clad in mourning robes, so long and flowing that they trailed along the ground, who came beating two big drums draped with black. By their side came the fifer, also pitchy black. These three were followed by a personage of gigantic frame, cloaked rather than clad in a jet-black gown, which trailed a monstrous length behind. Over the gown was girt and suspended a broad baldrick, also black, whence hung a prodigious scimitar with sheath and garniture all black. His face was hidden under a transparent black veil, through which showed a very long beard, white as snow. He kept step to the sound of the drums with great gravity and composure. In fine, his bulk, his stately port, his blackness, and his accompaniments might well (as they did) have caused all them to be amazed who looked on him and did not know who he was. With this slow and ceremonious pace he advanced and sunk on his knees before the Duke, who, with the rest who were there, awaited him standing; but the Duke would in no wise suffer him to speak till he had risen. The prodigious apparition then rose, and standing to his feet raised the veil from his face, and disclosed the longest, whitest, and bushiest beard which till then human eyes had ever beheld, and anon

he wrenched out and unloosed from his ample and expanded breast[1] a grave and sonorous voice, and fixing his eyes on the Duke said:

—Most exalted and puissant Sir, my name is Trifaldin of the White Beard. I am squire to the Countess Trifaldi,[2] otherwise called the Dolorous Duenna, on whose behalf I bear a message to your Highness, and it is that your magnificence should be pleased to give her faculty and licence to enter and tell you of her distress, which is one of the most strange and the most wonderful which the most distressed imagination in the world can imagine. And first she desires to know if in your castle there abides the valorous and unconquered Knight Don Quixote of La Mancha, in quest of whom she has come a-foot and without breaking fast from the kingdom of Candaya to this your realm, a thing which can and should hold to a miracle or the force of enchantment. She waits at the gate of this fortress or country-house, and attends only your good pleasure to enter. I have spoken.

Then he coughed and stroked his beard from top to bottom with both hands, and with much composure stood waiting for the Duke's response, who said:

—It is now many days, good Squire Trifaldin, since we have received notice of the ill plight of my lady the Countess Trifaldi, whom the enchanters have caused to

[1] The words used in this picture of the squire Trifaldin,—some of which were newly invented for the occasion,—extort the praise of even that stern purist Señor Clemencin, for their beauty, appropriateness, and admirable harmony. Nothing can be more graphic than the description of the voice which its owner *desencajó y arrancó del ancho y dilatado pecho.* My English but feebly conveys the force of the sonorous and expressive Castilian.

[2] The composition of these words is as happy and as humorous as is usual with Cervantes in his coinage of names. *Trufa*, in low Latin, according to Ducange, means "fraud"; from which comes the old Castilian verb *trufar*, to "juggle," to "deceive." *Trufaldin* was the name of a certain kind of comic actors. In *Orlando Furioso* (canto xxxi. st. 41) occurs *Truffaldin*; and in the *Espejo de Caballeros* is a character *Trufaldino*, from which, perhaps, Cervantes got the hint for the name.

be called the Dolorous Duenna. You are right welcome to tell her, stupendous squire, that she may enter, and that here stands the valiant Knight Don Quixote of La Mancha, from whose generous disposition she can safely promise herself every aid and every relief. And likewise you can say to her on my part that if my help is necessary to her it shall not be lacking, for I am bound to give it to her by my knighthood, to which pertains and is annexed the favouring of every sort of women, in especial widowed ladies in sorrow and distress, such as her ladyship should be.

On hearing this Trifaldin bent a knee to the ground, and then giving a sign to the fife and drums to strike up, to the same tune and at the same pace he had entered, he turned to depart from the garden, leaving them all amazed at his presence and figure. Turning to Don Quixote, the Duke exclaimed :

—In fine, renowned Knight, neither the clouds of malice nor of ignorance are able to veil and obscure the light of valour and of virtue. This I say, because it is scarce six days that your goodness has been in this castle, and already they come to seek you from far-off and remote lands, and that not on coaches or on dromedaries but on foot and fasting, —the sorrowful, the afflicted,—confident that they will find in that mighty arm the remedy for their distresses and troubles, thanks to your great achievements, which have run through and do circle the whole discovered earth.

—I would wish, Sir Duke, answered Don Quixote, that there were present here that blessed man of religion who at table the other day showed so ill a feeling and malignant a grudge against Knights Errant, that he might see with his own eyes whether such Knights are needed in the world ; that he might be sensible at least that those afflicted and desolate in any extraordinary measure, in great cases and in supreme misfortunes, do not go to look for their remedy to the houses of the learned, nor to those of village sacristans,

nor to the Knight who has never ventured out of the bounds of his town, nor to the lazy courtier, who rather goes in search of news to repeat and tell than endeavours to perform deeds and exploits, such as others may tell and write. The remedy for distresses, the relief in necessities, the succouring of damsels, the counselling of widows, in no sort of persons can be found better than in Knights Errant; and that I am one I give infinite thanks to God, regarding as well spent whatever trouble or hardship can befall me in this most honourable profession. Let this duenna come and ask me for what she will, for I will effect her relief by the strength of my arm and the intrepid resolution of my courageous spirit.

APPENDICES

APPENDIX A

THE ENCHANTER MERLIN

The enchanter Merlin, who plays in this story but a small burlesque part, was by far the most famous of all the wonder-working crew,—holding a place in romantic fable for wisdom and learning as conspicuous as Arthur for kingly virtue or Orlando for valour. It is his singular distinction, indeed, to have held possession of the chief seat among the professors of the magic art from the very earliest dawn of romance; to come again, after a long sleep, after lying "lost to life and use and name and fame," to become a voice among the newer Arthurian echoes. The product of some rude Bardic fancy in some remote Welsh valley (if, indeed, we are to suppose that he is wholly imaginary, which I do not), Merlin alone of all the enchanters has run through the entire course of romantic legend,—reappearing, as only Arthur else of the Kymric heroes has done, in the great Italian romantic poets and in the books of Amadis, his descendants and imitators. Nor is the character of the Devil's son, which by universal tradition is his birthright, merely that of the ordinary working enchanter. A certain grandeur as well as versatility of genius distinguishes Merlin from the common herd of black-craftsmen. He exercises, even if he claims to possess, very little of supernatural power. He is potent by wisdom and by learning rather than by vulgar charms and spells. He is the wise man *κατ' ἐξοχήν*; the counsellor; the far-seeing; the prophet, the poet, and the artist; the brain that conceived, the tongue that spoke, in some rude age where

every gift not connected with fighting was necessarily magic and of the Devil.

There is something very curious and striking in the universality of the homage which has been paid through all the ages to the name of Merlin. The name itself,—in old British *Myrdhinn*,—by Villemarqué and other authorities is derived from an Armorican root *marz*, *i.e. merveille*. Some with looser warrant take it from the Latin *merx*, making Merlin identical in name as in profession with Mercury. The earliest mention of Merlin is in Gildas, in his doubtful work *De excidio Britanniæ*, who makes him flourish about the year 480. After prophesying vainly throughout the country he went mad, according to Gildas, through grief at the civil dissensions. Geoffrey of Monmouth, who may be taken to incorporate in his Chronicle the old Welsh legends, is the first who gives (1280) any circumstantial account of Merlin's birth and parentage. According to the oft-quoted passage in the *Historia Britonum*, Merlin and his mother being summoned into the presence of King Vortigern, the king asked her whose son Merlin was ; to which she replied that a very handsome youth appeared to her and after a brief cohabitation suddenly vanished, leaving her pregnant with a child, whereupon one Maugantius officiously suggested to the king that this young man must have been the Devil ; and the Devil has borne the charge of Merlin's paternity ever since. From the Breton-French romance of *Merlin*, composed by Robert de Borron, which was coeval with Geoffrey of Monmouth's history and doubtless derived from the same sources, we learn most of the other particulars of Merlin's career which have survived as the chief basis of his story. The two sons of Constans King of Britain, named Uter and Pendragon, made war upon Vortiger, or Vortigern, their father's seneschal, who had usurped the throne, and mainly by Merlin's help and advice defeated him in a great battle. Him Pendragon succeeded, who made Merlin his chief adviser. Pendragon being slain in a battle against the Saxons, Uter succeeded, who assumed his brother's name, and by the aid of Merlin, who played here the part of the pander Mercury, became the father,

as all readers of the Arthurian romance know, of Arthur. In Arthur's court Merlin was a principal figure, who never appears except in support of honour, patriotism, and good policy. He was the original author of the Round Table, which he constructed as well as designed. How he fell a victim, in the woods of Broceliande, to the wiles of the gay Vivien, and telling her "all his charm," was enclosed within a hollow oak (some say it was a hawthorn-bush, others a house of glass), whence though he was able to speak he could not move—is it not told in the later, smoother, but not more poetical verse? From the French romances Merlin passed into Italy, being introduced into the poems of Boiardo and Ariosto, where he figures, however, rather as the cunning artist than as the statesman or the wizard. From France the legend of Merlin travelled also into Spain, there to reappear throughout the cycle of the prose romances of chivalry of the Breton school, cropping up sometimes also in the others, as in *Belianis*. There is mention of Merlin himself, as an historical character, in Pulgar's *Mar de Historias* (Valladolid, 1511), and also in the *Cancionero de Baena;* while we have a final testimony to his popularity in Spain in the vulgar proverb, *sabe mas que Merlin*, which is held to be equivalent to—*sabe mas que el diablo*. That Merlin was held in the Middle Ages to be something more than a wizard of romance we have ample proof; without going so far as some recent French writers, such as Edgar Quinet, who claims Merlin as the type of the French patriot and politician,—the first of the philanthropists proper, who conceived the idea of *l'union et fraternité des hommes*. Ordericus Vitalis cites Merlin as an irrefragable authority on a point of history. Pope Innocent III. invoked the name of Merlin as a sanction to the Albigensian Crusade. Our own Edward III. gravely justified his pretensions to the throne of France by quoting a prediction of Merlin; while Jeanne d'Arc was equally eager to base her cause on the letter of the same universal prophet's writings.

This is as much as can be expected in such a place about Merlin, the proto-enchanter, whose singular legend deserves more attention from mythologists than it has yet received.

APPENDIX B

SPANISH PROVERBS

The proverbs in *Don Quixote*, especially in the Second Part, enter so largely into the humour and wisdom of the talk, and are used by Sancho Panza more particularly with such striking effect in the illustration of his own character,—though sometimes, as his master complains, "dragged in by the hair,"—that a brief dissertation on the general subject will not be considered out of place. In my foot-notes I have been content to mark, as they occur, such as are proverbs proper—that is to say, quoted as sayings familiar in the mouths of the people. There are about two hundred and fifty of these throughout the story, four-fifths of which are in the Second Part. Some are repeated two or three times, and a few even oftener; and some are partly repeated, or altered or purposely distorted. Several that have been classed as proverbs by my predecessors are not such, but only pointed, witty, or wise sayings, first used in this book, of which Cervantes himself is the author. Some of these have passed into proverbs since Sancho uttered them, but they were not proverbs before. To attempt anything like a full explanation of the proverbs in *Don Quixote*, with their history and an investigation into their origin and meaning, would have been impossible within the limits of the present work; nor indeed are there any materials in the Spanish language from which the English commentator could give even a satisfactory bibliography of proverbs. In the majority of cases the proverbs in *Don Quixote* explain themselves sufficiently to render the

meaning of the reference clear, though their origin and history may be obscure.

Spanish proverbs play a very large part both in the literature and the speech of the country; and they did so before *Don Quixote* appeared. They are as old as the language itself, and have been popular from the earliest days. They appear frequently in the collection of tales, or rather anecdotes and apologues, composed by the Infante Juan Manuel, called *Conde Lucanor*, and in the poems of the Arcipreste de Hita, which date from the beginning of the fourteenth century. In the *Celestina* they are even more numerous, and are woven more closely with the text, than in *Don Quixote*. They have furnished titles to innumerable comedies, farces, and tales. They are said by the author of the *Diálogo de la Lengua* to contain the purest of all Castilian. In them are preserved the oldest relics of Spain,—customs, manners, characters, elsewhere extinct; the opinions of centuries; the crystallised wit, wisdom, and humour of many generations of men. They are the oldest memorials of the national life. As Ford says, "they are the refrain, the chorus and burden of the Spaniards' song: they are the condensed experience and knowledge of ages, when the wit of one man becomes the wisdom of thousands, until these *voces populi* have really become *voces Dei*. A proverb well introduced—*magnas secat res:* it is as decisive of an argument in Spain as a bet is in England. From being couched in short, Hudibrastic doggrel, they are easily remembered, and fall like sparks on the prepared mine of the hearers' memories; hence this shotting a discourse is always greeted with a smile from high or low: it is essential, national, and peculiar, like the pitch *borracha* to Spanish wines, and garlic in their stews." No other nation has nearly so many proverbs as Spain, nor do they attain, in any other tongue than Spanish, the same flavour, ripeness, and dignity. The Spanish proverbs are computed to be not less than some thirty thousand in number; and even this estimate does not include all the local sayings and provincial allusions, of which there are many thousands, in the Basque, Catalan, and Galician languages.

Cervantes himself has given us a very neat definition of

proverbs as "brief maxims gathered from long and sage experience" (Part I. ch. xxxix.); but this, of course, only applies to proverbs proper,—that is, to *adagios*. The generic word in Spanish is *refran*. In *refranes*, or currently repeated sayings, as used by Cervantes, are included *adagios*, which are didactic, and contain rules of conduct, or philosophic counsels or abstract maxims; *proverbios*, which are historical and relate to facts and occurrences; and *refranes* simple, which are common sayings (Fr. *dictons*), familiar allusions, relics of personal sarcasm, remains of old jokes, mere bits of humour. The *adagios* embody the common experience of mankind, and are only Spanish in form, having their equivalents in most other languages. Such a proverb as *una golondrina no hace verano* (one swallow does not make a summer), or *de noche todos los gatos son pardos* (by night all cats are grey), belongs to the world at large, and it would be vain to enquire where it first arose. Often, indeed, the Spanish variant has a picturesque character all its own. Where we say *a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush*, the Spanish has it, *mas vale pájaro en mano que buitre volando* (a sparrow in the hand is better than a vulture on the wing). Our *Rome was not built in a day*, has its equivalent in *no se ganó Zamora en una hora* (Zamora was not taken in an hour),—carrying us back to the eleventh century, when Sancho II. besieged the city held by his sister Urraca and met his death by treason before its walls. For, *there are as good fish as ever came out of the sea*, the Spaniards have, *tan buen pan hacen aquí como en Francia* (they make as good bread here as in France). Of the *proverbios*, which are curt, pithy sayings, having a historical origin or with reference to events in history, the Spaniards have a great many peculiar to themselves. *Allá van leyes do quieren Reyes* (so go the laws as the Kings please!—equivalent to our "might makes right") has a connexion with an instance in the eleventh century, which must have impressed itself strongly on the imagination of the Spaniards of old, more jealous of their religion, when it was local and national, than loyal to their kings (see vol. ii. p. 309). Something of the same feeling of anti-Ultramontanism clearly survives in—*bien se está San Pedro en Roma* (St. Peter

is well at Rome). Another famous saying—*ni quito Rei ni pongo Rei*—is recorded in the histories as having been used by Bertrand Duguesclin (the Spaniards have turned him into *Beltrán Claquin*) on the occasion of the tussle between Don Pedro and his bastard brother, Henry of Trastamara, when Henry, being undermost and likely to get the worst of it, his French ally unfairly intervened and set him on the top of his brother, exclaiming—*ni quito Rei ni pongo Rei, pero ayudo á mi señor* (I neither mar King nor make King, but I help my master).

But the wealth of the Spanish language in proverbs most appears in the *refranes* proper,—the pointed little stinging sayings, not gnomic or didactic at all,—sometimes merely droll but generally sarcastic and ironical, at the expense of persons or places, which are like chips of epigram, such as we may suppose that very Spaniard, Martial, imbibed with his mother's milk. These are infinite in their variety, abounding in life and colour, and embodying the very essence of *Españolismo*. The tongue here receives much aid from the shoulders, the hands, the eyes, and the other parts of the body, which in Spain perform such active duty as parts of speech. The origin of most of these sayings is now forgotten, but none the less does the *refran* serve as a garnish to conversation. Who was the tailor of Campillo, who found the thread and did the work for nothing?—the piper of Bujalance, to whom they gave one *maravedi* to begin and ten to leave off?—the greedy Martha, who was satisfied to die, provided she died with a bellyfull?—Villadiego, the catching up of whose breeches has become a by-word for ever? Pero Grullo, who prophesied so freely of events which had come off?[1]

The proverbs respecting women and monks are very many, and nearly all unflattering. *Tres hijas y una madre, quatro diablos para un padre* (three daughters and a mother, four devils for the father) must have embodied more than one father's experience. "Three women and two geese" are said to "make a market." "The honest woman is the one with the broken leg, who bides

[1] Quevedo has made great fun of these mystic people in his *Visita de los Chistes*.

at home." "The woman and the pear, the one which is silent is best." These are a few of the hard things said of the sex. As for the monks and friars, they fare worse than the asses or mules. Most of the sarcastic allusions to them have disappeared in the modern collections. Of general proverbs, what can be better for profound humour in a few words than—*callar como negra en baño* (to be silent like a negress in a bath), suggestive at once of the unwonted restraint and the unaccustomed ablution? The injurious sayings relating to places embody doubtless the opinion of malicious or envious neighbours. It was some Castilian, jealous of her superior fertility and the good looks of her people, who must have first said of the kingdom of Valencia —*la carne es yerba, la yerba água, el hombre mujer, la mujer nada.* In the unflattering opinion of Asturians expressed in the saying —*Asturiano ni mulo ninguno* (nor Asturian nor any mule),—Cervantes himself frequently indulged. It was some inhabitant of the plains who first said—*amigo de montaña, quien le pierde le gana* (the friend from the mountain, who loses him gains him). Much of the force of the Spanish proverbs lies in the quaint and terse wording, usually in a rhyme or jingle, which tickles the ear and hangs long in the memory. The language, with its peculiar double resource of consonant and assonant, lends itself most easily to rhyming; and the humour thus receives a greater emphasis.

The literature of Spanish paremiology is very extensive, but still in a most chaotic state. The earliest collection of proverbs in the language is that which was made by the Marqués de Santillana,—at the request, it is said, of the King Juan II., in the early years of the fifteenth century; first printed, apparently, at Seville in 1508. It includes 625 proverbs such as are repeated, according to the preface, by old women when they are warming themselves by chimney-corners. The next collection was that which, under the title of *Refranes Glosados y Maravillosas Sentencias*, was first published anonymously at Burgos, in 1509. It is one of the rarest and most curious of the series, containing but a few of the moral maxims, with short glosses or explanations. Pedro Valles published, in 1549, a collection including 4300

proverbs, arranged alphabetically; and in 1553 (or perhaps earlier) was printed *Las Cartas de Blasco Garay*, which are familiar letters, every sentence of which is a *refran*. But the most famous, and still, perhaps, the best collection was that made by Hernan Nuñez de Guzman, a gentleman of noble family, who was professor at the universities of Alcalá and of Salamanca. He was a famous Greek scholar, and a commander of the military Order of San Juan, mentioned in *Don Quixote* as *El Griego Comendador* (the Greek Commander). Nuñez's collection numbers over 6000, and was first published at Salamanca in 1555. To this collection is always appended, in the later editions, *La Filosofia Vulgar* of Juan de Mal Lara, a native of Seville, who has added a commentary to one thousand select proverbs. The other early books of proverbs worth notice are *Medicina Española*, by Juan Sorapan de Rieros, first published at Granada in 1616-17, which is a collection of maxims relating to health and medicine; and *Refranes y Modos de Hablar Castellanos*, compiled by Martin Caro y Cejudo, first published at Madrid in 1675, and reprinted in 1792. This last is certainly the most useful and intelligent work on the subject which has yet appeared, though far from complete. The compiler was evidently a man of learning and research, who, for the first time, took the trouble to give parallel passages from the Latin adage-makers, with a commentary and interpretation. The fullest and perhaps the most convenient modern collection of Spanish proverbs is that in four small volumes, published at Madrid in 1804, which includes the whole of Nuñez, with Blasco Garay, and some other less known collections; some of the proverbs being French, Portuguese, and Galician, and a very few of them interpreted.

There is yet a wide field for the collection of Spanish proverbs. In the catalogue of Heber's sale there was a manuscript collection of 25,000 in the hand of Juan Yriarte, the King's Librarian, at Madrid (who died in 1774). In the edition of Yriarte's *Obras Sueltas*, published in 1774, is a collection (in the second volume) of some five or six thousand. What has become of the Heber manuscript is not known. Within the last few years José Maria Sbarbi, a priest and canon of Toledo, has

published ten volumes of what he calls *El Refranero Español;* but this is a heterogeneous medley of many things, brought together apparently at haphazard and "fagoted as they fell," including most of the older collections, with several of Sbarbi's own treatises on literature and morals, an essay on the *Untranslatability of Don Quixote*, and some of Quevedo's smaller pieces. The canon of Toledo, in his preface, announces these ten volumes as only the "first series" of his work, promising to give us presently his own collection of proverbs, amounting to between twenty and thirty thousand.

An intelligent and well-arranged work on Spanish proverbs, with—what is most needed—their history, origin, and interpretation, is still a *desideratum*, and an enterprise worthy of the competent Spanish scholar. The collection published in 1823 under the name of a *Dictionary of Spanish Proverbs*, by John Collins, goes but a very small way towards supplying our want, as it deals in only a few out of the vast number scattered over the wide field of Castilian literature and folklore.

APPENDIX C

SPANISH BALLADS

The Spanish ballads—which are so closely woven into the tissue of Cervantes' romance, of which he has made such consummate use to give a poetic air to the story and to tone down some of the humorous extravagance, with which he shows a familiarity as close and profound as with the books of chivalries—play so important a part in *Don Quixote* as to demand a few words to themselves by way of supplement to what has been said in my foot-notes. Even more than the book of chivalries, the *romance* (the English reader should know that it is a word of three syllables, meaning not what *roman* means in French or *romance* in English) is seen to be in *Don Quixote* the common literature of the people. The book of chivalries was mostly the reading of the gentry, the high in place, and the men of leisure. The *romance* or ballad was for those who could not read, who were the many. It was chanted or recited, and carried from tongue to tongue. In the days of Cervantes, who himself, like Shakspeare, "loved a ballad even too well," the ballads, as we see from his story, were in every one's mouth. They are quoted at every turn of the adventures. When the Knight accosts the ladies at the inn door, it is with a verse from Lancelot that he introduces himself; and in his first disaster, when drubbed by the muleteer, it is Baldwin and Abindarraez whom he calls to mind. The lines he quotes are capped by the innkeeper and understood even by the labouring man, his neighbour, who takes him home. Roldan and Bernardo del Carpio and the Cid are

perpetually in Don Quixote's memory, and it is with Durandarte and Montesinos that, when the adventures begin to flag, the story receives a new colour and zest. Of that striking midnight scene in El Toboso, when the Knight and Sancho go in quest of Dulcinea's abode, the passage which impresses us most is of the ploughman going to his early work, chanting the ballad of the Chase of Roncesvalles. And when Master Peter's boy relates the story of the Releasing of Melisendra, it is clear that the whole audience, the innkeeper, Sancho, and the student included, are familiar with the ballad of Gaiferos and prepared to criticise the actions of the puppets.

This is essentially the secret of the enduring popularity of *Don Quixote*, that, while for its larger spirit and deeper purpose it is the book of humanity, it is steeped in *Españolismo* and reflects the humour and genius of the nation. And of all the products of Spain the most characteristic are the ballads, in which the true Castilian life more freshly appears than in any other literary form. They are as old as Spain herself, and, in fact, the beginning of Castilian literature as well as of Castilian history. In number, importance, and quality, they excel the ballads of any other country. As Richard Ford said of them in the *Edinburgh Review* (January, 1841), "They are not merely ballads, but historical and national poems; they record events and popular notions; they give details which the learned despised or omitted of the everyday life and habits; of a state of things of which we know little, which has now passed away for ever." They enshrine in an undying form the best models of Spanish chivalry. They are the expression of all that long period of struggle for national existence which came to its close only with the end of the long duel with the Moor and the conquest of Granada.

The Castilian word *romance* for ballad,—to be distinguished from *cancion*, which was a poem proper, of higher structure,—drew its name from the circumstance of its growth. After the downfall of the Visigothic kingdom in A.D. 711, the remnant of the Christians who refused to submit to the Moorish yoke sought shelter in the mountains of Asturias. There, amidst the

harassing life and barbarous surroundings, the Latin tongue which had been imposed on Gothic Spain by the Romans quickly fell into decay, with art, letters, and learning. Small time had the companions of Pelazo, engaged in a perpetual struggle for life with the infidel, to keep up their Latin. By the ninth century, if not earlier, the spoken dialect of the people had become a new language—the parent of modern Castilian, Galician, and Portuguese—which was called *romance* to distinguish it from Latin proper, supposed to be retained in its purity by the priests, and was the only written language —when there was any writing at all. It is probable that Latin never was a spoken language in the Peninsula. Even of the ecclesiastics, who were supposed to know Latin, very few could speak, if they could write, the tongue which their countrymen, in the first century of the Christian era, had brought to such perfection. So early as the seventh century the famous Isidore, Archbishop of Seville, is found complaining that very few of the Christian prelates were able to write Latin correctly. It could hardly be otherwise, seeing that the monks were prohibited, by a decree of this same archbishop and saint, from reading any of the works of the poets and profane writers. The new language, or *lingua rustica*, which came into being amidst the people was called *romance*. It was a degraded Latin, taking its form and character from the environments—a Latin expanded and softened, transfused with the Gothic spirit, and enriched by large additions from the Arabic. The terminology, with the syntax, underwent some radical changes. The prosody was wholly transformed, the accents and breathings only remaining. Traces of rhyme are to be found in the hymns as early as the eighth century. The Leonese and the Castilians were too busy fighting to take heed of grammar. They did not trouble themselves with the niceties of case and gender. Nouns became fixed in the ablative, and inflections were abandoned. Cases were expressed by prepositions. Verbs lost their tails and adverbs gained them. Adjectives ran to a common *o*, which was a great help to rhyming. Eventually the Castilian got itself formed, pretty much as we have it now, about the eleventh century,

which was called *romance* or the vulgar tongue, to distinguish it from the Latin, which was confined to the learned.

The *romance*, or ballad, must have been almost, if not quite, coeval with the language from which it derives its name, and of which it is the purest expression. Under the name of *romance* was included originally every form of composition in the vulgar tongue. The ballad, as perhaps everywhere, was the form most popular. Before any prose was there was poetry, and the primitive poetry had but this form; its theme being the achievement of some popular hero, which was sung or recited by the *juglar* (jocularis), who was generally the author of the composition. The Marqués de Santillana, who flourished about the middle of the fifteenth century, speaks of these *juglares* as having been infinite in number, who, "without any order, rule, or method, make those *romances* or songs, in which people of low and servile condition take delight." These ballad-mongers were the fathers of Castilian history. When Alfonso the Tenth set about compiling his General Chronicle in 1252, it was to the balladists he looked to supply him with material "in what they sing in their chants and tell in their tales." A great part, indeed, of the *Crónica General*, in its earlier chapters, may be said to be a conglomerate of old ballads. Much of King Alfonso's prose is pure poetry, which can be cut up—as it has been—into ballads without much change of the letter.

The form which the Spanish ballad assumed in its earliest days it has still retained. It is the eight-syllable line—usually with a ninth short foot in the ending—which has since become the measure in which all the national drama is written, and which does all the work of blank verse in Spanish. Into this measure the Castilian with its flexibility, its natural harmony, its simple construction, its vowels of uniform and constant sound, and its sparse consonants, fell naturally and gracefully. In addition to the ordinary resource of rhyme, the Castilian had what is peculiar to itself, the assonant, which is the rhyme dependent on vowels only without regard to the consonants. Thus *amor* and *razon*, *leon* and *feroz* are good rhymes in Spanish, rhymes not to the ear only but to the eye. How great an assistance this was

to the rhymer is seen from the extraordinary abundance of compositions, lyrical and dramatic, which the language possesses. The early *jugiares*, indeed, were not troubled about rhyme and metre or any of the niceties of poetical expression, desiring to please their hearers rather by the matter of which they sang than by graces of language or strokes of fancy—not claiming indeed to be poets. They were strictly objective and practical. They told the story in the fewest words. A long chant would mean a short supper. The auditory would have as little tolerance for the airs and moods of the would-be fine poet as the company in the inn had for the affectations and redundancies of Master Peter's boy in the telling of the story of Melisendra. In those happy times the "symbolist" was not—the "decadent" was impossible. Simplicity, directness, naturalness—these would be the qualities demanded of the *cantar de gesta*. They are to be found distinguishing the best of the Spanish ballads, which have a mingled dignity, grace, and pathos peculiarly their own. When they rise to poetry, to touch the highest point of passion and feeling, as in the *Conde Alarcos*, it is without consciousness. Few have attained that height, and of the majority of the existing ballads it must be said that their value is less as poetry than as pictures of early life and character. They are very unequal in merit, as might be expected from their history. They have suffered greatly in the process of passing from mouth to mouth, which has so disfigured their outlines and altered their forms as to make it difficult to distinguish those which are the genuine product of the age of which they sing from the later poems, built up in avowed imitation of the old models. The excellent Duran, who is the best native authority on ballads, is of opinion that to none now extant can be assigned with any certainty a date earlier than the middle of the fifteenth century. The only sure means we have of knowing the old from the new is through internal evidence. Thus, of the Cid Ballads, which are of various ages, we may tell of that ballad which describes how Ximena Gomez came to demand of the king that he should make the Cid marry her in atonement for having slain her father, that it is older than the ballads which sing of

Rodrigo's loyalty to his sovereign and his fidelity to the Church —these being fictions of a later age. Many ballads there are which are perfect in form and tone, whose age it is impossible to guess, any more than to express their character,—such ballads as are dependent on the music of the words only for their charm, as the untranslatable—

Rosa fresca, rosa fresca,
Tan garrida y con amor.

With the invention of printing, the ballads began to be taken down from the memories of the people. At first they were printed rudely in black letter on single sheets or fly leaves (*pliegos sueltos*), a good collection of which, such as was in the library of Mr. Heber, is the joy and glory of the bibliophile. At what date they were first collected and printed together is uncertain. The earliest extant *Romancero*, according to Ticknor and Gayangos, was printed by Nucio at Antwerp in 1546. Sepulveda published in 1551 his *Romancero*, professedly "taken from the ancient histories of the chronicle of Spain," which was the first attempt to make ballads out of the chronicles — the General Chronicle itself, as I have said, having been mainly compiled from ballads. These publications gave a great impetus to ballad-reading, while they increased the popularity of the *romance*. In the reign of Philip II. a large accession was made to the number of the national ballads. The *romanceros* and *cancioneros* became very popular, contributing at once to stimulate the public taste and to administer to it, by new poems made in the old style.

The largest and best collection of Spanish ballads up to the present date — which is hardly likely to be ever surpassed — is that of Agustin Duran, the second edition of whose *Romancero General* was published in 1859-60, in two closely printed volumes of double columns, forming part of the useful but inconvenient and very ugly *Biblioteca de Autores Españoles* of Rivadeneyra. This contains nearly two thousand ballads, with notes, an introduction, and a preliminary discourse, in which the genius and history of these compositions are treated of exhaustively. Duran divides the ballads into eight classes with reference

to their essential character and their supposed origin. The three first are placed in the traditional epoch, comprehending the ballads which belong, or approximate, to the early period of which they sing. The fourth, fifth, and sixth classes belong to the "erudite epoch," when ballads were written to correspond with existing history. The seventh and eighth are classed of the artistic and literary epoch—that is to say, of the age when poets wrote ballads in acknowledged imitation of the old ballads, as did Lope de Vega, Góngora, Quevedo, and Cervantes himself. (*Yo he compuesto romances infinitos*, he says in the *Viage del Parnaso*.) This is a classification, however, more ingenious than useful, which Duran has not followed in his arrangement of the ballads —an arrangement which is partly historical and partly with reference to their subjects. Thus he gives us historical ballads, chivalric ballads, Moorish ballads, ballads vulgar, amatory, and prose, with *jácaras*, burlesques, and satires, coming down to a modern period. Duran's book is an inexhaustible storehouse of entertainment, and for industry and judgment he is one of the best of Spanish editors. In some points, however, he has been proved to be wrong by those who have come after him. For instance, the Moorish ballads which Duran believed to owe their character and form to Arabic models are clearly shown by Dozy to have nothing in common with Arab poetry. They are purely Spanish ballads on Moorish events. Ferdinand Joseph Wolf, to whom Spanish literature is much indebted, has given us, under the title of *Primavera y Flor de Romances* (Berlin, 1856), a selection of some two hundred, including the cream of the ballads. To translate the Spanish ballads has been ever a favourite exercise with English poets. The best in that kind is still, perhaps, Lockhart, whose version of some of the ballads originally appeared as an appendix to the Edinburgh reprint of Motteux's *Don Quixote* in 1822. Lockhart is always spirited and flowing, but often unfaithful to his text. His best are the two on Don Roderick. In most of the others he has so amplified and adorned the themes as to have spoilt all their Spanish character. Lockhart's knowledge of the language, as appears by his translating *niña morena* "Moorish maiden," appears to have been but elementary.

The *Cid Ballads* of Mr. J. Y. Gibson are more faithful than Lockhart's versions and quite as spirited. But in truth, if there is anything which loses by translation, it is the Spanish ballad. The bloom and scent reside so much in form and texture that the attempt to transfer them into poems in a foreign tongue is doomed to be a failure. They are wild flowers which cannot be transplanted.

END OF VOL. III.

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FOUNDED ON

THE JOURNAL OF D. BOURGOING, PHYSICIAN TO MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, AND ON UNPUBLISHED MS. DOCUMENTS

BY THE

HON. MRS. MAXWELL SCOTT
OF ABBOTSFORD

EXTRACT FROM PREFACE

My original intention was to deal with the material afforded by Bourgoing's Journal, supplemented by the Letters of Sir Amyas Paulet. Both narrate the events of the last few months of Queen Mary's prison life, the details of which have been hitherto little known. As time went on, however, and further new and valuable matter was offered to me by the kindness of friends, the scope of the work gradually expanded. . . . Many of the illustrative notes are culled from original contemporary accounts of the execution . . . and the valuable collection of the Calthorpe MSS. has furnished many interesting details.

ILLUSTRATIONS

The frontispiece is taken from what is known as the Blairs portrait of Queen Mary. . . . The reliquary miniature (date *not later* than 1622) . . . and the two contemporary drawings of the trial and execution scenes are published for the first time.

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The subjects of illustration embrace the more notable relics and antiquarian treasures collected and cherished by Sir Walter Scott during his lifetime, accompanied by interior views of the most interesting portion of Abbotsford, and some objects of personal interest; while the Frontispiece gives a general view of Abbotsford itself, taken from the north bank of the river Tweed, from which it is seen to most advantage.

For the descriptive notes accompanying the plates the publishers are indebted to Mrs. Maxwell Scott (Sir Walter Scott's great-grand-daughter, and present representative of the Scott family), who has also written the introduction to the work.

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